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ART. I.—PRINCE BISMARCK.

1. *Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman: Being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto Prince von Bismarck written and dictated by himself after his Retirement from Office.* Translated from the German under the supervision of A. J. BUTLER. With Portraits and Facsimile of Handwriting. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1898.
2. *Bismarck: Some Secret Pages in his History: Being a Diary kept by Dr. Moritz Busch during Twenty-five Years' Official and Private Intercourse with the Great Chancellor.* 3 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

THE memoirs of a great statesman are usually of great interest. In proportion as they supplement what is already known, or throw additional light upon the affairs in which he has played a part, they furnish materials for the writing of history which next to the official records are of the greatest value. In this way the two posthumous volumes of *Reflections and Reminiscences*, written and dictated by Prince von Bismarck, whatever their importance may be on other grounds, cannot be said to possess a value which is altogether exceptional. The revelations they contain have to a large extent been anticipated

by the publication of Dr. Busch's three volumes of *Secret Pages*, and excepting the reflections, it is surprising how little there really is in the Autobiography which may not be found in the earlier volumes. In many instances the reflections also may be met with, though of course in a cruder form.

The two books, however, are widely different. Dr. Busch's is the fuller, and from the nature of its contents will probably prove the more popular. There is more of the narrative and anecdotal about it, while in the Autobiography the reflections predominate. Dr. Busch has nothing to conceal; his aim is to tell all he knows, or has heard, respecting his subject, and he tells it with the most child-like faith, in the plainest way, and without reserve. In the *Reflections and Reminiscences* the tone of restraint and reserve is evident. Evident too is the aim of the writer to tell no more than will serve his purpose. In the *Secret Pages* we have the record of a diarist, jotted down from day to day, hastily and roughly, and with not a few repetitions; but in the Autobiography we have a statesman on his defence, delivering his *apologia*, choosing his words and writing in the stately and dignified style of a great diplomatist. And to go no further in the way of contrasts, the picture given in the one is different from that given in the other. One is all light; the other is all shade. The Bismarck of the *Secret Pages* is Bismarck in undress, in the smoking-room or the camp, letting himself go, not entirely but as far as he cares, cynical in thought, speaking with brutal frankness, apparently heedless of conventionalities, ambitious, self-centred, querulous, and taking an evident pleasure in revealing the seamiest side of his nature. In the *Reflections*, he is the polished, well-bred man of the world, restrained, cool and dispassionate, the courtier and statesman, fertile in resource, prompt to act, inspired by one great idea and pursuing it with a skill and splendour of success, which, though not undimmed by unscrupulousness, raised him to the highest rank among the statesmen of Europe, and made him the idol of his countrymen. The individual portrayed, however, is not different. The two books do but show the different sides of one and the same nature, and beneath the polished and dispassionate surface of the diplomatist it is not difficult to discern the man of flesh and

blood whom Dr. Busch describes in his *Secret Pages* with a frankness and plainness of speech scarcely anticipated.

Questions of taste apart, it must be admitted that Dr. Busch has used his note-book to some purpose, and done his work with considerable skill. He has a tendency to be garrulous, but is entitled to be regarded as a faithful chronicler. If he has not equalled the incomparable and immortal 'Bozzy' it has certainly not been from any lack of devotion, but rather, assuming that he has the requisite skill, which will probably be doubted, from lack of opportunity. During his three years service in the Press Department of the Foreign Office at Berlin, or while on the staff of that Office in the Prussian capital, or at the seat of war in France, he had opportunities enough, being some times constantly with his Chief, and at others in daily or hourly communication with him. But afterwards, during the remaining twenty-two years of his intercourse with him, he saw him only occasionally, and then chiefly on business connected with the press—a subject on which the *Autobiography* is discreetly silent, but on which the *Secret Pages* are full to overflowing. The relations between the two were from the first of the most confidential character, Busch being employed by Bismarck in connection with some of his most delicate transactions with the press. Usually he would give him instructions as to what to write, but occasionally he would dictate an article in the terms in which he wished it to appear. Though always reliable and serving his Chief with the utmost loyalty, Busch was not, on his own showing, always sufficiently expert to please him, and here and there we have a pretty scene between the two—Bismarck angry or simulating anger with the Pressman, complaining that his language has not been diplomatic enough, or that he has shown his hand too much, or that he has been too precipitate, and then rating him soundly; Busch all the while listening to the object of his adoration in fear and trembling, and giving assurances for the future. The scene usually winds up with the Chancellor becoming communicative, and Busch asking as he closes his note-book if there is not something more. One fault Bismarck found with him as his biographer was that he always took him too seriously. 'According to you,' he once said to him, 'I am always in deadly earnest, as if I were

on oath.' 'You want to divine and picture my inner man,' he also said to him, 'from fragmentary observations.' And practically that was the case. Insight into character is not one of the Doctor's gifts, at least in connection with Bismarck. Perhaps he was too much of a worshipper, or, it may be, he was too intent upon filling his note-book with 'material for future use,' to take sufficient notice of the mood or temper in which the words he set down were uttered, or to observe the play of feeling behind them. There can be no doubt, however, that by piecing his 'fragmentary observations' together, the 'little Saxon' has presented us with a picture of the great statesman which, to say the least, is extremely vivid. That his picture is an exact portrait of Bismarck can scarcely be maintained. There were lines and features in his character which he has failed to observe, or at least to place in their proper relief, and in order to realise what Bismarck really was one requires to read in addition to the *Secret Pages* of Busch the *Reflections and Reminiscences* written by the statesman himself.

The preparations for the Autobiography, which were begun shortly after Bismarck's withdrawal from public life, and chiefly on the insistence of his physician, appear to have been of the most elaborate and tedious kind. Lothar Bucher, who did most of the preparatory work, used to complain of the slow progress they made. At the time of his death in 1892, all that they had to show for their joint labours was 'a mass of disconnected notes' which Bismarck had dictated to Bucher, and which the latter had transcribed. According to Busch, Bucher died in the belief that nothing would ever come of the 'Memoirs.' Bucher has been charged with misleading Busch as to the progress Bismarck and he had made. But the charge is groundless. Busch says that he saw at Friedrichsruh, in March 1891, the very time when Bucher was complaining 'that the work of the Memoirs stood exactly where it did before,' 'a huge pile of dictated notes' which 'he' [Bucher] 'calculated' would fill 'some sixty printed sheets.' As a matter of fact there was no deception on the part of Bucher. He was impatient with the slow movements of Bismarck and apparently, as was the case with others, not altogether in his plans. The 'huge pile of

dictated notes' which Busch saw and which Bucher had transcribed, became according to Kohl, the groundwork of the first draft of the *Reflections and Reminiscences*, upon which the Prince zealously worked, 'constantly revising the notes as divided into chapters and systematically arranged, and supplementing them with his own hand.' In 1893 the first draft with its alterations and additions was set up in type, and was revised more than once, whole chapters having been entirely recast as recently as within the last two years.

Dr. Busch entered the service of Bismarck on the 24th February, 1870, and, though he occasionally refers to incidents which took place before that date, it is from that date that his diary and *Secret Pages* practically begins. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, carries us back to the time when he left school.

'I left school,' he says, 'at Easter 1832, a normal product of our state system of education; a Pantheist, and, if not a Republican, at least with the persuasion that the Republic was the most rational form of government; reflecting too upon the causes which could decide millions of men permanently to obey *one man*, when all the while I was hearing from grown up people much bitter or contemptuous criticism of their rulers. Moreover, I had brought away with me "German-National" impressions from Plamann's preparatory school, conducted on Jahn's drill-system, in which I lived from my sixth to my twelfth year. These impressions remained in the stage of theoretical reflections, and were not strong enough to extirpate my innate Prussian monarchical sentiments. My historical sympathies remained on the side of authority.'

Even in these early years—he was still in his teens—he seems to have been possessed by the ideas both in respect to Germany and in respect to France which he afterwards carried out. 'I retained,' he says, 'my own private National sentiments, and my belief that in the near future events would lead to German unity; in fact, I made a bet with my American friend, Coffin, that this aim would be attained in twenty years.' 'Upon foreign politics, with which the public at that time occupied itself but little, my views were, as regards the War of Liberation, taken from the standpoint of a Prussian officer. On looking at the map, the possession of Strasburg by France exasperated me, and a visit to Heidelberg, Spires, and the Palatinate, made me feel revengeful and militant.' Probably with a

view to realising these ideas he selected a diplomatic career, but a short trial was sufficient to abate his ardour. Dissatisfied with the work he had to perform, and with the way in which the business was carried on, he renounced his ambition for an official career, and, in compliance with the wishes of his parents, took up 'the humdrum management of our Pomeranian estates.' 'I had made up my mind,' he says, 'to live and die in the country, after attaining successes in agriculture—perhaps in war also, if war should come. So far as my country life left me any ambition at all, it was that of a lieutenant in the Landwehr.'

A quiet country life, however, was the last thing possible for him. The rising in March, 1848, gave him an opportunity of showing the decision and energy with which he was capable of acting. His proposals came to nothing, owing to the weakness and folly of those in authority, but they served to call attention to him and to indicate his capacity for action. On receiving the news of the outbreak, he immediately armed his own people, and then hastened to Potsdam and Berlin, where he tried to get the King to make use of the army, and when before Paris related the following:—

'I remember after the March rising, when the King and the troops were at Potsdam, I went there too. A Council was being held as to what was to be done. Möllendorff was present, and sat not far from me. He seemed to be in pain, and could scarcely sit down for the beating he had received. All kinds of suggestions were made, but no one knew exactly what was to be done. I sat near the piano, and said nothing, but played a few bars' (he hummed the opening of the infantry march for the charge). 'Old Möllendorff suddenly stood up, his face beaming with pleasure, and, hobbling over, threw his arms round my neck, and said: "That's right. I know what you mean. March on Berlin!" There was nothing to be done with the King, however, and the others had not the pluck.'*

The following refers to the same event:—

'General von Prittwitz, too, who commanded the troops round the palace, called on me and thus explained the particulars of their retreat. After he had been notified of the proclamation "to my beloved Berliners," he had stopped the fighting, but occupied the palace square, the arsenal, and all the streets leading to them, in order to protect the palace. Then Bodelschwingh came to him with the demand that he should evacuate the

* Busch, I., 315.

palace square. "That is impossible," he answered; "by doing so I should give up the King." Whereupon Bodelschwingh said: "The King has commanded in his proclamation that all 'public places' be evacuated. Is the palace square a public place or is it not? Besides, I am a Minister of State, and I have learnt by heart my duty as such. I command you to evacuate the palace square."

"What else could I do but march off!" concluded Prittwitz. I replied: I should have considered it best to give a sergeant the order, "Arrest that civilian!" Prittwitz rejoined: "It is easy to prophesy when you know. You judge as a politician. I acted exclusively as a soldier at the direction of a minister actually in power, who relied upon a proclamation subscribed by the sovereign." From another quarter I heard that Prittwitz, purple in the face with rage, had interrupted this, his last open-air conversation with Bodelschwingh, by ramming his sword into its sheath, and muttering the challenge that Götz von Berlichingen shouted through the window to the imperial commissioner. Then he had turned his horse to the left and ridden silently at a foot's pace through the precincts of the palace. On being asked by an officer sent from the palace as to the whereabouts of the troops, he had given the biting reply: "They have slipped through my hands, and gone where everyone has a finger in the pie."*

Forty-five years later, when reviewing the whole affair of March, 1848, the Prince wrote:—

'March 18 was an instance how mischievous the encroachment of crude force may be even to the objects which are to be attained thereby. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 19th nothing was yet lost. The insurrection was overthrown. Its leaders . . . who had fled to Dessau, took the first tidings of the retreat of the troops for a trap laid by the police, and only returned to Berlin after receiving the newspapers. I believe had the victory (the only victory won over insurrection at that time by any Government in Europe) been more resolutely and more wisely turned to account, German unity was attainable in a stricter form than ultimately came to pass at the time I had a share in the Government. Whether it would have been more serviceable and durable I will not attempt to decide.'

Further on he adds:—

'The softness of Frederick William IV. under the pressure of uninvited and perhaps treacherous advisers, and the stress of women's tears, in attempting to terminate the bloody event in Berlin, after it had been carried through, by commanding his troops to renounce the victory they had won, exercised on the further development of our policy in the first

* *Prince Bismarck*, I., 32.

place all the mischief of a neglected opportunity. Whether the progress would have been lasting if the King had maintained the victory of his troops, and made the most of it, is another question. At anyrate, the King would not have been in the crushed mood in which I found him during the second United Diet, but in that soaring flight of eloquence, invigorated by victory, which he had displayed on the occasion of the homage in 1840, at Cologne in 1842, and elsewhere. I venture upon no conjecture as to what effect upon the King's attitude, upon his romantic mediæval reminiscences of the Empire, as regarded Austria and the Princes, and upon the previous and subsequent strong royalist sentiment of the country, would have been produced by a consciousness that he had definitely overcome the insurrection which elsewhere on the continent outside of Russia remained face to face with him as the sole victor.

'A victory won on the pavement would have been of a different sort and of less range than that afterwards won on the battlefield. It has, perhaps, proved better for our future that we had to stray plodding through the wilderness of intestine conflicts from 1848 to 1866, like the Jews before they entered the Promised Land. We should hardly have been spared the wars of 1866 and 1870 even if our neighbours, who collapsed in 1848, had regained strength and courage by means of support from Paris, Vienna, and other quarters. It is a question whether the operation of historical events upon the Germans by the shorter and quicker path of a victory in March 1848, would have been the same as that which we see to-day, and which gives the impression that the dynasties, and more especially those which were formerly prominently "particularistic," are more friendly disposed towards the Empire than are the political groups and parties.'

In the following June Bismarck was summoned to Sans-Souci. At first he excused himself, being in no mood to go in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the way in which things had been managed, but the invitation was repeated, and he was forced to go, when the following scene occurred.

'After dinner,' he writes, 'the King took me on to the terrace, and asked me in a friendly sort of way, "How are you getting on?" In the irritable state I had been in ever since the March days, I replied, "Badly." The King said: "I think the feeling is good in your parts." Thereupon, under the impression made by some regulations, the contents of which I do not remember, I replied: "The feeling was very good, but since we have been inoculated with revolution by the King's officials under the royal sign-manual, it has become bad. What we lack is confidence in the support of the King." At that moment the Queen stepped

* *Prince Bismarck*, I., 45-47.

out from a shrubbery and said : "How can you speak so to the King!" "Let me alone, Elise," replied the King, "I shall soon settle his business," and turning to me he said : "What do you really reproach me with, then?" "The evacuation of Berlin." "I did not want it done," replied the King; and the Queen, who had remained within hearing, added : "Of that the King is quite innocent. He had not slept for three days." "A King ought to be able to sleep," I replied. Unmoved by this blunt remark, the King said : "It is always easier to prophesy when you know. What would be gained if I admitted that I had behaved like a donkey? Something more than reproaches is wanted to set an overturned throne up again. For that I need assistance and active devotion, not criticism." The kindness with which he said all this, and much more to the same effect, overpowered me. I had come in the spirit of a *frondeur*, who would not have cared if he had been dismissed ungraciously; I went away completely disarmed and won over.*

During his intercourse with Sans-Souci Bismarck became acquainted with the persons who then possessed the confidence of the King, and sometimes met them in the King's cabinet. They were, in particular, Generals von Gerlach and von Rauch, and subsequently Niebuhr, the Private Secretary. Gerlach he describes as having a 'weakness for clever aphorisms,' but as possessing 'a noble nature with high ideals;' 'in private life modest and as helpless as a child, courageous and high-flying in politics, but somewhat hindered by physical indolence.' Rauch he declares to have been the more practical, and, in illustration of the fact, relates the following, which serves also to show the indecision of the King :—

'On one occasion he [Rauch] appeared at Sans-Souci from Berlin with a verbal message from the Minister-President, Count Brandenburg, to beg the King to decide an important question. As the King, who found a decision difficult, could not make up his mind, Rauch at last drew his watch from his pocket and said, with a look at the dial : "My train starts in twenty minutes, so your Majesty will have to give your command as to whether I am to say 'yes' or 'no' to Count Brandenburg, or whether I am to tell him that your Majesty will say neither 'yes' nor 'no.'" This remark came from him in a tone of irritability only tempered by military discipline, an expression of the ill-humour which the clear-sighted, resolute general, already wearied by a long, fruitless discussion, naturally felt. The King said : "Oh, well, 'yes' if you like," whereupon Rauch immediately withdrew, to hurry as fast as he could through the town to the

* Prince Bismarck, I., 48.

railway station. The King stood in silence for some time, as if weighing the consequences of the decision to which he had unwillingly come, after which he turned towards Gerlach and me, and said, "Oh! that Rauch! He can't speak German correctly, but he has more common sense than we all." Then as he left the room, he turned to Gerlach and added: "He has always been cleverer than you." Whether the King was right on this point the Prince adds, 'I will not decide; Gerlach was the wittier; Rauch the more practical.'

In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Prussian Envoy to the Bund, and in the year following the King sent him with a very flattering note of introduction to 'the diplomatic high school at Vienna.' The 'monosyllabic' ministry—Buol, Bach, Bruck, etc.—were then in office at the Austrian capital. Bismarck had already at Frankfort come into collision with the Austrian representative in the matter of the fleet, wherein an attempt was being made, as Bismarck believed, to curtail Prussia in authority and finance, and to cripple her for the future. The consequence was that though received with every mark of honour, he was a *persona ingrata* in Vienna, and his mission, which had reference to the customs, bore no fruit. It was not his intention that it should. 'Austria,' he writes, 'already had in view a customs-union with us, and neither then nor later did I consider it advisable to meet their efforts in that direction.' The Austrian ministry had no difficulty in making out his attitude towards them, and intrigues were soon set on foot against him. The consequence was that when the King desired to appoint him ambassador at Vienna, he declined the post, afraid that the Austrian statesmen would continue to treat him as a hostile element, make his service difficult, and discredit him at the Court of Berlin.

'I remember,' he writes, 'conversations on the subject of Vienna at a later period during long journeys when I was alone with the King. At those times I took the line of saying: "If your Majesty commands, I will go thither, but not willingly. I incurred the dislike of the Austrian Court in the service of your Majesty at Frankfort, and shall have the feeling of being delivered over to my adversaries if I have to be ambassador at Vienna. Any government can injure any ambassador accredited to it, and his position may be ruined by such means as are employed by the Austrian policy in Germany." The King's reply used to be: "I will not command you; you must go of your own free will, and beg me to let you

go; it is a finishing school of diplomatic education, and you ought to thank me for taking charge of your education in this direction, for it is worth your while."

Neither then nor at any time was Bismarck a docile pupil. At the period referred to he had plans of his own. 'Even to be a minister of state,' he writes, 'was beyond my wishes at this time.' It was his wish, so he told Count Adolf Platen, the Hanoverian Ambassador at Vienna, 'for ten years more or so to see the world as Envoy at Frankfort or at various Courts, and then for some ten years more to be minister of state, if possible, with distinction; finally to settle down in the country and reflect on my past experience, and like my uncle at Templin near Potsdam, to graft fruit-trees.' It is not unlikely, however, that by this time he had realized that the King would not allow him a free enough hand, and that on some points of importance their views were widely different; for he writes: 'I was persuaded that the King being what he was, I could not attain any position as minister that I should feel tenable. He looked upon me as an egg which he had laid and hatched out himself; and in cases of difference of opinion would have always had the feeling that the egg wanted to be cleverer than the hen.' Besides, his ideas respecting the aims of Prussia's foreign policy did not altogether coincide with the King's, and he saw 'the difficulties which a responsible minister of that master would have to overcome during his fits of autocracy, with his often abrupt changes of view, his irregularity in matters of business, and his accessibility to uninvited back-stair influences on the part of political intrigues, such as have found entrance to the royal house from the time of our electors' adepts down to later days—even in the days of the austere and homely Frederick William I.—"pharmacopolæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne." 'The difficulty of being at the same time an obedient and a responsible minister,' he adds, 'was greater in these days than it was under William I.'

Six years later, when the Crimean war broke out, his proposals with respect to the policy of Prussia towards Austria were good-naturedly set aside by the King. War was declared by Great Britain and France against Russia on March 28th, 1854, and on the 20th of the following month an offensive and defensive

alliance was entered into by Prussia with Austria whereby the former pledged herself, if circumstances required, to concentrate within thirty-six days, 100,000 men; one-third in East Prussia and two-thirds in Posen or Breslau; and again if circumstances demanded it, to augment her army to 200,000 men, and to come to an understanding with Austria on all these points. While the discussion of the treaty was going on Bismarck proposed to utilise the occasion for the humiliation of Austria and for acquiring for Prussia the ascendancy among the German States which had hitherto been in the hands of her neighbour.

‘I considered this practicable,’ he writes,* ‘if, when Austria should call upon us to bring up our troops, we should at once acquiesce in a friendly and willing manner; but should station 66,000, and in point of fact more men, and not at Liass, but in Upper Silesia, so that our troops should be in a position whence they could with equal facility step over the frontier of either Russia or Austria, especially if we did not trouble ourselves about overstepping, without saying anything about it, the figure of 100,000. With 200,000 men his Majesty would instantly become the master of the entire European situation, would be able to dictate peace, and to gain in Germany a place worthy of Prussia. France, owing to her absorption in the Crimean conflict, was not in a position seriously to threaten our western frontier. Austria had her available forces stationed in East Galicia, where they were losing more men through illness than they would have done on the battle-field. They were nailed fast there by the Russian army in Poland, on paper at least 200,000 strong, whose march into the Crimea would have decided the situation there had the dispositions on the Austrian frontier allowed it to appear feasible. There were even diplomatsists at that time who made the restoration of Poland under Austrian patronage one of the items of their programme. Both those armies stood fixed opposite to one another; and it lay in the power of Prussia, by her assistance, to secure supremacy to one of them.’

The proposals were skilful and ambitious, and had the contingency they contemplated arisen, would in all probability have been successful. The King, however, was not disposed to adopt them. He ‘was not insensible,’ Prince Bismarck writes, ‘to the mood of conviction in which I represented to him the facts and eventualities of the case. He smiled well pleased, but said in the Berlin dialect: “My dear boy, that is all very fine, but it is too

* I., p. 106-107.

expensive for me. A man of Napoleon's kind can afford to make such masterful strokes, but not I." The King had probably other reasons for declining the proposals, such as the very questionable morality they involved.

After the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, Bismarck strongly urged upon the King a policy of conquest. 'I reminded the King,' he writes, 'that every one of his immediate ancestors, not even excepting his brother, had won increment of territory for the State; Frederick William IV. had acquired Hohenzollern and the Jahde district; Frederick William III., the Rhine province; Frederick William II., Poland; Frederick II., Silesia; Frederick William I., Old Hither Pomerania; the Great Elector, Further Pomerania and Madgeburg, Minden, etc., and I encouraged him to do likewise.' He then adds, 'This pronouncement of mine did not appear in the protocol, as Geheimrath Costenoble, who had drawn up the protocol, explained to me, when I asked him the reason of this, the King had opined that I should prefer what I had blurted out not to be embedded in protocols. His Majesty seems to have imagined that I had spoken under the Bacchic influences of a *déjeuner*, and would be glad to hear no more of it. I insisted, however, on the words being put in, and they were. While I was speaking the Crown Prince raised his hands to heaven as if he doubted my sanity; my colleagues remained silent.'

During the war of 1866, after Königgrätz, the King was anxious to follow the advice Bismarck had tendered him and sketched out the conditions of peace as follows:

'A reform of the Federation under the headship of Prussia, the acquisition of Schleswig-Holstein, Austrian Silesia, a strip on the frontier of Bohemia, and East Friesland; the substitution of the respective heirs-apparent for the hostile sovereigns of Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Meiningen, and Nassau. Subsequently other demands were advanced, which partly originated with the King himself, and were partly due to external influences. The King wished to annex parts of Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and especially to bring Anspach and Baireuth again into possession of his house. The re-acquisition of the Franconian principalities touched his strong and justifiable family sentiment very nearly.'

It was now Bismarck's business, as Foreign Minister, to undo what he had done, and to preach, under the circumstances, a doctrine exactly the contrary. To gain his point was not easy, for on the side of the King were the military authorities, and it was accomplished only after a breakdown on the part of the man of 'blood and iron,' one would scarcely have expected. It will be seen, however, from the following extract that he was actuated by no desire to spare Austria, his object being simply and solely to protect Prussia and to establish her securely at the head of the German Confederation. Austria, it will be remembered, had proposed, as terms of peace, to withdraw from the German confederation, and to recognise all the arrangements that Prussia might make in North Germany, reserving, however, the integrity of Saxony—conditions which 'contained all we wanted,' the Prince remarks; 'that is to say, a free hand in Germany.'

'A triumphant entry of the Prussian army into the hostile capital would naturally have been a gratifying recollection for our soldiers, but it was not necessary to our policy. It would have left behind it, as also any surrender of ancient possessions to us must have done, a wound to the pride of Austria, which, without being a pressing necessity for us, would have unnecessarily increased the difficulty of our future mutual relations. It was already quite clear to me that we should have to defend the conquests of the campaign in further wars, just as Frederick the Great had to defend the results of his two first Silesian wars in the fiercer fire of the Seven Years' war. That a war with France would succeed that with Austria, lay in the logic of history, even had we been able to allow the Emperor Napoleon the petty expenses which he looked for from us as a reward for his neutrality. As regards Russia, too, it is doubtful what would happen if it then were made clear to her what accession of strength the national development of Germany would bring to us. We could not foresee how far the later wars would make for the maintenance of what had already been won; but in any case it would be of great importance whether the feelings we left behind in our opponents were implacable, or the wounds we had inflicted upon them and their self-respect were incurable. Moved by this consideration, I had a political motive for avoiding rather than bringing about a triumphal entry into Vienna in the Napoleonic style. In positions such as ours was then, it is a political maxim after a victory not to enquire how much you can squeeze out of your opponent, but only to consider what is politically necessary.

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'On July 23, under the presidency of the King,' the Prince writes, 'a council of war was held, in which the question to be decided, whether we should make peace under the conditions offered or continue the war. A painful illness from which I was suffering made it necessary that the council should be held in my room. On this occasion I was the only civilian in uniform. I declared it to be my conviction that peace must be concluded on the Austrian terms, but remained alone in my opinion; the King supported the military majority. My nerves could not stand the strain which had been put upon them day and night; I got up in silence, walked into my adjoining bed-chamber, and was there overcome by a violent paroxysm of tears. Meanwhile I heard the council dispersing in the next room. I therefore set to work to commit to paper the reasons which in my opinion spoke for the conclusion of peace, and begged the King, in the event of his not accepting the advice for which I was responsible, to relieve me of my functions as minister if the war was continued.'*

With this document he hurried to the King, who stoutly combatted all his arguments.

'What seemed to be paramount with his Majesty,' the Prince remarks,† 'was the aversion of the military party to interrupt the victorious course of the army. The resistance which I was obliged, in accordance with my convictions, to offer to the King's views with regard to following up the military successes, and to his inclination to continue the victorious advance, excited him to such a degree that a prolongation of the discussion became impossible; and, under the impression that my opinion was rejected, I left the room with the idea of begging the King to allow me, in my capacity of officer, to join my regiment. On returning to my room I was in the mood that the thought occurred to me whether it would not be better to fall out of the open window, which was four storeys high; and I did not look round when I heard the door open, although I suspected that the person entering was the Crown Prince, whose room, in the same corridor, I had just passed. I felt his hand on my shoulder, while he said: "You know that I was against this war. You considered it necessary, and the responsibility for it lies on you. If you are not persuaded that our end is attained, and peace must now be concluded, I am ready to support you and defend your opinion with my father." He then repaired to the King, and came back after a short half-hour, in the same calm, friendly mood, but with the words: "It has been a very difficult business, but my father has consented." This consent found expression in a note written with lead pencil on the margin of one of my last memoranda, something to this effect: "Inasmuch as my Minister-President has left me in the lurch in the face of the enemy, and here I am not in a position to supply his place, I have discussed the question with my son, and as he

* II., 41-47.

† II., 51-52.

has associated himself with the Minister-President's opinion, I find myself reluctantly compelled, after such brilliant victories on the part of the army, to bite this sour apple and accept so disgraceful a peace." I do not think I am mistaken as to the exact words, although the document is not accessible to me at present. In any case, I have given the sense of it; and, despite its bitterness of expression, it was to me a joyful release from a tension that was becoming unbearable. I gladly accepted the royal assent to what I regarded as politically necessary without taking offence at its ungracious form. At this time military impressions were dominant in the King's mind; and the strong need he felt of pursuing the hitherto dazzling course of victory, perhaps influenced him more than political and diplomatic considerations.'

He then adds :—

'The only residuum that the above note of the King's, which the Crown Prince brought me, left in my mind was the recollection of the violent agitation into which I had been obliged to put my old master, in order to obtain what I considered essential to the interests of the country if I were to remain responsible. To this day these and similar occurrences have left no other impression upon me than the painful recollection that I had been obliged to vex a master whom, personally, I loved as I did him.'

As may be inferred from the foregoing, Bismarck was not altogether a *persona grata* among the military authorities. All through the war of 1866, indeed, he was looked upon with considerable suspicion. When within reach, he attended the councils of war, and on the question of the proposed advance on Vienna, carried his point with the King against the Generals. In the war of 1870 this was not forgotten, and he complained bitterly, in his conversations with Busch at the time, of his exclusion from the councils, as well as of the way in which he and his staff were accommodated. In much the same strain he writes in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* :—

'The ill-feeling towards me, which had survived in the higher military circles from the Austrian war, lasted throughout the French war; fostered not indeed by Moltke and Roon, but by the "demigods," as the higher staff-officers were then called. It made itself perceptible to me and my staff during the campaign, even down to the matter of rations and quartering. It would have gone still further if it had not found a correction in the unvarying tactful courtesy of Count Moltke. Roon was not in a position in the field to support me as a friend and colleague; on the contrary, he needed my support at last at Versailles to make good his military convictions in the King's circle.

'As early as the journey to Cologne, I learnt by accident that, at the outbreak of war, the plan of excluding me from the military consultations had been settled. Thus much I was able to gather from a conversation between General von Podbielski and Roon, which I unwillingly overheard as it took place in an adjoining compartment with a broad opening in the partition just over me. The former expressed his satisfaction loudly somewhat in this strain: "So arrangements have been made this time that the same thing does not happen to us again." Before the train started I heard enough to understand what "then," as opposed to this time the General had in his mind, my participation in the military councils during the Bohemian campaign, and especially the alteration in the line of march to Pressburg instead of to Vienna.'*

Great Britain and France shared almost equally with Austria the Prussian Chancellor's dislike. The reason in each case was the same. Each he believed, perhaps with good reason, was opposed to his policy of suppressing Austria, and raising Prussia at her expense. When in Paris in 1855 he saw the Queen and Prince Albert. In the following he gives his impressions of the latter, and a description of himself as he believed he appeared in the Prince's eyes:—

'The Prince, handsome and cool in his black uniform, conversed with me courteously, but in his manner there was a kind of malevolent curiosity, from which I concluded that my anti-occidental influence upon the King was not unknown to him. In accordance with the mode of thought peculiar to him, he sought for the motives of my conduct not where they really lay, that is, in the anxiety to keep my country independent of foreign influences—influences which found a fertile soil in our narrow-minded reverence for England and fear of France—and in the desire to hold ourselves aloof from a war which we should not have carried on in our own interests, but in dependence upon Austrian and English policy.

'In the eyes of the Prince—though I, of course, did not gather this from the momentary impression made during my presentation, but from ulterior acquaintance with facts and documents—I was a reactionary party man who took up sides for Russia in order to further an Absolutist and "Junker" policy. It was not to be wondered at that this view of the Prince's and of the then partisans of the Duke of Coburg, had descended to the Prince's daughter, who shortly afterwards became our Crown Princess.'

Of the Queen he writes:—

'At the ball at Versailles Queen Victoria spoke to me in German. She gave me the impression of beholding in me a noteworthy but unsympa-

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 103-4.

thetic personality, but still her tone of voice was without that touch of ironical superiority that I thought I detected in Prince Albert's. She continued to be amiable and courteous, like one unwilling to treat an eccentric fellow in an unfriendly way.'

It was during this same visit to Paris that he saw Louis Napoleon for the first time. When asked by the King, in the following winter, what his opinion of him was, he replied, he says:—

'It is my impression that the Emperor Napoleon is a discreet and amiable man, but that he is not so clever as the world esteems him. The world places to his account everything that happens, and if it rains in Eastern Asia at an unseasonable moment, chooses to attribute it to some malevolent machination of the Emperor. Here, especially, we have been accustomed to regard him as a kind of *génie du mal*, who is for ever only meditating how to do mischief in the world. I believe he is happy when he is able to enjoy anything good at his ease; his understanding is over-rated at the expense of his heart; he is at bottom good natured, and has an unusual measure of gratitude for every service rendered him.

'The King laughed at this in a manner that vexed me, and led to ask whether I might be permitted to guess his Majesty's present thoughts. The King consented, and I said: General von Canitz used to lecture to the young officers in the military school on the campaigns of Napoleon. An assiduous listener asked him how Napoleon could have omitted to make this or that movement. Canitz replied: "Well, you see just what this Napoleon was—a real good-hearted fellow, but so stupid!" which naturally excited great mirth among the military scholars. I fear that your Majesty is thinking of me much as General von Canitz thought of his pupils.

'The King laughed and said: "You may be right, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the present Napoleon to be able to impugn your impression that his heart is better than his head."'

The origin of the war of 1870 is laid by the Prince entirely at the door of the French. 'It was hard to find in the law of nations,' he observes, 'a pretext for France to interfere with the freedom of Spain to choose a king; after people in Paris had made up their minds to war with Prussia, this was sought for artificially in the name Hohenzollern, which in itself had nothing more menacing to France than any other German name.' He regarded the whole question, he writes, 'as a

Spanish and not as a German one,' and his thought concerning it was 'more of the economic than of the political relations in which a Spanish King of German extraction could be serviceable.' 'Politically,' he says, 'I was tolerably indifferent to the entire question.'

'Prince Anthony,' he continues, 'was more inclined than myself to carry it peacefully to the desired goal. The memoirs of his Majesty the King of Roumania are not accurately informed as regards details of the ministerial co-operation in the question. . . . If the Duke of Grammont labours to adduce proof that I did not stand aloof from and averse to the Spanish proposal, I find no reason to contradict him. I can no longer recall the text of my letter to Marshal Prim, which the Duke has heard mentioned; if I drew it up myself, about which I am equally uncertain, I should hardly have called the Hohenzollern candidature "*une excellente chose*;" the expression is not natural to me. That I regarded it as "opportune," not "*à un moment donné*," but in principle and in time of peace, is correct. I had not the slightest doubt in the matter that the grandson of the Murats, a favourite at the French Court, would secure the goodwill of France towards his country.

'The intervention of France at its beginning concerned Spanish and not Prussian affairs; the garbling of the matter in Napoleonic policy, by virtue of which the question was to become a Prussian one, was internationally unjustifiable and exasperating, and proved to me that the moment had arrived when France sought a quarrel against us, and was ready to seize any pretext that seemed available.'*

Lothar Bucher had a large hand in the matter during its initial stages, and here are Busch's reports on the matter, which give the affair a different complexion:—

'April 25th [1888].—This evening at Knoop's, Bucher described the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, in which he himself had taken a part, as a "trap for Napoleon." He added that neither the Emperor William nor the Crown Prince had the least idea of this feature of Bismarck's manoeuvre, of which he, Bucher, also gave particulars to the Crown Prince after his journey. They both regarded the candidature as a means of exalting the glory of their House.'†

On January 5, 1892, Busch reports Bucher, who was just home from Friedrichsruh, as saying to him:—

"'Thank your stars that you are not in my place with these 'Memoirs.' One's work is in every respect void of profit or pleasure. One exhausts himself on an utterly hopeless task, which will yield nothing for history.

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 86-90.

† *Secret Papers*, III., 187.

It is not alone that his [Bismarck's] memory is defective, and he has little interest in what we have done . . . but he begins also intentionally to misrepresent even plain and well-established matters of fact and occurrences. . . . Even in cases where his policy was brilliantly successful, he will not hear of acknowledging anything, as, for instance, the trap which he set for Napoleon in the Spanish affair. He denied the letter to Prim, until I reminded him that I myself handed it to the General in Madrid, and that the world is now well aware of it through Rothan." (So I understood the name, but perhaps he meant Grammont). On this occasion Bucher also referred once more to his zig-zag journey with Salazar, and his audience with King Wilhelm at Ems. "The whole candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern," said Bucher, "is now represented by Bismarck as having been a purely private affair of the Court, a mere family matter, although he was obliged to confess that it was discussed at a sitting of the entire Ministry." I also added some reminiscences, but observed in conclusion that, in spite of all that, the Chief remained the great political genius and saviour of Germans. But he was not qualified to be a historian.'*

The *Reflections and Reminiscences* do not seem to have been materially altered on this topic since Bucher saw them, and the whole story of the causes which led to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has evidently still to be written.

Much more is said both in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* and in the *Secret Pages* respecting the French war. In the former the famous Ems telegram has a whole chapter devoted to it. In its original form, as sent by Abeken to Bismarck, it must have contained about two hundred words. When Bismarck read it over to Moltke and Roon, who were dining with him, 'They were both actually terrified, and Moltke's whole being suddenly changed. He seemed to be quite old and infirm.'† Bismarck then 'boiled down these two hundred words to about twenty, but without otherwise altering or adding anything,' read it over to the two Generals, and explained that the effect of its publication would be an immediate declaration of war on the part of France.

'This explanation,' he writes, 'brought about in the two Generals a revulsion to a more joyous mood, the liveliness of which surprised me. They had suddenly recovered their pleasure in eating and drinking, and spoke in a more cheerful vein. Roon said: "Our God of old lives still,

* *Ibid.*, 377-8.

† *Secret Pages*, I., 205.

and will not let us perish in disgrace." Moltke so far relinquished his passive equanimity that, glancing up joyously towards the ceiling, and abandoning his usual punctiliousness of speech, he smote his hand upon his breast, and said: "If I may but live to lead our armies in such a war, then the devil may come directly afterwards and fetch away the old 'carcass.'" He was less robust at that time than afterwards, and doubted whether he would survive the hardships of the campaign.*

Bismarck chafed incessantly at the delay of the bombardment of Paris, was tormented during sleepless nights by the apprehension that the political interests of Prussia might be seriously injured, and believed 'that a decision, memorable in the world's history, of this secular struggle between two neighbouring peoples was at stake, and in danger of being ruined, through personal and predominantly feminine influences, with no historical justification, influences which 'owed their efficacy, not to political considerations but to feelings which the terms humanity and civilisation imported to us from England, still rouse in German nations.'* Later on, in 1888, he employed Busch to denounce in the press the entire foreign policy of Great Britain;† but his own opinions respecting her influence both through the Foreign Office and through individuals during the strife around Paris may be gathered from the following:—

'The notion that Paris, although fortified and the strongest bulwark of our opponents, might not be attacked in the same way as any other fortress, had been imported into our camp from England by the roundabout route of Berlin together with the phrase about the "Mecca of civilisation" and other expressions of humanitarian feeling rife and effective in the cant of English public opinion—a feeling which England expects other Powers to respect, though she does not always allow her opponents to have the benefit of it. From London representatives were received in our most influential circles, to the effect that the capitulation of Paris ought not to be brought about by bombardment, but only by hunger. Whether the latter method was the more humane is a debatable point, as is also the question whether the horrors of the Commune would have broken out, had not the famine prepared the way for the liberation of anarchist savagery. Another question that may be left unanswered is whether sentiment alone, unaccompanied by political calculation, played a part in the propagation by England of the humanitarian idea of starving that

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 100.

† *Ibid.*, II., 120-21.

‡ *Secret Pages*, III., 177-80.

city. England was under no practical necessity either economical or political, of protecting France or ourselves from loss or weakness caused by the war.*

His antipathy towards Great Britain is manifest on almost every page of his two volumes, and seems to have been carefully fostered in the Foreign Office at Berlin during the whole of his ministry. In Dr. Busch's volumes the indications of this are numerous. Busch, whose opinions and sentiments were formed on those of his master, says of himself and Bucher, 'The inhuman pair of us rejoiced at England's misfortunes in the Soudan, and I expressed a hope that Wolseley's head would soon arrive in Cairo nicely pickled and packed.'† The only country with which Bismarck seems to have been inclined to live on terms of amity was Russia. But then in Russian Court circles he was a *persona grata*, and before he became a member of the Prussian Ministry had been asked to take service there. While the representative of Prussia at the Court of St. Petersburg, Gortchakoff, he tells us, showed him many favours, but from the way in which he speaks of him in a subsequent passage of his Autobiography one would scarcely infer this.

Among the other statesmen of Germany Prince Bismarck seems to have stood very much alone. This may have been because of his superior abilities, but it is quite as probable that it was owing to his autocratic temper. Indications are not wanting that he was one of those men to whom a rival is intolerable. He could brook no opposition, and whoever ventured upon anything of the kind, no matter how exalted their station, was sure to evoke his bitterest feelings. Among those who did venture to oppose him were the Empress Augusta and the Crown Princess. Of the former he said to Busch, 'She does what she can against me,' and in the *Reflections and Reminiscences* he writes :—

'During the reign of Frederick William IV. the Princess Augusta generally was in opposition to the policy of the Government; she regarded the new era of the regency as *her* ministry, at least until the retirement of Herr von Schleinitz. Before and after that it was a necessity for her to be in opposition to the attitude of the Government, whatever it might be,

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 123-4.

† *Secret Pages*, III., 131.

both to that of her brother-in-law and afterwards of her husband. Her influence changed, and in such a way that to the very last years of her life it always fell into the scale against the ministers. . . .

'All the opponents belonging to the most different regions, whom during my political struggles I had been compelled to make in the interest of the public service, found in their common hatred of me a bond of union which sometimes was stronger than their mutual antipathies. They made a truce in their feuds in order for the time to serve the stronger hostility to me. The Empress Augusta formed the point about which their agreement crystallised; her temperament when it was a matter of getting her way did not always observe the limits required by regard for the age and health of her husband.'

After all, however, it would appear that the Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick, was a personage with whom the Prince had to reckon much more seriously even than with the Empress Augusta. When speaking about her to Busch he almost loses his temper, and used to designate her 'this Englishwoman.' After the accession of Frederick he said to Busch—

'It is true that in Charlottenburg they are most anxious to retain me—she also. They wrap me up in cotton wool and velvet. That also found expression in the rescript; but as the recognition was of too generous a character it aroused in my mind less pleasure and hope than doubt as to its sincerity, and as to whether something was not concealed behind it. If I can merely postpone and not prevent these English influences upon our policy, if my remonstrances are no longer successful, and my voice not listened to, why should I continue to torment and overwork myself? I will not be a mere cloak for the follies of other people. If it were still the old Emperor with whom I was called upon to blunder along in this way—but to allow myself to be made use of by this Englishwoman, for her whims, for foreign interests, with danger and detriment to ourselves!'

In his Autobiography he writes:—

'When the state of William I's health in 1885 gave occasion to serious anxiety, the Crown Prince summoned me to Potsdam and asked whether, in case of a change on the throne, I would remain in office. I declared that I was ready to do so under two conditions: no parliamentary government and no foreign influence in politics. The Crown Prince, with a corresponding gesture answered, "Not a thought of that."

'I could not assume that his wife had the same kindly feeling for me; her natural innate sympathy for her home had, from the beginning, shown

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 309-11.

† *Secret Pages*, III., 175-76.

itself in the attempt to turn the weight of Prusso-German influence in the groupings of the European power into the scale of her native land ; and she never ceased to regard England as her country. In the differences of interests between the two Asiatic Powers, England and Russia, she wished to see the German power applied in the interests of England if it came to a breach. This difference of opinion, which rested on the difference of nationality, caused many a discussion between her Royal Highness and me on the Eastern question, including the Battenberg question. Her influence on her husband was at all times great, and it increased with years to culminate at the time when he was Emperor. She also, however, shared with him the conviction that in the interests of the dynasty it was necessary that I should be maintained in office at the change of reign.' *

Of her husband, the Prince speaks with less generosity than one might expect. At least at Nikolsburg, when Crown Prince, he rendered him considerable service. But one has always to remember that both as Crown Prince and as Emperor he was subject to the 'feminine' and 'English' influences, and that these were the two things which the Great Minister could scarcely abide.

The 'old Emperor' William I. is almost the only one in the two volumes of *Reflections and Reminiscences* of whom the Prince speaks in terms of personal attachment. There were often scenes between them. The old Emperor had a temper, and was not always careful to restrain it ; but Bismarck served him with unfaltering devotion. On one occasion, perhaps the greatest historical event in his reign, and certainly the most impressive, the old Emperor was unable to control his temper and publicly slighted Bismarck in a way in which any one less devoted to his person could hardly have refrained from resenting. The old King wished to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany. For reasons of State Bismarck desired that the imperial title should be German Emperor. He was supported by the Crown Prince and others ; but there was no bending the King. He would hear of no other title than Emperor of Germany, and gave commands that there should be no mention of the German Emperor but of the Emperor of Germany. Bismarck brought it about that in the Galerie des Glaces he was

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 329-330.

proclaimed neither as the one nor as the other, but as the Emperor William. And this was what happened. 'His Majesty was so offended at the course I had adopted, that on descending from the raised dais of the princes he ignored me as I stood alone upon the free space before it, and passed me by in order to shake hands with the generals standing behind me. He maintained that attitude for several days, until our mutual relations returned to their old form.' The King's temper, however, as the Prince is careful to remark in a passage of some dignity was not infectious.

'I had thought it out for myself in this way,' he writes. 'Any irregularities in a ruler who showed me confidence and good-will to such a degree as did William I. should be for one of the nature of *vis major*, which it was not for me to resist; I must look on it as the weather or the sea, or any natural event to which I must accommodate myself. This impression rested on very personal love for the Emperor William I., not on my general conception of the relation of a king, by the grace of God, to his servants. Towards him I was not personally sensitive; he could treat me with much injustice without creating feelings of indignation in me. The feeling that I had been insulted was one which I had towards him as little as I should have had in my father's house. This did not prevent me from being led into a passive opposition to him by the nervous excitement which was engendered by uninterrupted struggles, when I found him without understanding for political matters and interests, or prejudiced against them by her Majesty or by the religious or masonic Court intrigues. Now, in thinking over this quietly, I disapprove of this feeling and regret it, as in remembering points of disagreement one has similar feelings after the death of one's father.'*

One other passage we must cite. It is in a different vein from many we have transferred to our pages, but there is certainly a genuine ring about it, and the feeling by which it is pervaded is corroborated by incidental remarks in some of the passages above.

'On the 8th [March, 1888] I had my last interview with the Emperor, at which he was still conscious, and I obtained from him the authorisation to publish the order, which had been drawn up as long ago as November 17, 1887, in which Prince William was commissioned to act as the Emperor's representative in cases where his Majesty should believe that he required one. The Emperor said he expected me to remain in my position

* Prince Bismarck, II., 315.

and stand at the side of his successors ; at first there seemed to be in his mind chiefly the anxiety that I should not be able to get on with the Emperor Frederick. I expressed myself so as to calm his apprehensions, so far as it seemed fitting to speak to a dying man of that which his successors and I would do after his death. Then, thinking of his son's illness, he required from me the promise that I would allow his grandson to have the benefit of my experience and remain at his side, if, as seemed probable, he should soon come to the government. I gave expression to my readiness to serve his successor with the same zeal as himself. His only answer was a slightly more noticeable pressure of my hand ; then his mind began to wander, and the occupation with his grandson came so much into the front, that he thought the Prince, who in September 1886 had paid a visit to the Czar at Brest Litewsk, was sitting in my place at his bedside, and suddenly addressing me with "Du," he said, "Thou must always keep touch with the Russian Emperor ; there no conflict is necessary." After a long interval of silence the hallucination had disappeared ; he dismissed me with the words, "I still see you." He saw me once more when I came in the afternoon, and again at four o'clock in the night on the 9th, but he can scarcely have recognised me among the many who were present ; there had been a return of full clearness and consciousness late in the evening of the 8th, and he was able to speak with those who were standing around his deathbed in the narrow bedroom in clear and connected words. It was the last flicker of that strong and brave spirit. At half-past eight he drew his last breath.*

In the *Reflections and Reminiscences* the Emperor William II is barely mentioned ; in the *Secret Pages* the references to him, however, are numerous.

We have cited freely from the works before us because it seems to us that the citations we have made place the character and policy of the Great Chancellor in the clearest light, and render further comment on our part unnecessary. But numerous as our quotations have been, we have by no means exhausted the points of interest which the volumes of either these two singular and memorable works present. Had space permitted we should have liked among other things to have called attention to the Alsace and Lorraine question and the passages in which it is referred to. From these it is evident that the idea of the cession of the two provinces to France is perfectly utopian, and that for reasons of self-defence, if for no other, Germany is likely to

* *Prince Bismarck*, II., 300.

retain them as long as she possibly can. But our space is exhausted, and we can only add that the two works of which we have made such liberal use, are likely to remain as attractive as they are permanently valuable.

ART. II.—THE ABBÉ PRÉVOST IN ENGLAND.

L'Abbé Prévost. HENRI HARRISSE. 1 vol. in 12. Paris: Calmann Levy.

FEW men have been more unmercifully calumniated than the author of *Manon Lescaut*. He raised the venomous jealousy and bitter hatred of a host of unscrupulous pamphleteers, and was handed down to posterity labelled as a renegade, a bigamist, a forger, and even as a murderer. However, in this century, three great critics of French thought have, without entirely vindicating his character, tried to drag him out of the mire under which he has been buried for more than a hundred years; and lately Mr. HARRISSE, in a very interesting little volume, brought to light documents proving how undeniably false were the assertions of his numerous detractors.

It is doubtless satisfactory to know that Antoine Prévost did not cause his father's death, nor commit forgery; that he never led a debauched life, and that the report of his end being caused by the scalpel of a blundering Esculapius, is but a legend. All these are interesting facts to us who are so fond of re-writing history, and of redressing wrongs, but the study of his works (which, with the exception of *Manon Lescaut*, have been generally neglected) would have revealed to the earnest reader the inner nature of our author, and would, at each page, have given the key to his philosophy and mode of life.

Antoine-François Prévost was born in April, 1697, at Hesdin in Artois, and belonged to a respectable 'famille de robe' that numbered among their ancestors as many 'Procureurs' and

'Avocats' as it counted 'Abbés' and 'Chanoines.' He was early destined for the Church, and passed his first noviciate with the Jesuits in Paris, when only sixteen; he disappeared two years after to enlist as a volunteer, and in these words related the event: 'I have served in the army in different grades; first as a simple volunteer at a time when promotions were rare (it was at the close of a war).' Later he wrote: 'I returned to the Jesuit Fathers, whom I left some time after to rejoin the army, this time with more honours and enjoyment.' Anxious to evade his father's wrath he passed to Holland, accompanied by a friend, where he was well received and appreciated by many.

From 1717 to 1720, the drama of love must have been acted in his life, but there remain no documents relative to that period, and *Manon Lescaut* must be considered as a sort of autobiography of Prévost's romance and sincere repentance. He depicted in that immortal novel the passions he had so keenly felt; he acquired, through experience, the knowledge of psychology, and he found in his own broken heart the key with which to open the hearts of others. We come now to the alleged brutality of Prévost towards his father, which was supposed to have caused the latter's death. It arose from an apocryphal anecdote that circulated at the time, and which was handed down to M. A. F. Didot, who related it in the *Encyclopédie Moderne*, as having been told him by his uncle Pierre Didot, who knew Prévost.

It ran thus: Prévost, at the age of thirty, in a fit of intoxication, had thrown his father down the stairs, as the latter surprised him at supper with his mistress. The anecdote has no foundation whatever, as the dates are incorrect. Prévost was thirty in 1727, and at that period was a priest in the congregation of St. Maur, the most severe of the Benedictine Order, and was then residing in the monastery of the Blancs Manteaux in Paris; besides, the crushing fact of Prévost's father living twenty-six years after the alleged accident was supposed to have killed him on the spot, ought to speak for itself.

Having spent two years in the army he re-entered the Church in 1720, after a short but stormy experience of life, and in 1721 took his vows in the community of the Benedictines of St. Maur. From that time he belonged to this Order, which he was accused

of having deserted; for his flight to London in 1728, from the Abbaye de St. Germain des Prés was not the act of a renegade, but only a deed of insubordination, and was always judged as such, as he remained in after life good friends with the Fathers, and died a Benedictine. From London he passed to Holland, and in both places, 'nouvellistes à la main' manufactured scandalous reports about him, which were as equally groundless as the anecdote above quoted. In his journal, *Le pour et contre*, started and edited in London, our Abbé took the trouble to answer his numerous accusers. Both in England and Holland he met with warm friends and staunch admirers amongst highly placed personages; and many of his personal friends in France recognized his worth and spoke flatteringly of him. Meusnier de Querlon, a literary colleague of his, said: 'It was difficult to see him without wishing to know him, to know him was to love him, and when you loved him, you found every reason to esteem him.' Dom Dupuis, a Benedictine, and biographer of Prévost, said, that when his friends advised him to benefit by his influential acquaintances and reap some worldly good, our Abbé was known to answer, that 'a garden, a cow, and one or two fowls were sufficient for his happiness.' His whole life was one of hard work in England, Holland and France. He translated the ponderous *Histoire* of the Président de Thou; edited the *Pour et contre*; wrote his numerous novels; undertook the voluminous translation of the *Histoire générale des voyages*, of the letters of Cicero, and gave an abridged rendering to France of Richardson's works, besides writing many minor treatises. Where was the time for debauchery in all this rush for daily bread? He led an active social life in the countries he visited, but always turned back to solitude and reflection with ardour.

Later he was accused of having had suddenly to leave London after disgracing himself in an 'aventure galante;' whether the assertion is justified we have no proofs to bring forward either one way or the other, but the adventure, if such there was, did not injure him, nor did it prevent his friends and admirers from seeking him and loading him with letters of introduction for Holland, whither he went and published a good many of his books, among them *Manon Lescaut*. 'In spite of his religious

vows,' says M. HARRISSE, 'he loved, and he was no doubt loved in return; sympathy and affection were a craving of that nature, described by Voltaire as "*ardent and tender*." After reading the numerous encomiums of his personal friends, and the vindications of his character as a *débauché*, we are justified in agreeing with M. HARRISSE when he says of l'Abbé Prévost, 'He sinned, but he never degraded himself.'*

After visiting England and Holland, he settled in Paris, and became almoner to the Prince de Conti, where he was not compelled to say Mass too often, but where he mixed in the best and most cultivated society, and the last act of his stormy existence was played in the forest of Chantilly, where, some years before, he had rented a small house, and from whence he visited Paris at times. He was found dead, from the rupture of an aneurism, on November 25, 1763, on his way home to St. Firmin, returning from a dinner with the Benedictine Fathers near Senlis. An extract from the Senlis Archives, and a letter from l'Abbé Blanchelaude, brother of Prévost, announcing the event to a relation, are published by M. HARRISSE, to whom we refer the reader for further facts and details, having in these few paragraphs only drawn up a short synopsis of Prévost's life.

The letters and documents compiled in the small volume of M. HARRISSE were unknown to the three masters of French criticism mentioned in our first page, but in their studies they put aside the public and private life of our author, with its alleged vices, and hit straight at the true inner life of the man, though acknowledging the errors and follies of which he was justly accused. M. VILLEMAM was one of the first critics—I believe the first—who, in a very few words, drew up the psychology of that dual nature and much besmirched character in his lectures on the eighteenth century. M. Sainte Beuve followed in his *Causeries du Lundi*, and M. Brunetière, in his remarkable study in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of 1885, described Prévost's genius in these pungent words:—'(Prévost) gives himself entirely to his fictions. For that heart full of weakness, ardour,

* Il pécha, mais il ne s'encanailla pas.'

and passion, fiction is not a game, because Life is not a comedy.' And M. Brunetière adds that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Abbé Prévost for emancipating the career of the man of letters, by preferring the paltry 'wages' of publishers to the subsidies of princes and foreign courts; paving the way for the man of letters to be solely dependent on the public, and making the publishers only the intermediary between writer and reader. However humiliating it was for the man capable of writing *Manon* to have to translate from the English and Dutch, or to draw up the prospectuses of charlatans for a petty sum, still it was less offensive than to owe 'a livelihood to the generosity of M. Helvetius, and his daily meals to the kindness of M. Leriche de la Popelinière.' Lastly, Prévost himself often revealed in his letters the contemplative side of his nature, which is so interesting to us. To M. Boucher de l'Étang he wrote when he was about forty:—'Sooner or later sensible people develop the taste for solitude; they lose too much in living outside of themselves.'

Wherever we follow him—throughout the hardships of his wandering life, in the turmoil of passion, working for a precarious livelihood, begging one day a small sum from Voltaire (who, by the way, refused it), and giving the next day the few spare coins he possessed to a friend in need, we find him independent and true to himself. He described thus the *Etat d'âme* which motivated his departure from St. Germain des Prés:—'Feeling came back to me, and I found that this throbbing heart was still burning under the smouldering cinders. The loss of freedom saddened me to tears. It was too late. I found some consolation during five or six years in the charm of study. My books were my faithful friends; but, like me, they were dead. At last I seized the opportunity of some unpleasantness and I left.'

He had sought this religious refuge at a time when his heart was lacerated by human love, and he left it when that same heart was healed, and when the exiguity of the cell became intolerable to the man so richly endowed with imagination and the love of life. Had Prévost submitted to the Benedictine rule, and curbed his fiery spirit, the world would never have known *Cleveland*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Le Doyen de Killerine*, the journal *Le pour et contre*, etc., etc., and History would have lost one of her epoch-

makers. Life is well lost to become the author of immortal *Manon*, and it certainly is more worthy a laurel crown to have handed down the literary heirloom of a Prévost, than to have lived the crushed, though consistent, life of a monk.

These inconsistencies of the Abbé Prévost's career do not concern us, and whether a man remains true to his vows or sincere to his surroundings is a matter to be judged only after learning and weighing all the circumstances; but the point of interest to us is whether he has remained true to himself and earnestly played his part in life. *Passion* and *Reflection* seem at first sight to contradict, shock, and annihilate each other, but they were the real means of transforming the man. He always acted on impulse, and soon after realised the vanity of human passion and the utter mistake men made in ever living 'outside of themselves.' He was swayed from action to thought, from passion back to contemplation, to and fro, and in this way developed to reach at last a mental pinnacle from which he viewed the whole of erring humanity, with its lights and shades. The inconsistency of his life was, in a sense, the cause of his consistency of growth, and however inharmonious his mode of life may have appeared to his contemporaries who watched closely, the *ensemble* of his work and the ego of the man who created it, is more in unity to us who gaze at a distance.

From his first short novel, the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité qui s'est retiré du monde*, to his last unfinished attempt at a novel, *Le Monde Moral*, Prévost is imbued with that human philosophy that later Sainte Beuve summed up in these words: '*Il faut vivre, parcequ'alors on voit tout, et le contraire de tout.*' In that embryonic novel *Le Monde Moral* he drew out a sort of human dictionary where each one labelled with his vices, virtues, crimes or noble deeds, is launched into the arena of life to play his pantomimic tricks: The coward is one day a hero, the martyr stoops to villainy in a weak moment, the rake is capable of enthusiasm, and even the fool has spare hours of deep philosophy. Prévost was not a French philosopher with an ironical sneer at the corners of his mouth; his imagination was '*mélancolique*,' 'une imagination presque noire,' M. Brunetière tells us; he never trifled with life, and was utterly devoid of the

Beaumarchais and Marivaux wit, though perhaps inclined to have a certain sense of humour, for his pathos is first cousin to Hogarth's. In reading of the cruel exportation of women to the Mississippi in *Manon*, one is reminded of the picture of 'women beating hemp in Bridewell,' and after perusing the incidents of the Marquis de X. with Lady Z. in the *Mémoires*, one turns an hour later into the National Gallery to look once more at the *Mariage à la mode*. Whence did l'Abbé Prévost inherit that tragic view of life so inherent in northern races, where human hearts are the mortars in which is pounded that strange composite of cruelty and pity, animal spirits and morbidness? Latin races ignore 'the pity of it,' nor do they ever weep inwardly; they pass from a sunny smile to a dark frown, from a kiss to a stab; their actions being simultaneous with their thoughts; they do not know the transitory stage of melancholy and grim humour so peculiar to northerners.

Prévost alone, amongst the numerous French thinkers who visited England, acclimatized himself in this country, understood its strange inconsistencies, deciphered the psychology of the race and found himself in harmony with the melancholy of the climate. M. Brunetière in his study, says that l'Abbé Prévost was the first to proclaim love 'to be a "divine right,"' and in that name calls him the precursor of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, A. Dumas, and of all the 'Romantique' school. But to what sources had Prévost gone for inspiration and tragic power; if not to the English sixteenth century? And he only handed down to our modern literature what he had received from the country of Webster, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Heywood; for in England self-analysis dates from far back. May not the influence of such a stage have come to bear on the fiery imagination of a Prévost? and cannot we assign to him one link in that long chain which closely connected individual despair with social problems and sexual questions? The human heart began to sigh, discuss, revolt at that time, in the land of humour and passion, and Flaubert, Hugo, Sand, Tolstoi, all modern fictionists claim descent from that great epoch when man began to *think* in artistic excellence and to put questions to the Sphinx.

France awoke late from her nightmare of despotism, and she had to wade in human blood before she could learn how to think freely and wrestle with life's problems. Her centres of thought had been the alcove of a Madame de Rambouillet, the convent parlor of an Angélique Arnault, the suppers of a Duchesse du Maine, the 'Bureaux d'esprits' of the Du Deffand, Lespinasse, Geoffrin and 'tutti quanti,' where the true pulse of France was felt, and each one sang his *cavatina* to the distant accompaniment of a howling mob. In France, public opinion marched handcuffed, and even the Revolution did not change the old order of 'Salons,' as Madame Recamier, de Staël, and a new galaxy of hostesses flourished during the first Empire and the Restoration, and led diverse party-factions. In England drawing-room platforms were unknown; the theatre and the tavern were sufficient to show men what men were, and it must have been a revelation to the Abbé Prévost to touch the heart of England at every step he took along London streets; entering the 'White Hart' or the 'Tabard,' mixing with all sorts and conditions of men, from the peer to the prize-fighter; perhaps one day attending the meeting of Antiquaries at the 'Mitre,' where next day he would see T. Topham, the strong man twisting pewter dishes between his fingers. Everywhere he went, whatever he saw, be it the spirit of Jack Cade in Southwark, of Tarleton at the 'Castle;' or when sitting over a bowl of punch with booksellers and lawyers at the Chapter Coffee House, the Abbé of the eighteenth century must have soon found out, with his keen observant mind, that the great power that swayed this country, had been and was, Public Opinion. The business of the country belongs to the country, and the throb of England's pulse is felt at the 'Derby' as distinctly as it is in the lobby of the House of Commons. 'The business of the Government occupies the mind of the people, as well as it does that of the great. It has a right to speak freely; it condemns, approves, criticizes, is carried away to abuse, both in speech and in writing, without any superior power ever attempting to control it. The King himself is not spared the censure of the public.' This must have been one of his first impressions as he alighted from the Dover coach and mixed with the London crowd. He says

further, concerning the laws of the country: 'You will not find one that is not for the public good; and in this country the public welfare is not a vain word, nor a mask hiding the injustice and violence of those at the head of Power.'

Later, when he had seen more of the different classes of society, he entered more deeply into the psychology of the race and was better able to study the contradictions of the English nature, which at first astonished him, as they do every foreigner, but which he afterwards acknowledged to be the basis of their individual freedom. 'It is the perpetual contrast of Principle and Sentiment which makes the English nation a very difficult one to describe. There is no definite vice or virtue that can be properly ascribed to this race, and on every subject, one can number as many partisans on the one side as there are on the other. The English praise this trait of their character, and look upon it as one of the foundations of their happiness. . . . Strange to say, with them discord is the cement which strengthens their union and peace. Even morals benefit by this spirit of contradiction, for every vice that becomes predominant in the race will help to develop an opposite virtue which will combat, and, in the end, uproot the evil.'

From this general observation of the race, Prévost comes to the keen analysis of persons. In one of his periodical numbers he quotes the case of an Englishman who made himself generally objectionable to his fellow-creatures owing to his irascible temper. 'Being English, he had all his life enjoyed the privilege of being abusive and satirical, without anyone compelling him to silence. As long as the sting of his satire did not touch their body or their property, he was free to give vent to his humour.'

Le Pour et Contre, published in Paris by the Didots, contained information about everybody and everything. Sometimes one or several numbers were filled with the translation of a new English play; in another he criticised the philosophical works of Locke, Tyndal, Toland, Hume, and many other numbers only gave stage news, society gossip, and descriptions of the life at Tunbridge and Bath. Everything that came to his knowledge was sent over to his Parisian public; all the scientific discoveries, the

expeditions of bold adventurers to unexplored lands, were dexterously expedited across the Channel, but he never forgot he was catering for a nation who always had detested earnest praise of another country; he wrote, therefore, more *en dilettante* in this journal than in any of his works, and M. Brunetière could scarcely say that in his periodical Prévost gave himself *tout entier*. At times he lets his countrymen hear the truth, and what English critics think of French plays; but it is lightly touched, without any malice, and he does not put his readers into the secret of what his own thoughts are on the matter. 'What will appear strange to Frenchmen is that their literature is as much criticized here as it is in France. The knowledge of our language is so common in London that those who cannot speak it can at least understand it. . . There is no literary work of note in Paris that does not at once cross the Channel. I have seen many books die sadly at the landing of the steamer. *Zaïre* itself, that had crossed the sea on the wings of hope, and for which the author's* renown had opened the way, *Zaïre* foundered in London after having raised the applause of a Parisian audience.'

We have already said that l'Abbé Prévost, in his journal, sent translations of English plays unaccompanied by comments or criticisms, but in his novels we feel the keen appreciation and warm enthusiasm in every word. The *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité* contains a page on the English stage that reveals what the author thought, and did not always say, to the Parisian readers of his journal: 'For beauty of sentiment, tender or sublime, for that tragical power which moves the heart and excites passions in the most lethargic soul, for that directness of expression and the art of working out events, I have never read, either in Greek or in French, anything superior to the English drama.' And his remark on Shakespeare is no less worthy of attention: 'Who knows Shakespeare well, knows the English brain most thoroughly; his genius is the genius of the whole island, and if all the English brains were pounded in one mortar, the result would be another Shakespeare.'

* Voltaire.

Prévost's most inspired works were conceived on the banks of the Thames, and he himself, in the following words, acknowledged the influence of climate in the moulding of thought.—‘An Italian who comes to London does not *think* in England as he did in Florence or Rome. Let us say the same of a Frenchman, although the passage from Calais to Dover is but short.’ At the same time, when we read his novels, we are curiously struck by these contrasts; his *thought* and *feeling* were modified by the country of ‘*Individualism*,’ but his style still retained the pomposity of the *Grand Siècle Académique*, which carries us back in its swing to the *Quinconces de Marly*. The humour and pathos in his novels are not therefore as forcible as they would be were his style less emphatic, or his expressions more direct. As long as he limits himself to the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*, the style suits the man, and although the heart of the Marquis de X. has suffered severe wounds, and his views of life have been tinged with scepticism, still the man of the world lives under the *blasé* courtier, and the dignity and redundancy of the language adapts itself to ruffles and red heels. The *Mémoires* do not contain a consecutive plot; they are choked with adventures and tragical incidents. His heroes commit suicide, murder their rivals and mistresses in paroxysms of jealousy; passion runs riot throughout the book, while the Miss advises, conciliates, consoles the miserable victims of fate and instinct. Prévost launches *con amore* into his favourite theme, the waywardness of man and the supreme power of passion over human hearts. The travels of the Marquis end in Paris, and here Prévost produces a new element in fiction—politics. The Regent of France is brought to the front, and during several audiences with the Marquis de X., acquires the knowledge of foreign countries in general, and of English politics in particular. Before we take leave of the *Mémoires* we will quote a passage, as it is a curious one from the pen of a man so newly acquainted with the machinery of English government:

‘As to the Parliament, your Royal Highness must well understand that however prejudicial their contentions and divisions may be to the laws of the country, to the Church and commerce, they never are to the safety of the country. I mean by this that the genius of the English consists in dividing into factions, tearing each other ruthlessly between themselves,

while they are at peace abroad, but never letting their neighbour benefit by their domestic hatreds. Like the dog in the fable, it is the interest near at heart that occupies them solely. They suspend their personal animosities to ensure the public safety. They all work to get rid of the common enemy, that they may again acquire the privilege of fighting among themselves uninterruptedly.'

Richardson was still an unknown *bourgeois*, and Fielding's genius was yet tottering on the stage when our Abbé first landed in London. To Defoe he owes a great deal of his manner of handling fiction, and Captain Carleton's adventures must have been fresh in his mind when he wrote the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*. Like Defoe he takes his heroes to Spain, to the wilderness of America; he brings the man of civilization in contact with the man of nature, but, more than Defoe, he gives life to his historical characters and surrounds them with an atmosphere; endowing fiction with a new power, and thus laying down the first landmark of that 'science du milieu' which has become the groundwork of the naturalistic school of our day. Defoe's observation is anatomic, and though he analyses the fibres, muscles, arteries, lays bare the heart of his personage, it is only on a dead body he is experimenting: the heart is there, but the beat has stopped. Prévost is less surgical in his analysis, but the heart under the buff doublet beats as wildly as the author's own heart. From Daniel Defoe he equally borrowed the formula of giving to his fictions the likelihood of authenticity, and in his prefaces and title-pages gave his readers a foretaste of the highly-flavoured dish under the cover. His imagination crosses the seas, discovers unexplored countries; studies the psychology of a savage with the same amount of sacred fire with which he analyses the 'Etat d'âme' of a historical character; and ten years before Montesquieu he brings the geographical position of countries to bear on the genius of the inhabitants and subordinates morality to climate. While Prévost was taking from Defoe his formulas, and many of his themes, his eclecticism saved him from following his precursor's inartistic developments, and although, in Cleveland, he approached closely to Robinson Crusoe, he very soon went beyond, and soared high above the *chef d'œuvre* of Defoe, which may be summed up as the apotheosis

of Individualism. Robinson, who in the first part of the book, possesses the fortitude of a Job, unfortunately develops into a Philistine at his first contact with comfort; but Cleveland alone or amongst men, be they civilized or wild, remains an altruist; he receives as many impressions from the outward world as he gives of himself to his surroundings, and when he comes back to organized society, it is to become one of the axles of the grand wheel-work of humanity.

The story is this:

Cleveland's mother, one of Oliver Cromwell's victims, is obliged to flee from her persecutor and seducer, after in vain imploring his help for herself and her child. They hide in a cave situated in the remotest part of Somersetshire, and there Cleveland develops in harmony with nature, ignorant of all doctrines except those principles of virtue and wisdom implanted in his youthful heart by his mother. Even when he loses that companion of his existence, revolt does not stir his heart, as nature is around to soothe his grief and the sense of injustice is yet unknown to him. From the solitude of the grotto he passes to the dense forests of America, accompanied by another victim of the Dictator's tyranny, Lord Axminster, who with his family had found a refuge in another part of the cave. They visit savage tribes, the Abaquis, where they pitch their tent for some time and enjoy a tranquil life among a humane race; from thence they fall into the clutches of cannibals, witness the most sanguinary scenes, and after narrow escapes of being massacred, are rescued, but only to fall again into dangers, of which the five volumes are full. Cleveland's sufferings are but material hardships at present; his love for the daughter of Lord Axminster is returned, and, united to her they both share the same adventures; brutality and fanaticism appear to them to rise only from a misconceived idea of right and wrong, and cruelty and injustice have not yet crossed their path, as civilized society is still the unexplored land to them. On contact with a relatively luxurious existence, they meet complicated passions and subtlety of thought, and the two lovers are ultimately disunited through the heinous jealousy of a Iago. Betrayed and abandoned, Cleveland approaches nearer to the European coun-

tries, and his heart grows more isolated as he enters the thronged cities, forsaken by those he loved and betrayed by his friends. He suffers then from what he calls an 'invincible horror of life,' and very soon the new revealed feeling, that man has no duty towards life, overpowers his shattered soul; he seeks within himself the cause of his despair, and questions the God of Harmony and Wisdom that had in his youth supported him and consoled his solitary wanderings; then, he believed himself to have reached the goal, when the truth of his existence lay in the hope of a future, for which he believed himself destined, and towards which this imperfect life was but a transitory passage. This philosophy had cradled his youth; why did it abandon him now that passion and despair were wringing his heart? No answer came, no argument presented itself to fix his wayward mind; the wreckage was complete; there was no alleviation to sorrow, no escape from passion, the remedies being either contemptible or futile, and suicide appeared to him as the act of a sage. In these five or six pages of Cleveland's soliloquy, Prévost, in the style of Pascal, laid bare the yearnings of souls in turmoil, enveloped in that 'melancolia' he is supposed to have bequeathed to the Renés, Obermanns, Rollas.

Some trivial incident prevents Cleveland from achieving his homicidal attempt, and soon after he is brought in contact with different doctrines of Belief, and for the first time he hears of a God besides the one of Nature and Reason, to whom he had till then been kneeling. He turns from the Roman Catholic priest to the Protestant minister, each of whom endeavours to bring him to his altar, but our hero listens to the controversy and, within his heart, concludes that man ought to be free, at least 'in his mode of worship,' and declares to his instructors that 'there is injustice in compelling consciences.' Prévost introduces in Cleveland his new effect of history and politics more widely even than in the *Mémoires*. At Rouen, Lord Clarendon, exiled from his country, abandoned by his King, meets Cleveland, and the soul-duel fought between the man of nature and the man of the world is very effective; it is the starting-point in Cleveland's re-birth, as Christianity is revealed to him by the old Anglican, and the duties of man towards society are preached by

the bitterly disappointed sceptic, who, notwithstanding the disillusion of his career, could not admit of any other mode of life than the one linked to public work and social duties. He strongly advises Cleveland not to leave the society of men, and to return to active life. Prévost brings back his hero to the world; at the French court he is in daily intercourse with Madame Henriette d'Angleterre and Louis XIV.; in England with Charles II. and all the leading men of his time, and when the mystery of his wife's desertion is cleared up, and his enemies scattered, Cleveland re-enters the arena of life to grasp the full meaning of human co-operation.

Prévost was accused by his co-religionists of Deistic tendencies, and although he repudiated publicly the accusation, and brought back Cleveland to a Christian view of life, still we are inclined to believe that Prévost did not escape their influence. Locke's letter on 'Toleration' inspired a great many of our Abbé's pages; Middleton's *Letters from Rome* appeared in 1729, and Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the World* in 1730. There is no doubt that Shaftesbury's optimistic view of the universe, modified by Butler's acceptance of life as a probation, strongly influenced our author in the development of Cleveland, and throughout the whole of his work we can safely affirm that, like Mandeville, he felt the hopelessness of judging morality from any fixed standpoint, assuming, with more pity than the sarcastic Swift, at times a Liliput's point of view, at another a Brobdingnag's. It is therefore most probable that the English school of Deism impressed the open-minded man and sincere thinker, who had said of the Président de Thou, in his translation of the latter's *Histoire*, 'He doubted when things appeared to him doubtful.'

L'Abbé Prévost had not yet looked into his own heart to search there for artistic effect; Cleveland was only a rhapsody on philosophical treatises and geographical report, to be more fully embodied later by the Abbé Raynal in his *History of the Indies*. When Prévost did look into his own heart, he brought forth a masterpiece—*Manon Lescaut*. To condense this immortal work in a few pages would be a sacrilege; besides, that tragic love-story lives for ever present to the memory of all readers, and

Prévost himself gave the key to this view of life in which we recognise the philosophy of Mandeville: 'This contradiction in the frame of man is the reason that the theory of virtue is so well understood, and the practice of it so rarely to be met with.'*

For love of Manon Des Grieux will commit any dishonourable action; for love of comfort, no, more truly through fear of misery, Manon will stoop to any degradation; without either of them imperilling the supremacy of the divine right of love which kindles within their two erring hearts. After exhausting that sum of evil given to every human being, our two lovers see that vice and folly are not the source of happiness, and alone in the deserts of America they turn to the God within them, and long for righteousness and peace. But fate wills it otherwise in cutting the Gordian-knot of their complicated lives at the very time when they begin to decipher life's hieroglyphics. It is the inevitable 'too late,' in which the much blamed destiny has less to do than our own impulses. Human beings are pushed heedlessly onwards by the inward force of passion, until one day Death, in front of them, hiding the future, holds a mirror which reflects the road behind, over which they have been rushing. There is no time for any more; one flash illumines all the past, one thought embraces the whole mass of mistakes, and darkness once more covers the scene.

Prévost remained more introspective in his work after this *chef d'œuvre*. The human heart offered him a wider scope for analysis, a more curious study of humourous incongruities: 'I have never known Passion from experience, and without that key one can never enter perfectly into the human heart.'†

The *Doyen de Killerine*, published in 1736, tells us from the beginning what we have to think of him, and, above all, what we have *not* to expect from him.

The Dean, a sort of Caliban, is left an orphan at the head of his family, and his prerogative of birthright and priesthood endow him with full command over their welfare, of which he certainly avails himself in shaping their existences as he thinks proper within his narrow ken. He marries off one of his brothers

* *The Fable of the Bees*. Mandeville.

† *Le Doyen de Killerine*.

against his will, prevents the other from wedding the object of his choice, and carries away from temptation his sister, who falls into worse predicaments than before, and he ultimately makes a complete muddle of all their destinies through his utter want of tact and his incompetence in worldly matters, besides frequently placing himself in situations most unfitted to his priestly gown. Human inconsistencies are, to his prejudiced mind, but the results of perversity, and when the rational arguments he opposes do not always stem the tide of passion, he briefly concludes it is futile to discuss with human beings. His eyes, wide open from astonishment, are never so for observation, and he passes human hieroglyphics without the slightest curiosity to read them; his poor, deformed being is burning with indignation and intolerance, while a timid, tender heart, hiding under that uncouth apparel, will in time help to develop the man. For a long time the Dean does not learn anything from his contact with the world and intercourse with individuals; and though he travels in several countries and mixes with all classes, he still retains his cherished prejudices, gauging men and women with the same unbendable rule, never once taking any other standpoint than his own. Herein lies principally the profoundness of Prévost's study, which anticipated by a few years the art of Richardson so unknown to France as yet, and to whom it came as a revelation, revolutionizing fiction by replacing '*galanterie*' by sentiment, and shifting the scene of interest from the outward world to the heart, making all action develop there by means of inner conflicts.

Prévost's art in the *Doyen de Killerine* chiefly consisted in never allowing his narrator to step out of his frame and sit amongst the public; the Dean remains subjective to the end, and his actions are their own commentaries; his development is not marked by sign-posts on the road. As his mental growth is thoroughly unconscious, and one hardly notices when a prejudice crumbles away or when a new faith begins to wedge itself in; so it is only when the reader has closed the last volume he is conscious of the struggle between what the Dean *believed* and what he was brought to accept. Prévost felt indubitably 'the pity' of that isolated heart that hid treasures of loving-kindness behind a

bulwark of intolerance and pitiless principles; he felt the Dean was doomed to loneliness in the midst of conflicting passions and mundane ambitions, because he lacked one thing that Cleveland possessed: Altruism. The soul and mind of another were the *Unknown* to that man whose ignorant callousness to human thrills had reduced him to a solitary unit; and as he did not possess any of the attributes which constitute a philosopher, peace of mind cannot have followed the discoveries he made throughout his life. He brought humanity to him to judge them from his levelling standard, placing all human beings in the foreground and condemning them for the want of proportion, which struck him as he looked so closely on them; he could not yet, and never did, step out of his circle, view the world and its inhabitants with their atmosphere round them, and in perspective to him and to each other.

An interesting study of feminine psychology is one of the Dean's sisters-in-law; the analysis does not come from our narrator, as he was utterly unable to read her enigmatic nature; but she lives through the book by her actions, and is brought into relief to make us recognize at once in a creation of the eighteenth century, a near relation to the Madame Bovary of the nineteenth.

Prévost possessed the realistic art of Fielding and Smollett, only in the construction of scenes and the grouping of his personages, for the Louis XIV. 'perruque' still sat uncomfortably on those Hogarthian heads and hampered their unclassical movements. The Dean's want of demonstrative sympathy is as great as his lack of humour, and these, together with his intense subjectivity, help to enhance the humour of scenes in which he is actor. Particularly in one scene is this anomaly most striking. The Dean decides to convert Madame de S., a thorough coquette, whose dominion over Patrice has lately been very pernicious. The lady, on her side, confides to a friend the Dean's request for an interview, and her own plan to receive him and make the 'naïf' priest fall into her snares. The scene is delightful, and by its intensity of purpose, reminds us of the English humourists, though the language remains more in keeping with the author's nationality. His humour consists in the incongruities of the

situations, not in the manner in which his personages express themselves, and Prévost brought into fiction that grim drollery, quite unknown to sunnier climes, and which even M. Taine failed to quite understand, as he fell into the mistake of judging Hogarth from the standpoint of a Michael Angelo or a Coreggio, denying him any artistic value on the plea that Beauty was not his sole aim.

Prévost admired Hogarth, and he must have studied his plates and paintings minutely, and have discovered that the effect was produced by two agents: the intensity of feeling in each individual, and the conflict of passions over each other, giving birth to that mongrel feeling, humour, child of tragedy and fun which gains life and power from contrasts, while wit only exists by homogenous qualities and objective purpose; the latter raises the laugh, where the former sways by a complex force, half terror, half buffoonery, wherein laughter has no place, but where pity plays one of the principal parts.

Prévost had developed that pity among the fogs of London, those fogs that Mazzini loved so much, and which helped him to concentrate his thoughts more deeply; it was not that pity of Diderot and of all the French humanitarians which united to that 'noble sin, Prodigality,' came from the fulness of the heart; but which arose from an inward seeking for commiseration for the sufferings of others.

L'Abbé Prévost read the heart of England as Samuel Johnson picked out the kernel of a book; assimilating greedily and nourishing his mind only with the vital element, leaving the husks to superficial observers. Our Abbé's genius found its impetus in this un-academic land, and whilst he took from his contemporaries their themes, he went for inspiration to the literature of the Elizabethan stage to find there that *Humanity* which struggled with itself and was not pleased with men—'no, nor women neither.' He had a prescience of the woman of modern fiction in *Manon Lescaut*; of that neurotic enigma, whose furbelows and patches do not hide entirely a soul capable of energy and even of idealism; in Fanny, the wife of Cleveland, we see a woman whose mission is not exclusively the rearing of children, but who shares with her husband the responsibility of

government over the tribe of Abaquis ; in the Dean of Killerrain we have already noted that Prévost had introduced to us an elder sister of Flaubert's celebrated creation, and in Dona Figuerrez,* who puzzled him so much by her complex nature, did he not draw up the woman of the sixteenth century ? As learned as she was voluptuous, as brave as she was deceitful, and as cunning as she was *honnête homme*. L'Abbé Prévost was partial to these dual natures, and if modern philosophy has been modulating, *ad infinitum*, on two chords—Hamlet and Dr. Faustus—so the heroines of Sand, Flaubert, Hardy (we could not name them all from the self-dependent to the neuro-maniac), descend from Lady Anne, Rosalind, Portia, Duchess of Malfi, Ophelia. For Prévost, follies and even crimes were stages of development, and were to the soul what clouds are to the moon ; they pass and re-pass, rush and quicken over the luminous disc ; they may hide it for a time, but when they go they leave the orb as pure as ever. The mind has its lesion, the heart its wrinkles, but the soul lives eternally, and can shine as a diamond in the dull waters of the gutters, in the dark corner of a jail, under the rags of a tramp, and, who knows, beneath the tiara of a courtesan. In every one of his fictions he went straight to the individual, and only took into account the *sursum corda* of souls though their bodies may have grovelled in the mire. The *sursum corda* of Marguerite Gautier, Raskolnikof, and, in fact, of all complex natures who desire to achieve good, but who so often unconsciously do wrong.

Prévost reached the climax of feminine psychology in his last novel, *Histoire d'une Grecque Moderne*, written long after he had returned to France, and about the same time that he began to translate *Pamela*. This last novel of our author's is the one in which the art and complexity of character approach more closely to our modern fiction.

It is the study of a young slave in a harem, whose soul remains as unsullied as her mode of life is degrading. One day the narrator of the *Histoire* (a European on some mission to Turkey), invited by the Pacha to visit his seraglio, is attracted by the

* *The Dean of Killerrain.*

beauty of Théopbé, with whom he converses a short time, telling her the position held by women in Europe, the respect with which they are surrounded, and the liberty they enjoy. From that short interview a new life is revealed to Théopbé, who implores our hero to free her from the infamous life she has been leading. He buys her, and after many incidents, in which their lives are often risked, she passes from slavery to freedom. Théopbé had never yet loved; her subjection had been as unconscious of evil as it had been without inclination, and now that the awakening was complete, there remained within her heart but a profound horror of her past life, and the constant fear of seeing in others the contempt her degradation must inspire in them. Prévost is master in such psychological subtleties, and the whole interest of the book is centred in the minute analysis of a woman's character, without ever leaving the reader uninterested a moment.

One day Théopbé learnt a great truth; the dignity of womanhood was announced to her; for the first time she heard that no one had moral right of life or death over herself; from that day she was not only free but virtuous, and inspired her friend with a daily growing love fully justified in his eyes by her lofty mind and pure heart. He confesses his love to her, and, acting in accord with human contradiction, involuntarily insults the woman he raised and freed from depravity, entirely oblivious of his own inconsistency in asking her to sacrifice for him what she had reconquered, stifling his scruples with the fallacious excuse that her past absolved him from paying her the tribute exacted by an unimpeachable life. He reasoned that what had been so easily accepted by her when her heart remained unmoved ought to be natural now that by her free will she had chosen her master. Théopbé's refusal exasperates him, and tossed from one paroxysm of jealousy to another, he accuses and suspects her of every conceivable deceit; unable to understand a woman's enthusiasm at finding for the first time that redeeming power, self-respect, which makes her future pure and holy, and obliterates her past disgraces, as if they had never been.

'What have I ever taught her that inspires her with so

fierce a virtue?' exclaims the disappointed lover unschooled in feminine riddles. For a long time he is tortured by doubts, jealousy, suspicions, notwithstanding his admiration for her who daily gives him lessons in honour; and in the end they come to an understanding, and shape their lives into a sentimental Platonic union, undisturbed for a certain lapse of time, but one day destroyed by Théopbé falling in love with a young seigneur she occasionally meets. Love comes into her life for the first time, the other affection was but friendship enhanced by gratitude; and she has to face the conflict and make her choice. The course of love runs smoothly for a time, as our narrator accepts the position and gives Théopbé's hand to his happy rival who believes her to be the other's daughter; but very soon events change the aspect of things, and our young lover hearing that she is not the daughter of the man she lives with, he naturally forms his own conclusion about their strange liaison, and abandons Théopbé. The latter, though broken-hearted, bears the shock bravely, and the two friends resume their former existence. From time to time the man indulges in excesses of rage and doubt, from which he inevitably returns humbled and undeceived, but only to fall again into fresh suspicions. At Théopbé's death, the book closes on an unsatisfactory query to destiny; but perhaps a very human question put by a man whose opinion was never quite formed about Théopbé, and whose jealousy naturally incited him to suspect the woman who loved another, although she never had lied to him. Her only fault had been to live up to the standard of virtue he had taught her; still he doubted her word, and at the last page committed his curious adventure and the solving of its intricate problem to the public's judgment, as to whether he had been right or wrong in placing 'his affection and esteem on that charming stranger?'

Had Prévost read 'Roxana' and learned from Defoe to employ those misty conclusions to fiction? Had he lost in the nebulous atmosphere of this island that clear outline of French thought and mathematical reasoning, enveloping his mind in a *chiaroscuro* through which events appeared less defined, and

the muffled wail of human hearts seemed to ask questions that were never to be answered?

With the *Grecque Moderne*, we close the list of the Abbé Prévost's novels, at least those worth reading, for the *Mémoires d'un honnête homme*, the *Mémoires pour l'histoire de Malte*, and the *Campagnes philosophiques de Montcal*, do not commend themselves to our analysis, and will for ever remain buried in oblivion.

We have endeavoured to trace in Prévost's works the influence of the country he chose as a refuge, and we hope to have sufficiently proved that the two potent factors he left behind him to vivify future literature, were the English stage and literature. From Defoe he had borrowed the mode of placing the man of nature in his *milieu*, thus giving the cue to 'Atala,' '*Le dernier des Abencerages*;' and from the sixteenth century he took the intense subjectivity and tragic view of life, nurtured in that country in which spleen was a pathological study. Prévost's emotional nature lent itself to receive impressions, and while his tenderness developed into morbidity, his pathos was intensified, and he introduced a new power into fiction, Pity: the *leit-motiv* that is heard moaning throughout his work. Not from France had he imported his introspective faculty, nor the sorrowful pity from that country where humanity swayed from 'Berquinades' to 'Sans-culotisme.'

Prévost, as he grew older and his heart's hunger was appeased, must have realized that though by *Living*, '*on voit tout, et le contraire de tout*,' it does not help to understand life better, and that love, psychology, philosophy, are not in turn the key to open all hearts, that there always remains a secret closet to which the solver of all problems alone holds the key, and which the owner is utterly incapable of opening to anyone; hence the inexplicable riddles of a woman who sells herself for comfort, while she loves another, for whom she is ultimately capable of dying; of a man whose soul burns with the sacred fire of honour and enthusiasm for virtue, and all the time is working for the destruction of that honour, and accuses the

woman he has saved from degradation, suspecting her in the very name of the virtue he has taught her to practise.

Latterly the Abbé left human beings to discuss ideas; he translated Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and all the works of that great Roman orator; translated the voluminous *History of Travels*, and finally wrote *Les Lettres de Mentor*, published in 1764, a year after his death. For a long time the book passed for the translation of an English work; M. Grimm thought so; even M. Brunetière thus speaks of it; but M. Harriette is the first who tells us that the *Lettres* are Prévost's own, which makes this last study of his on England more vitally interesting to us, from the point of view of Prévost's time and the ignorance of his contemporaries about this country. From Voltaire to d'Holbach, and even to those who visited the island later, we can say that no one ever studied the *mœurs* but he either exalted the constitution, like Montesquieu, or panegyricized the system of Newton, like Voltaire, while he averted his nostrils from the 'enormous dung-heap of Shakespeare's work'; but no one viewed England and its customs from the inside like our Abbé who had written in the *Mémoires d'un homme de qualité*:—'It is to England that you must come to have the right of judging English people.' He judged from what he saw here, not, like the others, who condemned it for what they did not find; as they passed genius jauntily by because it was indecorous, scorned humour on the plea that it had no wit or *finesse*, and contemned pathos on account of its coarseness and want of false sentimentality. 'It is quite incontestable that this island has produced sublime geniuses, capable, with due encouragement, of reaching the highest that is attainable by human power. . . . But not only in philosophical sciences has England produced great examples. In Art also, which depends on the powers of imagination and the gift of taste, has England shown to what excellence she can reach. . . . Has she not writers of great distinction in the comic style? and can one refuse her the honour of possessing actually in that same style a painter whose talents are inimitable? (It is needless to name M. Hogarth to acquaint the public with this genius full of originality).'

He dared to mention the word *genius* in connection with Hogarth; a proof that he admired what was next to impossible for his countrymen even to understand, and appreciated in those immortal pictures the same humour and pity as are found in the plays of Heywood, Webster, Marlowe, etc. He could see that same humour in his daily strolls: philosophy meeting him at the corner of Fleet Street, pathos jostling him in a back lane of the Borough, and laughing fun everywhere.

He often regretted that a 'Literary Tribunal' did not direct English thought, and attributed to the loss of it the want of taste and frequent licence in the English poets; but he owned that freedom and boldness were the two causes of English genius. 'Let us conclude that it is owing to the national genius, to its freedom, its boldness, and to the richness of the language that we owe the power and loftiness of English poetry.'

And he summed up his letters on England by wishing that London were more permanently visited by the great of the kingdom, and that frequent Art exhibitions would bring to the fore English artists, and give impetus to Art by competition. Could the Abbé Prévost see the city he knew as it now is, he would smile gratefully at the posterity who treasures up every human effort, whatever it may be, and gives even to the smallest footnote in a book, its prophetic mission! 'It is easy to remark that the aim of all these observations is to incite English people to embellish London. It is lucky for England that the voice of a single citizen sometimes evokes useful reforms, but more fortunate still that that voice always possesses the freedom of utterance.'

At Chantilly, Prévost was able to philosophise at his leisure, and there death surprised him as he was pursuing his studies far away from the social throng. His end was in harmony with his first contemplative life in the Abbeys and Monasteries he visited; and if passion and folly disturbed his existence at various periods, they also helped to develop his genius and enlarge his store of experience; and were to his better self but as the twilight to the glory of day, or the dawn to the radiant sunrise; fugitive clouds that never obscured the

serenity of thought in the man to whom we can justly apply what Washington Irving said of Roscoe :—‘The solitude of such a mind is its state of highest enjoyment; it is then visited by those elevated meditations which are the proper aliment of noble souls, and are like manna sent from Heaven in the wilderness of this world.’

FERNANDE BLAZE DE BURY.

ART. III.—KILMACOLM AND THE GLENCAIRNS.

Kilmacolm: A Parish History, 1100-1898. By JAMES MURRAY, M.A., Minister of the Parish. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1898.

HISTORICALLY, Kilmacolm is not a great parish. Within its limits, ancient or modern, no great battle has been fought, no great council held, no great historical incident happened. Its inhabitants seem to have been born, to have eaten, fought, slept, done, or left undone, their daily duties, with one or two exceptions whom we shall have to notice, like most other people in any other parish in Scotland, who have done nothing to give their parish any more importance than the least known among the ecclesiastical districts in the kingdom. The parish, indeed, is almost in the enviable, or unenviable, position of being without a history. And yet, with the aid of the Register of the Abbey of Paisley, the manuscript Records of the Presbytery of Paisley, Pitcairn's *Trials*, Chalmers' *Caledonia*, the *Origines Parochiales*, a number of volumes issued under the authority of the Lord Clerk Register, a few well-known local books and histories of Scotland, and, without going very deeply into the subject, Mr. Murray has managed to write a very readable, attractive, and praiseworthy history of the parish, even though much that he has here and there written in it is inferential rather than historical, and sometimes just a little irrelevant to the history of the parish of Kilmacolm.

The Parish of Kilmacolm, which down to 1694 included the burgh of barony of Port-Glasgow and the Bay of Newark, touches the Clyde on the north, and runs southward, with the Parish of Erskine on the one hand, and the ancient Parish of Inverkip, which included Greenock, on the other, till it marches with the parishes of Kilbarchan and Lochwinnoch. It stands high and is fairly dry, considering its neighbourhood, upon the heights which separate Renfrew from Ayrshire, and which were known to the monks of Paisley as 'the moors,' and has long been known for the bracing and salubrious nature of its climate. The village is delightfully situated, and, until about twenty years ago, was a sort of sleepy hollow, a mere agricultural hamlet, with its smithy and carpenter's shop, but since then it has become a centre of villadom, being much resorted to by merchants and others from Glasgow for summer quarters or as a place of permanent residence. On this account, perhaps, but as likely as not on some other, within recent years an attempt has been made to change the name of the place from Kilmacolm to Kilmalcolm. To this foolish and ignorant attempt the Minister of the Parish lends no countenance. Practically, he gives the correct derivation and significance of the name and settles its pronunciation when he derives it from *kil*, a cell, the particle of endearment *ma* or *mo*, my or dear, and *Colm*, or *Columba*—the church of my dear or beloved Columba.

In early times the parish formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde, which had its capital at Alcluith, or Dumbarton, and stretched southward to the Derwent, and included within its limits Cumberland and Westmoreland, with the exception of the baronies of Allerdale or Copeland in the former, and Kendal in the latter, and the counties of Dumfries, Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, and Peebles, in Scotland.* That Strathclyde was inhabited by the Cymric or Welsh Celts, as Mr. Murray says, is in the main true, but it is more likely that what has come to be known as the parish of Kilmacolm had for its early inhabitants Celts more akin to those who were dwelling in Cornwall and in the Highlands of Scotland than to the Cymri.

* Skene, *Celtic Scot.*, I., 235.

That the Damnonii, who belonged to the earlier Celts or Goidels, and were of the same race as the Dumnonii of Cornwall, dwelt along the southern shores of the estuary of the Clyde, seems to be generally admitted,* and the probability is that in the parish of Kilmacolm they preceded the Welsh, and were themselves in all likelihood preceded by that mysterious race, the Ivernians. But whether the Goidels or Brythons were first in the parish, few remains of its Celtic inhabitants have been found. Certain mounds remain, and one of them has been examined by archæologists, but apparently with no very definite result as to the people by whom it was raised. Of the place-names which survive, the majority indicate a Gaelic rather than a Welsh population.† Whether the place was ever visited by the Scots of Irish Dalriada does not appear, but it is not at all unlikely that in one or more of their many piratic expeditions up the Clyde, they landed in Newark Bay or on some other part of the Kilmacolm shore and carried away their captives, just as they carried away the future Patron Saint of their country from the shore on the opposite side of the Clyde. For the interesting statement, which occurs at the bottom of page 4, respecting the presence in the district of Kilmacolm of the greatest of all the Scots of Dalriada, one would like to have some other assurance than is vouchsafed by Mr. Murray. His words are: 'The visit of Columba to St. Mungo at Glasgow is historical, and as, on that occasion, he passed up the southern bank of the Clyde, he necessarily traversed a portion of Kilmacolm Parish.' Apparently the visit of St. Columba to St. Mungo is historical, but so far as we know there is no authority for the assertion that St. Columba journeyed on foot along the southern banks of the Clyde. Assuming, however, that he approached the Molindénar Burn from the direction indicated, though that may be questioned, he may have gone by the northern just as readily as by the southern bank, or he may have sailed up the river and landed at the mouth of the burn. Of the three, considering the

* *Ibid.*, I., 236; Rhys, *Celtic Britain*, 44, 152, 219, 291.

† See the lists given by Mr. Murray, pp. 3 and 258-60. Some of the names occurring in the latter list are of course English.

habits of the Saint and its comparative ease, one would say, in the absence of definite information, that the last mentioned is the one the Saint was most likely to take. But it is quite possible that he travelled overland, and took the opportunity as he journeyed to visit some of his missions. Mr. Murray is much nearer the truth, we imagine, when he conjectures that among those who visited his parish, at a somewhat later period, were the Norsemen.

When we come down to the year A.D. 946, we reach solid ground. In that year, according to the Saxon Chronicle, 'King Edmund harried all Cumbraland and gave it to Malcolm, King of Scots.' In the following century Duncan Canmore is styled *rex Cumbriorum*, and Malcolm *filius regis Cumbriorum*, and on his accession as Malcolm III, the latter doubtless ruled over all that his father had ruled, *i.e.*, over the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde as well as over Scotland, though, towards the close of his reign, Cumbria, to the south of the Solway, was wrested from him by William Rufus, who erected it into an earldom. On the death of Edgar, Cumbria, to the north of the Solway, was bequeathed to David, his younger brother, with the title of Comes, who, on his accession as David I. in 1124, finally united Kilmacolm with the rest of the northern part of Cumbria to the Scottish Crown.

So far it is impossible to discover anything of any great importance in the history of the parish, and it is impossible to discover anything of the kind in its subsequent history. As has been already said, much of what has transpired within its limits is similar to what has happened in most parishes in Scotland. Still, there are many incidents of much importance in connection with its history which are extremely interesting, and help to throw light upon the less known portions of the history of the country.

That there was a church in Kilmacolm in the twelfth century is known, but how long it had been there is not. Probably the original church of the district was built or founded, as Mr. Murray conjectures, by a disciple of St. Columba. It is doubtful, however, whether what is now known as the 'Old Church' was the original church. It may

almost certainly be said it was not. The first church may have been built of wood and wattles, after what was known as the Scots manner, or it may have been a rude stone building of an oval form, similar to some noticed by Mr. Muir in the Western Islands, or it may have been built of rough stones in a quadrilateral shape : but all that is mere conjecture. So also is Mr. Murray's idea that 'The first rudimentary conception of an ecclesiastical parish was the boundaries of a clan.' It is much more likely that the limits were determined by the conditions of population, and, where the Roman Government extended, by the divisions established by the civil power. The church in Kilmacolm may have felt the reforming hand of Queen Margaret or it may not, though it is likely that in one way or another it did. At any rate, by the year 1169 the Culdees, who had at first served the church, were gone. In that year it was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Glasgow, and along with the other churches in Strathgryfe and their pertinents, with the exception of Inchinnan, which belonged to the Knights Templars, had been given by Walter the High Steward to his newly founded Benedictine Monastery at Paisley. Another church existed in the district, the Chapel of Syde, built and endowed by Lord Lyle of Duchal. Apparently it was what would now be termed a private chapel, being designed for the use of the lord of the manor and his retainers. It seems to have been served by the domestic chaplain of the Lyles. As was usual, the parish church was served by a vicar appointed by the monastery, and doing duty there in place of the brethren. Mr. Murray has discovered the names of a few of these vicars, but none of them is of any particular fame. Nothing is known of their characters or of the influence they had. After the fashion of the times, they were entitled to the prefix 'Sir'—a prefix

* Mr. Murray's explanation of this term is in some respects correct, but the explanation Nares given in his *Glossary* is worth quoting :—'A title formerly applied to priests and curates in general ; for this reason : *dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *sir* in English at the universities. So that a bachelor who in the books stood *Dominus* Brown, was in conversation called *Sir* Brown. . . . Therefore as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*.'

which continued to be used in England long after the time of Henry VIII., and does not seem to have been dropped there until it was supplanted by the modern 'Reverend.' Whether the vicars were appointed regularly, and whether when appointed they served the parish with fidelity, there is nothing to show. Mr. Murray fears that it is almost certain that there were long intervals in which there would be no stated minister, but only occasional visits from one of the monks of Paisley. Judging from what happened in other parishes, Mr. Murray's fears are probably well grounded, but as a matter of fact, there are no records, with the exception of a note here and there as to the value of the teinds and their collection, and the annual rental of certain fishings belonging to the charge, all of which go to show that the living was of no great value, and that in all probability it was not one that was much sought after or that would be easily filled when vacant.

As to the industrial and social condition of the parish during the Catholic period of its history, there is little information. The feudal lord was, of course, the High Steward. Under him were the Lyles of Duchal and the Dennistouns of Dennistoun, whose chief seat was at Finlaystone. The lands of the former lay on the left bank of the Gryfe, and those of the latter on the right. For the most part the superiors kept them in their own hands, and had them tilled by their men and slaves. The rest were let to tenants and cottars. All would require to follow their chiefs and take part in their wars and quarrels, of which both the Lyles and the Dennistouns had usually quite enough on their hands. As to their life at home or their occupations, when not engaged in fighting, or their general social condition, it was in all likelihood the same as that of the inhabitants of other lowland parishes, and the following may be taken as a fairly accurate description :—

'The houses were of the poorest and rudest description. Sometimes they were of wood or of wattles filled in with clay or "dry stane" without mortar, and usually roofed in with "divots." Glass was unknown, and the openings for windows were either wanting altogether, or exceedingly small. Let us take a glance into the kitchen of a tolerably well-to-do Kilmacolm farmer of the period. Along one side was arranged the "dresser," and on it stood the "mawne" or basket for bread, and the "boisie" or

meat trencher. Above it, was the "haik" or the rack on which was arranged the family plate of pewter, or more commonly, of wood. In the corner stood the "awmrie," in which were kept the household stores, and the "boyne" or "bowie" for liquor. Perhaps there might also sometimes be seen—the guid wife's pride—the "buiat" or napery chest, though usually, the store of napery would be scanty enough. There was not lacking a certain amount of rough comfort. When, after the day's work was over, the family gathered around the fire of peat or heather, seated on the long settle, or "bink," and tales of saints or fairies, or other "ferlies," were told, and songs sung, doubtless there was much simple mirth and enjoyment. The glow of the fire served them for light, but if more illumination was needed there were resinous fire-spills dug out of the bogs, or the oil "crusie." The rich imported from abroad "long candles," but these were to be found only in the hall or castle. In good times food would be plentiful, though for the most part the poor crofter lived through the winter on "drummock" and water kale.'

They had their out-door amusements as well as the rich. 'Sunday,' as Mr. Murray remarks, 'was the poor man's holiday.' After Mass, when the weather was fine, there was dancing and merry-making on the village green, and though in the fourteenth century it was forbidden to spend the 'hail' Sunday in playing golf and football, there was no legal reason why part of the day should not be so spent, and the likelihood is it was so spent, just as in Lancashire part of the Sunday was spent in playing at skittles as late as the times of the Puritans. Later on, when, in 1457, the playing of either of the two games on Sunday was entirely forbidden, shooting was practised, every grown man being compelled under penalty to shoot at least six arrows at the butts. In summer, too, there would be bowling and the 'penny-stanes' or quoits; in winter curling, and at all time throwing the hammer.

With the Reformation a change came over the parish, and for a moment or two it flashes out into public notice. In the spring of 1556 Knox preached and celebrated the Communion of the Lord's Supper in Kilmacolm at Finlaystone House with Glencairn, his Countess and two sons, and 'certane of his freindis.' A tree in the Finlaystone grounds is sometimes pointed out as the place where it was celebrated, and Mr. Murray adds the tradition that the Communion cups used on this occasion were silver candlesticks reversed, the hollow

foot forming the cup. 'These cups,' he further adds, 'were regularly lent to the Parish Church for each Communion up to 1796, when they were finally delivered to the Countess of Glencairn at her request. That Knox celebrated the Communion at Finlaystone in the spring of 1556 according to the Genevan or Protestant rite need not be doubted. We have his own word for it. But that candlesticks were used, as Mr. Murray's tradition describes, is scarcely credible. If they were, it was certainly not creditable. The truth of the story, however, may be questioned. In the Kirk Session Records quoted by Mr. Murray only 'cups' are spoken of; the members of the Kirk Session speak of 'Communion cups,' and the Countess, when requesting their delivery, uses the same words; and it is extremely unlikely that either the one or the other would commit so violent a blunder as to confuse cups with candlesticks, much more Communion cups. But true or false, Knox's worst enemy could scarcely invent a story more to his prejudice.

The tradition, we imagine, is just about as credible as Mr. Murray's second 'source' or cause of the spread of the Reformation movement. He is no believer in the saying that every Scotsman is a born theologian, or that 'Scotsmen have ever, except for a brief and exceptional period in their history, been given to theology.' 'Their *perfervidum ingenium*, that has made them religious,' has preserved them, he believes, 'from becoming theological,' and says: 'The chief popular sources of the Reformation I take to be these two: first, the universal sense of oppression that appealed directly to all, and, second, that which is, as it has always been, characteristic of the Scottish people, the sense of humour.' One scarcely knows whether to take Mr. Murray seriously. Beyond a reference to Lyndsay's Satires he adduces no proof whatever of his singular discovery. Satire is not humour, even when it raises a laugh. It may be admitted, however, that Lyndsay and his satires had much to do with spreading the Reformation in Scotland; but so also had the satirical writings of Erasmus with its spread in England and on the continent; and if humour is to be credited with being one of the sources of the movement in Scotland,

the same must be true of it in regard to the movement in other Protestant countries as well. And if so, what becomes of Mr. Murray's claim for humour as a peculiar characteristic of the Scottish people? A good deal more might be said on the subject if space permitted, but with all deference to Mr. Murray we will venture to say that his first 'source' is to a certain extent right, and that his second is wrong. The causes of the Reformation and its spread in Scotland were in reality more numerous and diverse than he seems to suspect. Chief among them were the unfaithfulness and scandalous lives of many of the clergy, and the fierce and intolerant and interested activity of a comparatively small minority among their opponents. That the movement was so universal and spontaneous, or that it had its roots so deeply set in the mind of the people, as Mr. Murray seems to assume, and as Dr. M'Crie and others would have their readers believe, can now, with the facts which are continually coming to light, scarcely be maintained. When the first excitement was over, symptoms of a strong tendency in the direction of a return to the old Church were not infrequent. If the old Church was unpopular, so also, after a short trial, was the Reformed, and it required all the vigilance, all the dourness, and all the intolerant zeal of the Presbyteries, backed up by the secular arm, to secure the attendance of many of the people at the long sermons and bare services with which Knox had supplanted the ancient forms of worship. This is brought out again and again in the material which Mr. Murray has happily borrowed from the Records of the Presbytery of Paisley. There is much more to the same effect in the same Records in connection with other parishes in the Presbytery. As Glencairn and his Countess, Lady Duchal, Marion Cunninghame, and Robert Algeo were 'delaited,' prayed for, and persecuted in the one part of the Presbytery, so the Earl and Countess of Abercorn, Lady Cathcart and others were subjected to similar treatment elsewhere. A poor piper, who had ventured to enliven Yuletide by playing upon his pipes in Kilbarchan, was so terrified by a citation to appear before the Presbytery, that rather than face that intolerant body he fled

the country. Similar facts may be gleaned from the records of other Presbyteries. Whether the elders in Kilmacolm acted as ecclesiastical policemen, Mr. Murray does not say. Probably his Kirk Session Records contain no intimation that they did; probably there was no need for them acting in that capacity, the eye of the minister alone being quite sufficient to detect the absentees in his small congregation on Sundays. In more populous places, however, the towns or parishes were divided into districts, as, for instance, in Glasgow, and the elders sent out during the celebration of divine service to spy out who were staying at home, and to report those they found to the Kirk Session for punishment. The fact is that for many years Presbyterianism, whether with or without bishops, had in Scotland a hard struggle to exist, while its influence upon the morality of the people, which after all is the backbone of religion, was but slight.

Anyhow, with the Reformation there came in Kilmacolm, as there came in almost all parts of the country, a change, but chiefly a change in the modes of worship, perhaps to some extent in modes of thought, though it can scarcely be said in morals or in the essentials of religion. Some superstitions were laid, and the spirit of rationalism was sent abroad. Overshadowing all was the minister and the Presbytery. And much that Mr. Murray has to relate of his parish from 1560 down to comparatively recent times is in connection with the efforts of the Presbytery to stamp out that which they deemed to be heresy, to compel conformity, and to find out witches; and the pages in which these efforts and their results are described are among the most interesting in his volume; and as drawn from authentic and official and hitherto unpublished records, among the most valuable.

So far as we know the most ancient family said to have been connected with Renfrewshire is that of Caw, commonly called Caw Cawlwydd or Caw Prydyn, one of whose sons was Gildas. In the life of St. Cadoc a curious legend is preserved in connection with this family. After visiting Jerusalem and travelling in Ireland St. Cadoc set out for Scotland, reached St. Andrews, and then returning on his steps, began

to build a monastery, apparently in the parish of Cambuslang on the Clyde, the parish Church of which is dedicated to him. While busy digging for the foundations near the 'montem Bannauc,' identified by Dr. Skene with the Cathkin hills, which run through the adjoining parish of Carmunnock (formerly Carmannock), and separating Ayrshire from Renfrewshire, in which they terminate, there appeared to the Saint a giant who informed him that his name was Caw Prydyn, and that he had formerly been a king who reigned beyond the mountain Bannauc. Dr. Skene finds the name Bannauc in Carmannock, B passing into M in Welsh in combination, and points out that Caw is thus represented in the legend as reigning in Strathgryfe or Renfrewshire. Whether he made the parish of Kilmacolm his residence or what happened during his reign is not known. The only other fact given in connection with him is that he was the progenitor of a numerous race of Welsh saints.*

The most conspicuous if not historically the oldest of the families of the parish is the Dennistons, afterwards merged in the Cunninghams. They are first mentioned in the original charter of the barony of Houston, granted in the reign of Malcolm IV. (1153-1165), in which the barony is described as bounded by the 'lands of Danziel,' which, as Mr. Murray remarks, 'are manifestly Denniston.' This Danziel or Daniel was one of the knights of the High Steward, who bestowed on him the lands of Dennistoun about the same time as Ralph received the lands of Duchal. Hugh Dalneston, Knight, swore the oath of fealty to Edward I. in 1296, as appears from the Ragman Roll. In 1367 Sir John de Danvelston was keeper of the castle of Dumbarton, and sat as one of the barons in the Parliament of 1371. In 1361 he witnessed a charter of Robert, Earl of Strathearn, conveying certain grants to the monks of Paisley. His son, also Sir Robert, received, in 1370, from King Robert the Bruce, most likely for services rendered in the War of Independence, the barony of Glencairn in Dumfriesshire. On

* Skene, *Ancient Books of Wales*, 173; Rees, *Cambro-British Saints*, 56, 349.

his succession, three years later, Robert II. confirmed to him by charter the lands of Dennistoun, described as a £40 land, and Finlaystone 'in the Barony of Renfrew and Shire of Lanark,' to be held in free barony; and in the following year he received another charter from the same monarch conferring upon him the lands of Mauldsly and Kilcadyow, and in 1391 his estates were still further increased by a grant of King Robert III. of the lands of Stanely, near Paisley. In a charter granted by Malcolm Fleming, Knight, lord of Biger and Leigne, in favour of his grandson, William Boyd, lord of Galvane, and confirmed by the King at Rothesay, 7th June, 1397, he appears as a witness, under the style of Sir Robert of Danyelstoun, lord of that ilk.* He died about 1400-5, leaving two daughters. One of them, Margaret, married, in 1405, Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, and conveyed to him as her dowry the baronies of Dennistoun and Finlaystone in Renfrewshire, the lands of Kilmaronock in Dumbartonshire, and Glencairn in Dumfriesshire. The other, Elizabeth, married Sir Robert Maxwell of Calderwood, and had for her portion the lands of Mauldsly, Kilcadyow, Stanely, etc., and the barony of Nether Finlaystone or Newark. Walter Dennistoun, a younger brother of Sir Robert, entered the Church, and after a somewhat restless and stormy career was consecrated bishop of St. Andrews in 1402, in return for the castle of Dumbarton, which he had seized and refused to surrender to Albany on any other terms. In 1544 a Mr. John Dennystoun witnessed a bond of manrent by William Montgomery of Langschaw, Knight, to James, Earl of Arran, etc., at Linlithgow. Among the other witnesses is John, Abbot of Paisley. †

Sir William Cunningham of Kilmaurs, who in right of his wife succeeded to the lands of Dennistoun and the barony of Finlaystone, belonged to one of the oldest families in Scotland. He traced his descent back to Warmbaldus de Cunningham, who is heard of about the year 1100. A man of considerable wealth and ability, Sir William took a prominent

* *Hist. MSS. Report*, X., i. 8.

† *Hist. MSS. Com. Report*, XI., vii. 36.

part in public affairs. He also founded the Church of Kilmaurs in 1403, enriched the Abbey of Kilwinning with the lands of Grange, witnessed a confirmation of grants to the Abbey of Paisley by Robert II. in 1393, and another in 1404, and took part in the battle of Harlaw in 1411. He died in 1418, and was succeeded by his son Sir Robert, who married Anna, not Janet, as Mr. Murray says, eldest daughter of Lord Montgomery. Sir Robert sat as a baron of Parliament on the trial of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and his sons, and in 1434, two years before the murder of King James, in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth, was appointed to the command of Kintyre and Knapdale.

One important matter in which this Sir Robert had a large hand, and which had serious consequences, Mr. Murray altogether omits. Some of the incidents connected with it he narrates, but does not appear, so far as we can gather, to have appreciated their significance. We may therefore supplement his story.

In 1366 Robert, Steward of Scotland, Earl of Strathern, granted to Sir Hugh Eglinton the office of the bailiery of Cunningham, and in 1370 appointed him chamberlain of Irvine. The office seems to have descended to his grandson, Sir John Montgomery, Lord of Ardrossan. As already said, Anna, the eldest daughter of Sir John, was married to Sir Robert Cunningham, Lord of Kilmaurs, in 1425. In the marriage contract between the parties it was stipulated that 'the said Schir Robert sal joyse and browk the Balzery of Conyngham, with al the profytis pertenande til it, for the terme of his lyfe; and the said Schir Robert is oblist at he sal not mak na ger mak the said Balzery sekirar til him, na til his ayris, in the mentyme na he was in to the entra of the Balzery; the said Schir Jone Mungumry and his ayris hafand recourse to the said Balzery efter the dede of the said Schir Robert, in the same forme and effect as it was in the tyme of the makyng of thir enidentys.'

Some of the other stipulations in the contract are very curious, but the above is all that we need to concern ourselves with here. The point to be observed is that the bailiery was

given to Sir Robert only for the remainder of his life, and not to his heirs and successors. The Cunninghams, however, on his death sought to ignore this limitation, and claimed the bailiery for the family. The consequence was a long and bitter feud.

In 1448, the office was again formally bestowed by the Crown upon Alexander, the eldest son of the first Lord Montgomery. His son, the second Lord, succeeded him in the office, and in 1482 procured a transumpt of the chief documents relating to it. Six years later a stronghold of the Cunninghams, the house of Kerriellaw, was pulled down and destroyed by Hugh, Lord Montgomery, probably as a retaliation, and in October of the same year, 1488, for good and grateful service done to the King, the offence was remitted. On June 4, 1498, the King, James IV., granted to Hugh, Lord Montgomery, another charter of the office, and two days later issued letters to his subjects in the bailiery of Cunningham and burgh of Irvine commanding them to obey Lord Montgomery. In the same year Lord Kilmaurs was required to find security to keep the peace.

The feud, however, still went on. At last a stop was apparently put to it in 1509, when a Decree Arbitral was pronounced by consent of both parties declaring that Hew, Earl of Eglintoun, had full and heritable right to the office of bailiery of Cunningham, enjoining both parties to 'hertfully forgiff vthers all rancour and malice betwix thame,' and fixing certain sums to be paid as amends for hurt and damage. The quarrel soon broke out again, and in 1523 another Decree Arbitral, which enumerated no fewer than twenty-two raids or 'spulzeis' made by the Cunninghams, was pronounced by consent of both parties. In this Decree the arbiters again find for the Earl of Eglinton. As to the 'spulzeis, heirschippis, damnagis and skaithis' done by the Earl of Glencairn and his son to the Earl of Eglinton and his friends, the former were adjudged to pay £1,218 14s. 3d. Scots, in full contentment of all such, less certain sums to be paid for 'spulzeis' done by the Montgomeries on the Cunninghams, which reduced the

sum actually paid to £418 Scot. The parties were further bound to keep the peace under a penalty of £3000 Scots.

Decrees Arbitral, however, seem to have been powerless to quell the strife. In 1528, only five years after the last Decree Arbitral, Eglinton Castle was burned down, and all the charters of the family destroyed, by William Cunningham, son of Cuthbert, Earl of Glencairn, and certain accomplices, and the feud may be said to have culminated on 18th April, 1586, when Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, was murdered by the Cunninghams. That this murder was deliberately planned by the Cunninghams is put beyond doubt by the certain bonds recently published, in which James, the seventh Earl of Glencairn, agrees to shelter the perpetrator of the crime, Cunningham of Robertland, whom he undertakes to maintain at the hazard of his life, and refers to the conspiracy as one for revenge.*

Sir Robert, who may be said to have induced this long and sanguinary quarrel, or at anyrate to have helped to lay its beginnings, unintentionally, of course, by his marriage with Anna, the daughter of Lord Montgomery, was succeeded by his son Alexander, who, for his services to James II., was in 1455 created a peer of the realm under the title of Lord of Kilmaurs. He stood by James III. during his minority, and in 1488, just before the insurrection broke out, was made Earl of Glencairn. He fell at Sauchie. The family's new title was revoked by James IV., and Robert, who succeeded the first Earl, was known only as Lord of Kilmaurs. He died in 1490, and was succeeded by his son Cuthbert, against whom the arbiters found in 1509. He was allowed to resume the earldom, and married Marjory Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus, who was one of the arbiters just referred to. In 1527 he erected Kilmaurs into a burgh of barony. Most of his time, however, seems to have been taken up with the feud about the bailiery. In this he was energetically supported by his son William, who succeeded him in the earldom, in or about 1540.

* *Hist. MSS. Com. Rep.*, X., i. 2, 11, 16, 18, 21, 23, 24, 29.

William, the fourth Earl, distinguished himself in other ways, though not to his credit. For many years before he succeeded his father he had been in the pay of the English. In 1516 Dacre, the English Ambassador, wrote to Wolsey that he was doing his best to separate the Regent and his nobles, and that for that purpose 'I have the Master of Kilmaurs kept in my house secretly, which is one of the greatest parties in Scotland.' Mr. Murray does not put the matter a bit too strongly when he says, 'we find the young lord in the thick of every conspiracy of the period.' He was one of the 400 who, in 1525, scaled the walls of Edinburgh, where Parliament was sitting, and demanded a change of government. Along with Lennox he supported Arran against the Regent Albany, and from first to last was a consistent traitor to his Sovereign. Taken prisoner at Solway Moss, where his presence is somewhat suspicious, he signed, along with Cassilis and others, a compact in which an undertaking was solemnly given to sustain the pretensions of Henry VIII. against Scotland, and to admit English garrisons into its fortresses. In March, 1543-4, Henry VIII. wrote to him and Angus that they had written very obscurely without stating in what they require to know his Majesty's pleasure, but that in case they conduct themselves towards his Majesty like men of honour and courage, as he has no doubt they will, they shall not want the aid at his hands that they can reasonably demand.* A subsequent letter shows that they were anxious that a 'main army' should be sent into Scotland for their relief.† In the following year a commission was issued to the Earl of Argyll and others which sets forth that 'Williame, Erll of Glencairne, being continualie in company with Mathew, Erll of Lennox . . . in all his tressonabill dedis, havand intelligence wyth owre auld innemyis of Inglande, now in tyme of weir, to the gret apperand dampnage and skaith of this our realme and liegis therof, wythout haisty remeid be put therto.' For which reasons the Earl of Argyll and others named were empowered to charge the keepers of the House of Finlaystone to deliver

* *Salisbury Papers*, I., 23.† *Ibid.*, I., 32.

it up to be kept in name of the Queen, and authorised to 'raise fire gif neid be,' etc.* Three years later (1547), the Earl was in constant correspondence with the Protector Somerset, sending him all the news he or his spies could gather of the Governor's forces and intentions, up to the eve of Pinkie, and among other things proposed to raise a rebellion in the west, and to fortify Ardmore on the Clyde. Mr. Murray avoids the mistake of making him meet his death on the field of Pinkie. Though sometimes said to have been slain there, as a matter of fact he was not, the Governor having prohibited him from going.† The exact date of his death is unknown. He was in Council with the Queen Dowager at Stirling on January 12th, 1547-8. The following month he was engaged with Angus and others trying to raise the West,‡ and was dead by 22nd April following.§ Needless to say he was on the side of the Reforming party.

He was succeeded by his son Alexander, the fifth earl, who had been in France, and on his return had been detained in England as security for his father's good behaviour. He was the author of the *Epistle of the Holye Armitie of Allarit*, and though suspected of Protestant tendencies, was in 1542 appointed Governor of Kintyre. Subsequently he openly joined the Protestant party. It was to him and his countess and children that Knox administered the Sacrament at Finlaystone in the spring of 1556, and it was on his invitation that Knox returned from Geneva to head the Protestant party. After this he became a sort of right-hand man to Knox, and was in constant communication with the English Government. In 1560 he received a commission to destroy all 'monuments of idolatry,' and some of the most magnificent of the ecclesiastical buildings in the West still bear the marks of his vandalism and fiery zeal. He carried the sword at the coronation of James VI., and was conspicuous in hunting down the adherents of Mary. He died in 1574. Mr. Murray is of opinion that he was 'the noblest of the Glencairns.' He is also of opinion that

* *Hist. MSS. Com.*, IV., 488.

† *Bain, Calendar of Scottish Papers*, I., 16.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 62, 79.

§ *Ibid.*, p. xi.

the zeal of the 'Good Earl,' as he was called, for Protestantism was 'perhaps tainted by bigotry,' but thinks that he 'was at any rate sincere and conscientious.' The apology is weak. Sincerity and conscientiousness are not always lovely, and unmixed with tolerance and charity are apt to become a cloak for maliciousness.

William, the sixth Earl, was one of the Council of Regency. His connection with the Raid of Ruthven brought him under the displeasure of the king. He died about the year 1582.

It was under his successor, James, the seventh earl, that the feud in connection with the bailiery of Cunningham culminated in the murder of Hugh, fourth Earl of Eglinton. Among the Eglinton papers are certain memoranda and letters which show the part he had in it, and as they have been entirely overlooked by Mr. Murray, we may as well set down the report upon them:—

'These papers are six in number, two bonds by the Earl of Glencairn, three letters, writers not known, and a memorandum giving a clue to the somewhat mysterious tenor of the letters. The first bond by the Earl is dated 8th March, 1585-6, about six weeks before the death of the Earl of Eglinton, and binds the granter to keep unhurt and unpursued Alexander Cuninghame of Craigans [Craigends], and that until the settling of matters "succeedand vpoun the said interprys," and the Earl specially binds himself to "mantene the said Laird of Craganis, as vtheris my freindis interprysaris of the said caus, to the hasart of my lyiff, landis, and the lyiffis of all that will do for me." Signed at Fynlastoun; witnesses, David Conynghame of Robertland, Alexander Conyngham of Rois, the Earl's brother-german, Alexander, Commendater of Kilwinning, and John Conyngham in Corsall, whom the Earl describes as "my freindis foirsaid, quhome vnto I have communicat my mind heirin." The nature of the "interprys" is not stated, but may be inferred from a bond, dated two months later, in which the Earl states "vpoun the commoun iniureis done to me and my freindis be vmquhill Hew Erle of Eglyntoun it was concludit befor me be certane of my freindis, sic as Alexander Abbot of Kilwinning, David Conynghame of Robertland, Alexander Conynghame of Aitkett, and Johnne Conynghame in Corsall, with the consent of sindrie vther my freindis, that rewengment sould be socht of the saidis iniuries; quhairvpoun it is fallen out that the said Erle of Eglyntoun is slane." The Earl then binds himself to maintain the said David and the others to the hazard of his life, etc. Dated at Kilmarnock, 6th May, 1586. The memorandum states that the Earl of Eglinton's intended murder was referred to among the conspirators as "the lytill particulare," and they

themselves were called "commowneris," which terms are intended to explain unintelligible sentences in the letters.*

Of the many accusations which were brought against the Earl, and of their consequences, Mr. Murray gives some interesting particulars from Pitcairn, and then adds the somewhat amusing remark: 'On the whole, the Earl seems to have filled the place in public affairs to which his high rank called him!' No doubt he did, but in a very queer fashion. The Earl and his Countess were much troubled by the Paisley Presbytery on the score of religion, but Mr. Murray thinks that notwithstanding the suspicions of that grave body, 'Glencairn continued faithful to Protestantism.' We doubt very much whether any one, knowing the Earl's character, or after reading what we have said above, will give the said Earl so good a character. The Earl died in 1627, and was succeeded by his son, William, who married Janet, daughter of the Earl of Lothian.

William, the ninth Earl, distinguished himself by the services he rendered to Charles I. and Charles II. Though a leading Covenanter, his sympathies were always with the king. By the Kirk he was regarded as one of her most devoted sons, and in 1642 the Presbytery of Paisley appointed him one of their representatives to the General Assembly. He commanded one of the regiments of the Scots Covenanting army, and more than once earnestly entreated his Presbytery 'to supply his regiment with preaching.' He fought against Montrose at Kilayth in 1646, and, as a supporter of the Engagement for the rescue of Charles I., was in 1649 deprived of his earldom by Argyll and his followers. In 1651 he was one of the Royalists admitted to the reformed Committee of Estates, and, having announced his readiness to again do service on behalf of the king, in March, 1653, Charles sent him a commission appointing him Commander-in-Chief in Scotland until Middleton should arrive from the Hague. In the Highlands he raised a considerable following, and was promptly, on the production of the king's commission, chosen commander. But

* *Com. His. MSS.*, X., i. 29.

jealousies soon broke out, and before the year ended, Balcarres, between whom and Glencairn there was much bad blood, proposed that the command should be transferred to a committee, a proposal which the king's commission at once set aside. While Lorne and Kenmure went to Argyllshire, Glencairn made a raid on Falkland, where he took an officer and several men prisoners, for whose release Lilburne, who was then in command of Cromwell's troops, and who found Glencairn too nimble for him, had to pay. Middleton landed at Tarbatness towards the end of February, 1654, and took over the command of the forces. To this Glencairn made no objection, but when he learned that Monro was to be second in command, while they were being entertained to dinner by Middleton, a quarrel broke out between them. A duel was arranged. Glencairn slashed Monro over the left hand and forehead, and, but for the intervention of his own body-servant, would have slain him. A fortnight later Glencairn left the army in high dudgeon. At the surrender of Dumbarton he was sent a prisoner to Edinburgh, where, through his name being accidentally omitted from the general amnesty proclaimed by the Government, he nearly lost his life. While incarcerated in Edinburgh, commissioners arrived from the Presbytery of Paisley to 'deal' with him for certain irregularities in his moral conduct. With the Restoration, in 1660, his fortunes revived, and, as a reward for his services, he was made Chancellor of Scotland. Though compelled to take measures against the Presbyterians, he is said to have done what he could to protect them, and one not much inclined, as Mr. Murray remarks, to be friendly towards him, testified that he died much regretted by them. His death took place, May 30, 1644.

His son, and successor, had the reputation of being a man of 'exemplary piety,' or of being a sound Presbyterian. He held the earldom for six years, and at his death in 1670 was succeeded by his brother, Alexander, who married Mary, daughter of the Earl of Mar. A strong partisan of the Government, he assisted in the persecution of the Covenanters, though, as was the case with his father, he is said to have pro-

ted some of them. He kept up considerable state, and one of the three wonders of Renfrewshire in his day was 'how Glencairn lived so handsomely on such an estate.' He died in 1703, and was succeeded by his son, William, who took an active part in connection with the Treaty of Union, and, besides being a member of the Privy Council, held the post of Governor of Dumbarton Castle. He died in 1734, and was succeeded by his son William, the thirteenth Earl, who, by a wealthy marriage with Betty M'Guire, added the estate of Ochiltree, which her father had purchased for £25,000, to the Glencairn estates, which by this time had become greatly impoverished. In addition to Ochiltree, Betty brought diamonds to the value of £45,000 to the Earl. Her marriage is said to have been not happy. The fourteenth Earl, who succeeded his father in 1775, was elected one of the Scottish Representative Peers in Parliament. Hard pressed for money, he sold to the Marchioness of Titchfield in 1786 the estate of Kilmaura. He knew Burns the poet, and entertained him at Finlaystone House. He died in 1791, and was succeeded by his brother John, the fifteenth Earl, who died without issue, in 1796, when the title became extinct, and the estate passed to Robert Graham, whose father, Nicol Graham of Gartmore, had in 1732, married Margaret, daughter of William, the twelfth Earl.

Mr. Murray has also several interesting chapters on the Cunninghams of Cairncurran, descended from William, younger son of the first Earl of Glencairn; the Maxwells of Calderwood, the Lyles and the Porterfields of Duchal, who go back to the year 1170, and claim as high an antiquity for their family as the Cunninghams or the Lyles. They are at present represented by Sir M. R. Shaw Stewart, the fourth baronet of Ardgowan, who owns in the parish of Kilmacolm not only the greater part of the old barony of Duchal, but also a large portion of the original lands of Dennistoun.

ART. IV.—THE MOROCCO PIRATES.

MOROCCO has been left so far behind of late, that it is very difficult to realise the awe which it was able to inspire in Europe even to the beginning of the present century. The consequence is that when something akin to piracy takes place upon its coast, European statesmen altogether underestimate the importance of the matter. And since international jealousies prevent any one of the Powers from annexing the country, they are content to accept what they can obtain by way of compensation, and say no more, oblivious of the moral effect which such unsatisfactory arrangements have on the Moorish nation, and of the danger to which Europeans and their interests are thereby exposed. The Moors, like all other Orientals, fully respect one thing only, and that is a strong and just hand, but they must feel it to appreciate it. While, notwithstanding their real lack of strength, by reason of their daring, and the ignorance of their foes as to their condition, they remained the terror of the western seas, the way in which they treated Europeans was disdainful beyond measure. Those who had the misfortune to reach their shores were subjected to every possible indignity, and, if slaves, to most inhuman cruelty. So soon as piracy was put an end to, and they were compelled to recognise their own inferiority, the lot of Europeans in Morocco steadily improved, till, within a century their position has developed from one of sufferance to one which the Moors may well envy—one which affords the best of object lessons on the benefits which even a leaven of Christian principle confers upon a nation.

Concerning the origin of Moorish piracy, reliable data are unfortunately scarce. Some have attributed it to the vengeance of the Moors expelled from Spain, but there is evidence that long before their expulsion the rovers of Salli, ever the foremost port in this business, had swept the sea, and as the people who were driven out of the Peninsula had never been sailors, they could not have at once become pirates. Naval

expeditions were indeed sent forth against Spain, but that was rather the work of allies in Morocco who already possessed the art and means, though they were no doubt reinforced by the homeless arrivals. And since to the Moor all who are not Jews or Muslims, are Christians—common enemies supposed to be allied—the dividing line between naval warfare and piracy was not of the most distinct, and it is doubtful whether the Moors ever attempted a distinction. In this they were not, however, very different from European nations in those days, for privateering was then part of orthodox tactics, and every Mediterranean seaport had its own buccaneers who served themselves or the State according to which paid best, being one day fêted as defending heroes, and the next day hung at the yard-arm as thieves, for in turn they were both. The distinguishing feature of the Morocco and other Barbary pirates was their continued existence after their like had been abolished in Europe; all that can be said against them could probably also be said against each State of southern Europe at an earlier date. Beyond a doubt the Moors originally owed nearly all they knew of sea-warfare to Europeans, from whom at a later period they almost exclusively obtained not only their arms but also their vessels.

It has even been asserted, and that by a most competent contemporaneous authority—Captain John Smith, the President and planter of Virginia, who was as much mixed up with that class of sailors as any one, and who visited Morocco himself in 1604—that the Moorish pirates were taught their trade by the pirates of our own land, of whom the same writer declares it to have been in his time ‘Incredible how many great and rich prizes the little barques of the West Country daily brought home, in regard of their small charge.’* Of these he records that, under the peaceful reign of James I., ‘Because they grew hateful to all Christian princes, they

* ‘Nulli melius piraticam exercent quam Angli.’—Scaliger. Another interesting fact revealed by Captain Smith is that Macaulay’s ‘gallant merchantman’ which sighted the Armada, and brought news ‘full sail to Plymouth Bay,’ was none other than the vessel of a well-known pirate who received a pardon for the service rendered.

retired to Barbary, where, though there be not many good harbours, but Tunis, Argier, Sally, Marmora, and Tituane, there are many convenient rodes, for their best harbours are possessed by the Spaniards. . . Ward, a poore English sailor, and Dansker, a Dutchman, made first here their marts, when the Moores knew scarce how to saile a ship: Bishop was ancient, and did little hurt, but Easton got so much as made himselfe a marquesse in Savoy, and Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary; they were the first that taught the Moores to be men of warre . . . till they became so disjoynted, disordered, debawched, and miserable, that the Turks and Moores began to command them as slaves, and force them to instruct them in their best skill, which many an accursed runnagado, or Christian turned Turk, did, till they have made those Sally men or Moores of Barbary so powerful as they be, to the terror of all the Straights: and many times they take purchase (prizes) even in the main ocean, yea, sometimes even in the narrow seas in England; and these are the most cruell villaines in Turkie or Barbarie, whose natives are very noble and of good nature in comparison of them.'

But although there is no reason for impeaching the Captain's facts, there is for suspecting his ignorance of history, since, though doubtless the men who had sailed with Fro-bisher, Drake, and Raleigh, were well able to teach the Moors 'a thing or two' with regard to their craft, especially as to the 'narrow seas in England,' they had long had equally able instructors drawn from the scum of the Mediterranean. Genoese, Sicilians, Greeks, Provençals, Catalans, and Pisans, all had had their share of piracy, for, as the Virginian Admiral remarks of his time, 'As in all lands where there are many people there are some theeves, so in all seas much frequented there are some pyrats.' Indeed, there appears to have been a time when it was the Moors who were in fear of Europe in this matter, to judge from some of their early treaties. That with Pisa of 1186, for instance, provides that any Pisan pirate attacking Muslimen, should be punished by the Pisans themselves, as stipulated also with Genoa in 1236, and with Majorca in 1339. It is nevertheless fairly certain that the

Moors did all they could in this way, though it was not till the thirteenth century that their share assumed alarming proportions, when their power in Spain was at its height, and communication across the Straits of Gibraltar demanded adequate supplies of boats. These, when not required for transport, could not be more naturally employed than in holding to ransom vessels becalmed in the passage they knew so well, or, eventually, in going out of their way to seek and capture inoffensive merchantmen of other nationalities. More than this, it is on record that the Moors of those days even pirated their co-religionists in Spain, with whom they were as often at war as not. It is probable that Europeans only suffered more because they were the owners of the commerce, and more peaceably disposed. Those were the days of the galleys, before they had been taught to manœuvre the vessels captured from the foreigners, which, after all, were little bigger than the fishing-smacks of present times. It is possible that but for the establishment of the Turks in Central Barbary in the sixteenth century this scourge might have died down, though for the Moors the fiercest period—partly, perhaps, induced by the example and the rivalry of their new neighbours—followed in the seventeenth. The Turks, however, never managed to do more than set foot in Morocco; they were kept back in Algeria by the kings of Tlemçen and of Fez, and the Moors were thus permitted to develop a piracy quite their own.

Various authors have enabled us to form an estimate of what the Moorish naval power consisted from time to time, though what its effective force was is not so easy to say, the sizes and descriptions being usually difficult to identify. The earliest reference is of a two-fold interest, first, as relating to a period in which there was no question of the Moors having received European instruction, and second, as the testimony of a Moorish writer, the author of *Raod el Kartas*, who wrote about 1326, and states that in 1162 Abd el Moomin, first of the Muwahhedis Dynasty (Almohades), had 400 vessels put upon the stocks—at Mamora 120, at Tangier, Ceuta, Bádís, and other Reef ports, 100, and 180 elsewhere. These must, of course,

have been galleys, long, low rowing-boats of ancient pattern, needing little mechanism, and propelled by oars or sweeps, each worked by several pairs of arms, by preference those of slaves. To a vessel encumbered with cargo, carrying only sufficient hands for navigation, such a craft was always formidable, and besides, while the merchantman was always at the mercy of the wind, the well-armed galley was almost as independent of it as the steamers of to-day.

A long gap in the available data ensues, for the next belongs to the year 1629, when Razilly found seventeen vessels in the river at Salli, and about a score entered later, a formidable fleet for the period, though not of much consequence in the present, probably not more formidable than an equal number of Spanish and Portuguese sailing-vessels, such as may be seen each season loading grain and oranges for Seville in the river at Laraiche. That galleys continued to be built a century later, is shown by the captain of the English privateer, *Inspector*, having been set to work on one at Tetuan in 1750. It had a keel, he tells us, of 90 feet, and a breadth of 20, and carried 40 oars, 9 carriage guns, 20 swivel guns, and 230 hands. These details are of special value as those of a practical man, and the only ones I have been able to discover making any pretence at exactness.

Forty years later Sidi Mohammed was possessed of twenty corsairs with from 18 to 50 guns apiece, eleven of which were described as frigates. One of these latter, country built, carried 330 men and 45 guns, which had to be taken over the bar in barges and shipped in the offing, but most of the Moorish rovers were only of from thirty to sixty tons. About the same time Lemprière reported the navy to consist of 'fifteen small frigates, a few xebecs, and twenty to thirty row-gallies,' manned by about six thousand seamen under one admiral. Three years later, in 1793, the figures are given as 10 frigates, 4 brigs, 14 galiotes, and 19 shaloups, the number of seamen remaining the same, but then one knows how vague are Moorish statistics.

Passing to the present century, Riley could only hear in 1815 of a frigate of 700 tons with 32 guns, a coppered brig of

18 guns presented by a Mogador Jew—one Makneen—and a new frigate of 500 tons and 32 guns, besides occasional captured vessels. But if the numbers had decreased, it had been more than counterbalanced by the increase in size. Yet after five years only three brigs, mounting 40 cannon, and 13 gun-boats remained. In 1834 Gräberg made the same returns, evidently a quotation. Hay gives the fleet in 1839 as consisting of a corvette, two brigs (once merchantmen, but bought from the Christians), a schooner and a few gun-boats, all unfit for sea. But the days of Moorish piracy were ended, and in 1860 all that remained of the fleet that had once been the terror of Europe were a schooner of 4 guns, a brig of 12, four gun-boats or two-masted xebecks, rotting in the Wád El Koos.

What the Moors lacked in tonnage they always knew how to make up in boasting, as witness the letter of Mulai Ismâïl to Captain—afterwards Sir Cloudesley—Shovel, in 1684, when the Portuguese handed Tangier to the English: ‘Henceforward,’ he wrote, ‘I shall have ships built as big as yours, if not bigger, hoping to take some of your ships and captains, and cruise for you in your English seas as you do for us in these. . . . As for the captives you have taken, you may do with them as you please, heaving them into the sea or destroying them in other ways.’ To which the captain made answer as befitted an Englishman. Yet the very next year Captain Phelps, who had himself been captured and had escaped, asserted that ‘No Salliman will fight a ship of ten guns.’ The rovers appear to have relied more on deceit and strategy than on force, though when things did come to blows, no one could accuse them of faint-heartedness. Often they would approach under false colours, or invent some pretext for demanding to see the ship’s papers while they got to windward, or induced some one to come on board in a friendly way. But the real secret of their success appears to have been the defenceless condition of the majority of the little trading vessels of those days, and the unreasonable dread their very name inspired. From time to time expeditions were fitted out against them, in addition to the European privateers and regular convoys afloat, chiefly by France, Holland, England and Spain, but all

they accomplished was taken as part of the game, and had an inciting rather than a deterrent effect.

April was the piracy month, presumably on account of the greater number of vessels then venturing into the Mediterranean, and perhaps also on account of the prevailing winds, which then begin to blow from the east, but all the year round some prizes were coming in, to be used in their turn as pirate vessels if suitable, while before their crews, who sometimes totalled up to thousands at a time, there lay the direst of prospects.

It is probable that all along the presence of paid mercenaries, renegades and captives in Morocco was accountable for much of the success the rovers met with, some of the ports being specially favoured in this respect, as Mehedeeah (or Mamora), for instance—now a port no longer—which, when taken by the Spaniards, early in the seventeenth century, could be described as ‘a perfect kennel of European outlaws, English, French, Dutch, but few Italians or Spanish, the offscourings of every port, who, like the “squaw-men” of the West, and the “beach-combers” of the Pacific, led a congenial existence among the Barbarians.’ Moreover, it is more than hinted at by writers of the times that some of those who passed as respectable merchants were not above an interest in the nefarious traffic in slaves which was the result, even when enjoying consular appointments, just as in later years, the game having been reversed, some of their successors have not been above playing into the hands of conscienceless native officials who professionally prey upon their fellow countrymen. Many of these willing intermediaries brought the arms and gunpowder from Europe which the pirates needed, and instead of taking cash, took European slaves, money for whose redemption was raised abroad.

The possession by Portugal and Spain of most of the other Moorish ports rendered that of the Boo Ragrag, with the two towns of Slá and Reebát at its mouth—which always remained in the hands of the Moors—their principal pirate stronghold, the European corruption of the former name being lent to the much dreaded Salli rovers, whose fame is even preserved by

the popular title bestowed on the *Medusa Velella*, known as the 'Sallee-man,' companion to the *Phrysalia Pelagica*, known as the 'Portuguese Man-of-war.' And our highest naval title is but a corruption of the Arabic 'Amir-al-bahr, chief of the sea.'*

For a considerable period during the chaos which preceded the establishment of the reigning dynasty in the middle of the seventeenth century, Salli was almost independent, and virtually formed a little republic after the style of the Berber tribes in the hills behind, from whom without doubt its best recruits were obtained. When convenient the sultans could repudiate their deeds, and one of them even went so far as to obtain assistance from our Charles the First to subdue them, not however with a view to the extermination of their piracy, but that he might control it on his own account. This was what his more powerful successors accomplished, first demanding a tenth of the booty, and afterwards claiming the whole, rewarding the captors at so much a head. From that time forward the government assumed entire responsibility for the raids of its 'navy,' and it was with the sultans in person that all bargains had to be struck for their redemption. Soon after, the recovery of all the Atlantic ports from the Europeans gave much freer scope for their vessels, and Moorish piracy was never more brisk than for the century which followed. Its wane may be dated from about 1750. Not that any point could be fixed for its cessation, for though in 1817 the sultan was willing to agree to disarm his vessels when they had degenerated from terrors into nuisances, in 1831 we find Sir Arthur Brooke reporting that the Moorish 'brigs of war' still sailed 'in hopes of pouncing upon some unfortunate Bremen or Hamburg merchantmen.' The fact is that Moorish piracy ceased at the latest moment that it could gracefully do so before the introduction of steam, and this is perhaps the last record of actual piracy, which to-day is so entirely a thing of the past that in the country itself I

* Spelt 'Ammiral' by Milton. Cf. *Arsenal*, from *Dár es-sanáa* = 'house of industry.'

never met a Moor, who did not derive his information from foreign sources, who could tell me more about it than that in the days when his forefathers were good Muslimeen, they were a match for all the Christians together, and made them pay tribute all round. And pay tribute they did, as still they do in the eyes of the Moors, whenever a foreign ambassador goes up to Court with his presents. But the tribute in these days was real, and it is to the New World that the honour belongs of having first refused to submit to such a disgraceful blackmail, for it was the government of the United States which set the European nations the example of declining to continue it.

From that time so-called piracy has been confined to plundering stranded vessels, as in the many cases on the coast of Soos, the *Ann Lucy* at Mazagan in 1822, and several cases on the Reef coast to which Sir John Drummond Hay administered a check by personal expostulations on the spot in 1856. The Spanish war which soon followed helped to keep things quiet for some time, till in 1889 a Spanish smuggler was raided, since which there have been several cases, culminating in the series of the summer of 1897.

These recent events on the Moorish coast are no more than the practice on the sea of the general custom in those parts of plundering every weaker party that comes along, a custom by which a large proportion of the mountain Berbers live, regarding it as a quite respectable calling. If by the Divine decree the wind drives small vessels on to their coast, and Allah gives them victory over their unarmed crews, why hesitate to plunder? And as long as the governments of the victims are content to ransom their subjects, or to accept pecuniary compensation which comes largely out of the pockets of innocent neighbours, this sort of thing will continue. All the good excuses in the world about upsetting the balance of power, or fear of embroiling Europe in war, will not, in the eyes of the Moors, explain the supine policy adopted with this 'sick man of the west.' Morocco only knows that the bark of the 'Christian dog' is far worse than the chance of his biting, although the government knows that he can

bite. As for the Berber population, they know nothing of Europe, and less of its Powers: even the sultan is to them little more than a name. In individual cases he can proceed against this tribe or that to obtain redress or the punishment of offenders, always relying on the support of their neighbouring foes, but to lay his hand on the whole of their district would cost him his throne, if unsupported by an overwhelming army such as he does not at present possess. No ordinary force, and certainly no Moorish force, could march through those hilly regions without terrible risk of famine as well as of foe, for there are no towns of any importance where they could quarter, and as they approached the natives would destroy all before them, by that means clearing an intervening space just as the traveller on the prairie sends forth fire to meet approaching flames.

It has been suggested that the Powers should, jointly, or by delegation to one of their number, employ on this coast an anti-piratical gunboat, but that could do nothing. It could not convoy every sailing vessel becalmed there, and by way of retribution it could do no more than a vessel specially sent as occasion arose. Even that is little enough with no ports to bombard, and no forts to hold if a force were to land. The natives would only retire, awaiting their chance to swoop down on the commissariat or other unwieldy detachment which promised booty. Allowing no rest, they would but tempt the enemy into a trap. If Er-Reef is to be subdued from abroad at all—and this has never yet become a necessary step—it can only be by entire occupation, but then the question comes, as with Turkey—whose the task? As long ago as 1771 a British envoy to the Moorish Court suggested that any Power wishing to deal with these Barbary pirates should borrow a Russian general, as the only one who knew how to deal with such people, but although to oblige France the Tsar has added a Russian Legation to the number already established in Tangier, it would hardly do to seriously make that proposal to-day. Of other Powers, Spain holds the keys in her 'presidios' along the coast, and considers that she inherits a preferential claim, to which the French make graceful and

soothing allusion when they put forward their own designs. France holds the back door in her Algerian frontier, which she is always careful to keep ajar, as commanding the passage to Fez. Great Britain would object as strongly to see either assume control, though unwilling to step in herself, and so things remain as they were; for how long who can say?

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

ART. V.—FURTHER ANNALS OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE.

John Blackwood. By His Daughter, Mrs. GERALD PORTER.
The Third Volume of William Blackwood and His Sons.
Their *Magazine* and Friends. William Blackwood &
Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1898.

THE *Annals of a Publishing House*, so admirably begun by Mrs. Oliphant, and upon which she was engaged when overtaken by death, are here continued and completed, though scarcely upon the same lines or with the same breadth of purpose and variety of interest. The volume contains less of the annals of a publishing house, and is avowedly a biography of Mr. John Blackwood, who was for many years at the head of the firm, and the editor of its *Magazine*. The biography of Mr. John Blackwood was certainly worth writing, and so, judging from the list of works it has issued, were the further Annals of the Publishing House over which he presided. Whether the work as originally designed has gained by the change alluded to, or has lost in bibliographical and literary interest and value, are questions to which a variety of answers will probably be given. But, taking Mrs. Gerald Porter's volume apart, and judging of it according to what it professes to be, there can be no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it a very brilliant piece of biographical writing. It

is written with just the right amount of reserve, in admirably crisp English, and in that clear and vigorous style which may almost be said to belong to the family.

Many particulars in connection with the early life of Mr. John Blackwood were given by Mrs. Oliphant. They are here briefly recapitulated with additions, and when this is done, Mrs. Porter leads us to new scenes and shows us the relations in which Mr. Blackwood stood to many of the literary men of his time, the way in which he discharged his duties as the editor of *Blackwood*, and the interest he took in the work of those who were contributing to it. There were few of the contributors with whom he did not stand on the best and most intimate terms, and the letters which passed between him and them form one of the most charming features of the volume. Most of the contributors, too, certainly the more important, were personally known to Mrs. Porter, and her notes respecting them while supplementing the letters, add not a little to the attractiveness of her pages.

As might be expected, a number of the names which appeared in Mrs. Oliphant's volumes appear here also. Among the first we meet is that of Delane. Blackwood had become acquainted with him in London, and used to describe him rushing into his rooms one night, and throwing himself upon a chair, with the startling announcement, 'I am Editor of the *Times*!' Another is Thackeray's, who was also one of the friends made by Blackwood in London. The great novelist used to give Blackwood the credit of having inspired him to depict 'Lord Crewe.' Besides these are Samuel Warren, Lord Lytton, Landor, and the Rev. James White from the Isle of Wight, a contributor to the *Magazine*, and a friend of Dickens and Tennyson. Writing of White, Mrs. Porter says:—

'His nationality was always impressed upon our memories by a speech of the old gardener at Torwood, who professed a strong belief in his own and his nation's superiority. One day my father happened to be walking round the garden with Mr. White, when they came across this old worthy, to whom he introduced Mr. White, remarking that he was a fellow-countryman although a clergyman of the Church of England. "Ou, aye," said the old man, looking at him complacently, "gairdners or meenisters, ony kind o' heid wark, they maun aye come tae us."' "

In 1845, after the death of his brother Alexander, and when about twenty-seven years of age, John Blackwood took up his quarters in Edinburgh and assumed the editorship of the *Magazine*. Here he at once became acquainted with Aytoun, and the two were soon on the most intimate terms. Aytoun was then 'in the heyday of his powers,' and Mrs. Porter gives the following description of his remarkable gifts and character :—

'Writing on almost every conceivable subject, and winning success in very widely different fields of literature—poems, novels, magazine articles—he exhibited a versatility that constituted him a veritable mine of talent, invaluable to the editor of a magazine. His mind had been stored in early youth by his mother (a devoted adherent of the White Rose) with the old picturesque stories of Scottish history and Border romance. Devotion to the Stuarts, and admiration for their gallant adherents, were bound up in his mind with the love of his country, which was one of his strongest characteristics. The patriotism which inspired him with a love deep and passionate for the mountains and glens of Scotland, turned his sympathies to the chivalrous spirits who espoused the cause of the Stuarts; and perhaps no finer expression has been given to that picturesque period of Scottish history than Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," of which "The Execution of Montrose" and "The Burial March of Dundee" would alone have made a reputation. In his earlier writings we have the more mirthful side of his nature, as in the "Bon Gaultier Ballade," many of which were written in conjunction with his friend, Theodore Martin, while others were exclusively his own. "The Queen in France" is a wonderful imitation of the old Scottish ballad. Others we could name are easily recognisable as clever parodies of Macaulay's "Lays," Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. The ring of the different cadences it unmistakeable, and the popularity the collection obtained surprised the authors themselves, who had dashed off the verses without any serious intentions, but with such an admirable fidelity to the spirit of the originals as in itself to convey a compliment to the characteristics parodied. John Blackwood, writing to Aytoun, and sending to him and Martin a further instalment of the fruits of their labours, describes the volume as a "lively little bit of property," which no doubt it was.

'Nor were Aytoun's prose writings less diversified in character than his poetry. His lively humour and versatility never seemed at a loss, and he appeared to have a way of regarding everything with a view to a possible Magazine article. Reviews of books, plays, poems, and papers on the political questions of the day, besides short stories (the grand test of a good all-round writer) frequently appeared from his pen, and there can be few readers of the "Tales from Blackwood," who have not laughed over his "Glenmutchkin Railway," and the story of "How I became a Yeoman."

Some passages in his letters to Blackwood are extremely amusing. Here is one, as a sample, written from what he calls the 'Island of Peat-mos,' after he had been appointed Sheriff of Orkney, and while he was on a visit to his sheriffdom:—

'I have not yet got out any kind of tackle or visited my favourite "lies," so that I cannot gratify you by the recital of any astonishing feats, but there is a good time coming. We have got two ponies—a very pretty chestnut one for Mrs. Aytoun, which we have not yet named—and a bay horse, which formerly carried a deceased minister of the Establishment. His trot is of the hard Calvinistic kind, distressing to the bones, and jolting like the divisions of a fast-day discourse. I have to rise perpendicularly in the stirrups at his fifteenthly. But I have purveyed me a strong Episcopal whip, and in the course of a few days I hope to teach Ecclesiastes some prelatical paces.'

It was while going to visit Aytoun in his northern sheriffdom that Blackwood met with the lady who afterwards became his wife. She was the daughter of the Rev. Joseph Blandford, rector of Kirton, Notts. The marriage took place in the winter of 1854.

The story of the introduction of George Eliot, or rather of her works, to the Blackwoods, has been told in the second volume. It is here retold with additions, and the story of her relations with the House is continued down to the death of Mr. G. H. Lewes. The narrative of these contributes some of the most attractive passages in the volume, and contains many interesting particulars. It is told, for the most part, in the numerous letters which passed between Blackwood on the one hand and Lewes and George Eliot on the other. While her identity was still a matter of speculation, Lewes wrote to Blackwood:—

'George Eliot was both greatly amused and greatly gratified by the cabinetmaker's verdict. Having already been a clergyman of Puseyite tendencies and large family, he is now a carpenter, and doubtless will soon be a farmer and Methodist. It is a great compliment when a writer's dramatic presentation is accepted as actual experience.'

Dickens, however, held from the first that the *Scenes of Clerical Life* was written by a woman, and in a letter to John Blackwood, in which he characterises 'Mr. Eliot' as 'that admirable and charming writer,' goes on to say:—

'The portions of the narrative to which you refer had not escaped my notice. But their weight is very light in my scale, against all the references to children, and against such marvels of description as Mrs. Barton sitting up in bed to mend the children's clothes. The selfish young fellow with the heart-disease, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," is plainly taken from a woman's point of view. Indeed, I observe all the women in the book are more alive than the men, and more informed from within. As to Janet, in the last tale, I know nothing in literature done by a man like the frequent references to her grand form, and her eyes and her height and so forth; whereas I do know innumerable things of that kind in books of imagination by women. And I have not the faintest doubt that a woman described her being shut out into the street by her husband, and conceived and executed the whole idea of her following the clergyman. If I be wrong in this, then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected.'

Mr. Blackwood himself was not at the time this was written personally acquainted with George Eliot, and it says not a little for the acumen of Dickens that he was able to detect in the particulars to which he points, the sex of the author of the *Scenes*.

After the *Scenes* came *Adam Bede*. While reading the MS. of it, Blackwood was thrown into an ecstasy of admiration, and wrote: 'I never saw such wonderful effects worked out by such a succession of simple and yet delicate and minute touches. Hetty's night in the fields is marvellous. I positively shuddered for her, poor creature, and I do not think the most thoughtless lad could read that terrible picture of her feelings and hopeless sufferings without being deeply moved. Adam going to support her at the trial is a noble touch. You really make him a gentleman by that act. It is like giving him his spurs.' As those whose memories carry them back to the time of its publication will remember, the appearance of *Adam Bede* caused quite a sensation. For a while little else was talked about. The sale of it was immense, and, within a few days from its publication, Blackwood wrote to the author: 'We may now consider the "Bedesman" fairly round the corner, and coming in a winner at a slapping pace.' Shortly after he informs her that he is preparing a second edition, and tells her that she is now a 'popular' as well as a 'great' author. *Adam Bede* was followed by the *Mill on the Floss* in February, 1860, and by *Silas Marner* in 1861. With the first Blackwood was perfectly delighted, and

wished it to appear in the *Magazine*. This idea, however, was dropped, and when the book appeared in the old three-volume form at 31s. 6d., some 6000 copies were sold in little more than a couple of months. *Romola* went to Smith, Elder & Co., and first appeared in the pages of *Cornhill*, but the rest of George Eliot's works were issued by 'her first friend.' Her diffidence and depreciation of her own work continued, and, if anything, increased as time went on, and Blackwood's letters, always glowing with enthusiastic admiration, did not a little to encourage her. The following paragraph by Mrs. Porter brings out several sides of her character :—

'On one occasion,' she writes, 'when we were calling on her that summer (1876) she said she was very anxious about the safety of the MS. of *Deronda*, and wanted to have it back, but dared not trust it to the Post Office. My father said he could not bring it himself next day, but could send it by a trusty messenger (the footman). At this she quailed. "Oh, he might stop at a public-house and forget it." We assured her such a lapse had never been known to occur. "Then might he not, if he were the sort of high-minded Bayard we described, be very likely to stop and help at a fire?" This was a contingency we had never contemplated, and finally, after much laughter, we promised her that some member of the family should place the MS. in her hands, and as a matter of fact I think my mother drove over with it to her the next morning. On this, as on all occasions when I saw her, the impression was that of a person beyond all things kindly and sympathetic, ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends. Her sense of humour, too, was extremely keen, and my father, I remember, always made her laugh. The ponderosity of her conversation and the difficulty of making any way with her, of which some visitors have complained, must, we think, have been caused by their selecting topics not really congenial to themselves simply because they were talking to George Eliot. Scaling heights that were beyond them, and as a result getting crushed by a solid avalanche of learning. But if one talked with her upon music, which she loved, pictures, the play, a flower-show, or equally a horse-show, she was with you—we were all talking upon what we equally understood. But the views of the novice on the latest metaphysical puzzles of the day, or an uncertain dive into scientific research, might have involved disaster. A mind so quick as hers could not fail to see when her companion was out of his depth, and then no doubt she felt contempt for what was mere pretension. Large numbers of people used to invade her Sunday receptions who had often small claim upon her forbearance. We remember one ridiculous incident of two enterprising young men who sat down opposite her with the intention of eliciting her opinions on the Turko-Russian war. They were nothing if

not simple and direct, and without any preamble whatever they fired off their first shot at their gentle-mannered hostess, startling the whole room with, "Are you a Russian or a Turk?" "Neither," came the grave reply in that deep musical voice, which we may well imagine gave them their quietus for the rest of the afternoon.'

During the summer months Mr. Blackwood used to retire to Strathtyrum, Mr. Cheape's beautifully situated house in Fife, overlooking the links of St. Andrews. Here he entertained his friends, indulged in golf, and carried on his extensive correspondence and business as editor. It was here, too, that, in 1863, Speke, the famous African traveller, wrestled in the throes of composition. He was a brilliant explorer, and a keen sportsman, but he had no idea of writing, and the account given of his heroic efforts to put into book form the narrative of his journey on foot through Africa is highly amusing.

'The herculean task this was to the gallant traveller,' Mrs. Porter writes, 'who was more accustomed to handle a gun than a pen, and the labour it entailed on my father and his nephew, and the whole staff at George Street, are most quaintly described in my father's letters. The material was all there, and right good interesting matter, but how to reduce the heterogeneous mass into an intelligible narrative was a puzzle. Poor Speke was taken over to Strathtyrum, shut up in a room, and told to write his book. The room, which was always known as "Speke's room," had a balcony over the front door, and my father describes in a letter to Charles Lever that when he smelt Speke's cigar on the balcony he used to say, "There goes Speke's flag of distress," and going up would find that he had got inextricably entangled in a sentence. This we imagined happened very often, as in a letter to William Blackwood my father writes, "I have been sweating over Speke's MS. this morning, and what is to be done I know not. Will you and Simpson think of something." And again, to the same, referring to Speke's notes, he says: "They are written in such an unintelligible way, it is impossible to say what anybody could make of them, and yet he is full of matter, and when he talks and explains, all is right. He is eager to get what he has written into type, and is working like any galley-slave."'

Eventually, with the assistance of Dr. Hill Burton, the book was got into shape. When it was published Blackwood wrote to Speke:—

'It is a pleasure to look at the book in its finished state, especially when I think of you and myself in the room at Strathtyrum sitting staring at

your first corrected proof. It was enough to funk a literary Tom Sayers. If D. B. had seen it in the first instance, I think he would have fled in terror.'

Speke's ideas of grammar, it appears, were of the most original description. Still the book was all his own. 'We have done nothing to his text,' writes Blackwood to Delane, 'except by questioning him, and correcting him where he was likely to prove unintelligible. So the book is entirely in his own quaint language, and a more genuine one never was published.'

Of a quite different character was Kinglake, whose connection with the house of Blackwood dates back to the year 1862. Kinglake was a literary artist, and capable of infinite pains. Writing to him with reference to the first volume of the *Crimea*, Blackwood said:—

'It is delightful reading, and in all these complicated transactions back and forwards, which in ordinary hands must have been tedious, you evolve your theory of motives and acts so clearly that you not only carry the reader along with you, but make him enter into it with hearty enjoyment. Your picture of the brothers of the Elysée will live. It is very perfect, and realises what one had imagined of the gang of swindlers suddenly in full swing of power, such as the wildest Leicester Square dreams had never reached. I did not know Louis Nap. had faltered at the crisis, but you have obviously good ground for your statement. Who had the pistol presented at his head? Mr. Boucicault will seize hold of the incident for a sensation drama. . . . I see nothing to comment upon or suggest to you.'

Blackwood was always alive and usually full of suggestions, sometimes, indeed frequently, of great value. A little later he seems to have made some to Kinglake, which Kinglake apparently did not care about, and held out a warning to Blackwood, which, though lightly told, was quite as menacing as ingenious.

'I am almost alarmed, as it were,' he replied, 'at the notion of receiving suggestions. I feel that hints from you might be so valuable and so important it might be madness to ask you beforehand to abstain from giving me any, but I am anxious for you to know what the dangers in the way of long delay might be, the result of even a few slight and possibly most useful suggestions. . . . You will perhaps (after what I have said) think it best not to set my mind moving in a new path lest I should take to re-writing.'

'This was a contingency,' as Mrs. Porter remarks, 'enough to strike terror into the publisher, who he probably knew was already chafing at the delays entailed by his elaborate and conscientious methods of writing.' Evidently Kinglake was, as Blackwood had at first divined, 'quite able to fight his own ship.'

Among the most interesting and amusing and even pathetic pages in the volume are those devoted to Charles Lever's connection with the Blackwoods, a connection which appears to have begun in the sixties. Lever was then British Consul at Spezia, sick of the dull routine he was compelled to, and longing for promotion to something more congenial. *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Harry Lorrequer* and the rest of the wild stories with which his first brilliant success was gained, were written, and he was desirous of trying fresh developments. Blackwood at first fought shy of them. Lever, however, knew something of Italy, and after contributing a few papers on the political and social condition of that country to the *Magazine*, Blackwood threw whatever scruples he had to the wind, and 'decided,' as Mrs. Porter phrases it, 'to go "nap."' The first result was the appearance of *Tony Butler* in the *Magazine*, and afterwards the racy series of essays purporting to be written by Cornelius O'Dowd. A very tender friendship sprung up between Lever and the editor, and many amusing letters are given as passing between them. To those who were once turned to browse upon those terribly arid pastures known as Whately's *Logic* and Whately's *Rhetoric*, much in the following will be decidedly refreshing. It is from Lever to Blackwood.

'I only knew by your nephew's letter that you were about to have a paper on old Whately, who said more stupid things and got the credit of more good ones (that were not his own) than any man of his day. He had not a grain of either wit or humour in his whole composition, and his jokes were mere *concetti*—conceits—worked out by great labour and at much cost of time and ingenuity. The last time I saw him was at Killarney, and I had the pleasure of giving him a "set down," for which I was long in his debt. It happened thus. He was there with his chaplain, West, the present Dean of St. Patrick's, and Radcliffe, his Vicar-General, and we went on a ramble through some shrubberies before dinner, when Whately, discovering a large fungus under a tree, said: "This is the bread fungus; it has properties precisely like bread, and would sup-

port life for days : West, taste it." "I declare, your Grace, it is exactly like bread." "Radcliffe, eat a bit of this." "Really, your Grace, it is like wheaten bread." "Now, Mr. Lever, try it—I insist." "Excuse me, I'd rather not." "Come, come, Mr. Lever, you really must taste." "I cannot, indeed, your Grace." "But why not?" "It would be perfectly useless." "Useless—useless; what do you mean by useless?" "My brother, my lord, is in the diocese of Meath, otherwise I'd eat the whole of it."

Lever was just the man to puzzle an editor, and most tantalising. He wrote from hand to mouth, and never knew what was going to happen in his stories, or how his characters would turn out. 'Developments of character,' Mrs. Porter says, 'appear to have turned out as unexpected as events in the story, and over these the author had equally no control. He describes this in answer to some editorial remonstrance. "If I can tone down M^cC. I will, but Skeff's courage is, I fear, incorrigible. Oh! Blackwood, it is not *I* that have made him, but *he* himself. Not but he is a good creature, as good as any can be that has no *bone* in his *back*, and take my word for it, there is a large section of humanity that are not vertebrated animals.'" The story referred to is, of course, *Tony Butler*, and what is true of it is true of the rest.

Quite the opposite, as we all know, was the case with Anthony Trollope, who also appears in the volume. Trollope was always beforehand with his writings, was method itself, and used to lay out the number of lines he was to write each day, and—happy man!—contrived in some way to write them. In his *Autobiography* Trollope has told us how he made a present of his little work on *Cæsar* to Blackwood. Here is the letter Blackwood sent in acknowledgment of the graceful compliment paid to him.

"I am truly grateful and touched by the very handsome manner in which you have presented me with the copyright of the *Cæsar*. It affects me as a great personal compliment and mark of regard never to be forgotten. I did look this gift-horse most carefully in the mouth, and I can speak to its merits. My anxiety about it was double, as I felt that if I did not think your venture into this new field not only a success but a decided one. I was bound to tell you my opinion. I carried your letter home to my wife, and I need not say how warmly she enters into my feelings of gratification. She has been rather low owing to the death of her favourite horse "Sunbeam," and your letter was quite a fillip to her."

The 'Military Staff' of Blackwood was very strong. Chief among them was Sir Richard Hamley, who had been a contributor from of old, and was good for most things in the shape of a magazine article. Then there were his two brothers, General William and Captain Charles Hamley. Besides these, there were Colonel L. W. M. Lockhart, author of *Doubles and Quits*, Sir Archibald Alison, son of the historian, the Chesneys, Sir Henry Brackenbury, Colonel Conder, the Sirdar, and the Commander-in-Chief, then Sir Garnet Wolseley. Sir Garnet contributed to the *Magazine* a narrative of the Red River Expedition. It was necessarily anonymous, and 'occasioned,' Mrs. Porter tells us, 'one of those innocent criticisms from a weekly newspaper which have often been the cause of much mirth among the inner circle of Blackwood. The editor remarks in a letter to William Blackwood: "I never felt more inclined to discard the anonymous than on reading the calm assertion that the 'writer of the Red River Expedition in *Blackwood* knew nothing about the subject.'"

Laurence Oliphant and Mrs. Oliphant, as might be expected, appear frequently in the volume. Much is said about the strange career of the first, of the wonderful way he had of turning up at unexpected moments, and of the remarkable acquaintance he had with all sorts of people and with what was going on in the different Courts of Europe. Much is also said respecting his charm of manner and remarkable gifts. To Mrs. Oliphant and her life-long devotion to the Blackwoods a graceful tribute is paid, and a description given of the banquet she provided in honour of John Blackwood as editor of *Maga*, and to celebrate her own twenty-five years authorship under his banner. It was held on the historical island of Runnymede, where, along with the chief guest, as many as possible of the old contributors were assembled. It was a remarkable gathering, and eloquent of the feelings with which the editor was regarded by those who were there to do him honour. Playfully referring to the island upon which they were, he remarked, in an impromptu speech, 'that he hoped the Barons of Blackwood had not met under the trees to dictate terms to him, but that, on the contrary, they would always rally round for his support.'

Besides those we have named many others whose names figure in the literary history of the century are mentioned in the pages of this volume, such as Sir Theodore Martin, 'Owen Meredith,' Count de Montalembert, Lord Neaves, Charles Reade, David Wingate, and Mr. Blackmore. But the character which dominates all, and gives life to the book, is that of John Blackwood. It is exquisitely drawn, with a succession, as he somewhere says of one of the characters in *Adam Bede*, of simple yet delicate and minute touches. The volume is one that will doubtless live, and Mrs. Porter is to be congratulated upon the production of a biography which, while a perfect model of taste, is charmingly instructive.

ART. VI.—MENDELSSOHN, MOSCHELES, AND CHOPIN IN SCOTLAND.

THREE musical travellers, to represent practically all that has been said about Scotland by the great continental composers. No other musical genius of the first rank ever crossed the Border; some of the geniuses indeed never set foot in England at all. Handel went to Dublin and produced his *Messiah* there for the first time, but we do not hear that he ever thought of coming to Scotland. Sebastian Bach, his great contemporary, was never outside his own country. Beethoven declared that if it had not been for his deafness he would have travelled all over the world, and there is a suggestion of a visit to Edinburgh in one of his letters to George Thomson; but, as it was, he too, like Sebastian Bach, remained at home. Mozart was once in London, a little prodigy of eight, playing before George III. and his Consort for a fee of twenty-four guineas. Haydn came frequently to England, and was quite a 'lion' in London society. He attended at Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, no less than twenty-six times. Not only did he play before the King and other royalties, but he sang, although he was then sixty-

two years old. Moreover, he says, 'the princess sang with me.' But Haydn never came to Scotland. Wagner was several times in London, and Weber died there. Schumann and Schubert did not cross the Channel at all. And so the list is exhausted. A host of minor musical celebrities have visited our country at one time or other, but they have come mostly in search of coin and have left no record of their impressions. The trio named at the head of this article must therefore satisfy us.

Mendelssohn came to Scotland in the course of his first visit to England in 1829. He was then only twenty years old, and although the Scottish tour was of the nature of a pleasure trip, the London visit was made with something like a serious purpose. The composer's father had long hesitated as to the choice of a career for his eldest son, but he had now made up his mind to allow the young man to devote himself to music as a profession, and London was to be asked to give its verdict on his capabilities. It was on the 21st of April that the composer reached the metropolis—'the grandest and the most complicated monster on the face of the earth,' as he calls it. On the 25th of May he made his *début* at a Philharmonic concert, when Cramer led him to the piano, 'like a young lady.' The success, he says himself in a letter, was 'beyond anything that I could ever have dreamed. I was received with immense applause.' Other public appearances followed, and when the season ended Mendelssohn put in execution his long-cherished scheme of making a tour in Scotland. The Waverley novels were undoubtedly the chief cause of the visit. The series had just been completed, and he had read them all. It may easily be imagined that they 'exerted a powerful influence on a cultured mind like his, and made him desirous of seeing for himself scenes of mountain and flood, such as he had only hitherto read of.' He wished also to meet Scott face to face, 'chiefly to escape a scolding from you, dear mother, if I return without having seen the lion,' he wrote. It appears that he carried a letter of introduction to Scott from one of Scott's intimate friends in London.

For companion on his excursion Mendelssohn had with him

his friend Carl Klingemann, who was then Secretary to the Hanoverian Embassy in London. Klingemann, German though he was, had a considerable vein of humour in his composition, and the letters which he sent to Berlin in the course of the tour are full of a rough boisterous kind of fun. The travellers arrived in Edinburgh about the 28th of July, having come north by stage coach, with stoppages—as we gather from Mendelssohn's drawings—at York and Durham. It was Sunday, and the first thing the vivacious pair did was to climb 'two desperately steep rocks, which are called Arthur's Seat.' Mendelssohn goes into raptures over the view to be obtained from the top, declaring that few of his Switzerland reminiscences can compare with it; and at last winding up with the remark that 'when God himself takes to panorama-painting it turns out strangely beautiful.' In the town itself, certain Highlanders, soldiers apparently, coming from church specially attracted his attention. He describes them as 'victoriously leading their sweethearts in their Sunday attire, and casting magnificent and important looks over the world; with long red beards, tartan plaids, bonnets and feathers, naked knees, and their bagpipes in their hands.' How they all came to be leading their sweethearts, how it happened that all had red beards and carried bagpipes, Mendelssohn does not explain. The national instrument seems to have taken his fancy. It so happened that on the Monday there was a competition of Highland pipers in the Theatre Royal, and Mendelssohn was present. Unfortunately there is no record of how he enjoyed the affair; but Dr. Donald Macleod not long ago told a story which would seem to indicate that he thought more highly of the pipe than the ill-natured people who refuse to recognise it as an instrument of music. It appears that a near relative of Dr. Macleod was a piper. The gentleman chanced to be staying in the same hotel at which our travellers had put up; and according to the story it was his custom to take an occasional 'quiet' practice in his own room. Mendelssohn, hearing the 'distant strains,' sent his card to the player, and begged to be allowed to listen at close quarters. He became, as we are told, greatly interested in both music and instrument, and paid

several visits to the piper's room during his stay. If the story is true, the composer, clearly enough, did not suffer from weak nerves. But where is the Edinburgh hotel-keeper who would now-a-days allow a piper to practice in his room? No wonder Mendelssohn exclaimed, when he thought of leaving, 'How kind the people are in Edinburgh, and how generous is the good God!' Something else made him think of his last day in Edinburgh with regret. Chopin, not perhaps in his haste, but in his weakness, declared that the Scotch ladies were ugly; Mendelssohn was more gallant as well as more truthful. 'The Scotch ladies,' he says, 'also deserve notice; and if Mahmud follows his father's advice and turns Christian, I shall in his place become a Turk, and settle in this neighbourhood.' Mendelssohn, remember, was only twenty! The last evening was spent in a visit to Holyrood Palace, 'where Queen Mary lived and loved. The chapel close to it is now roofless, grass and ivy grow there, and at that broken altar Mary was crowned Queen of Scotland. Everything around is broken and mouldering, and the bright sky shines in. I believe I found to-day in that old chapel the beginning of my Scotch symphony.' He was to find the beginning of something else later on, as we shall see.

After Edinburgh came the visit to Abbotsford, and alas! it turned out a failure. It was one of Klingemann's jokes to write a long account about the meeting with Scott, about Abbotsford, about the 'most delicious marmalade' in Miss Scott's cupboard, and about other exhausting experiences which made the writer for the moment 'look down very much on Europe.' But the important part of the letter was reserved, after the fashion of lady correspondents, for the postscript. This was written by Mendelssohn, and ran prosaically as follows: 'The foregoing is all Klingemann's invention. We found Sir Walter in the act of leaving Abbotsford, stared at him like fools, drove eighty miles and lost a day, all for the sake of at best one half-hour of superficial conversation. Melrose compensated us but little; we were out of humour with great men, with ourselves, with the world, with everything.' This was only the beginning of the travellers' ill-luck.

Going by way of Stirling and Perth, they proceeded at once to the Highlands, and Highland weather followed them about until they returned to civilisation. We hear of them first at Blair-Athole, where they had 'a most dismal, melancholy, rainy day.' Earth and sky, in Mendelssohn's expressive phrase, were wet through. Presently they got housed in a typical Highland inn at Bridge of Tummel, where they had 'Scotch wooden shoes' for slippers, 'tea, with honey and potato cakes,' and—whisky. The little boys, 'with their kilts and bare knees, and gay-coloured bonnets, the waiter in his tartan, old people with pig-tails, all talk helter-skelter in their unintelligible Gaelic.' Everything around was stern, dark, very lonely. Next morning the travellers again set out on their journey, taking the bad weather with them. The original intention had been to walk over the hills from Blair-Athole to Inveraray, to Glencoe, the isle of Staffa, and the isle of Islay, where they meant to stay for some days; then they were to proceed up the Clyde to Glasgow, then to Ben Lomond, Loch Earn, Ben Voirlich, Loch Katrine, and home by Cumberland. But this plan took no account of Scotch weather, and it had to be abandoned. From Blair-Athole the tourists proceeded to Fort-William, Klingemann making uncomplimentary notes all the way, in a thick drizzling rain. 'Smoky huts were stuck on cliffs, ugly women looked through the window-holes, cattle-herds with Rob Roys now and then blocked up the way, and mighty mountains were sticking up to their knees in the clouds.' No wonder Klingemann thought he had 'stumbled upon a bit of culture' when he unexpectedly found himself on 'the one street of which Fort-William consists.'

From Fort-William they went on by sea to Tobermory, where Klingemann, strange to say, found everything 'perfectly charming.' From his earliest days he had somehow confounded the Hebrides with the Hesperides; and though he did not find the oranges on the trees at Tobermory, he found them in the toddy. Such is his little joke. Evidently both the Germans had by this time got used to 'good Scots drink.' A visit to Staffa and Iona proved that they had not

got used to Atlantic weather. Mendelssohn, like Wagner, was a desperately bad sailor, and he had not been long on board when he was most unpoetically sea-sick. To make matters worse, it rained most of the time, until Klingemann exclaimed in despair that the Highlands and the sea appeared to brew nothing but whisky and bad weather. It was a constant matter of dispute between him and Mendelssohn whether the wet should be called rain or mist; but, so long at anyrate as he was sick, Mendelssohn would not listen to the suggestion of mist. Of course the party took to the boats to see Staffa, but Mendelssohn seems to have been too ill to bother himself much about the famous cave. It is Klingemann who gives the description. 'A greener roar of waves,' says he, 'surely never rushed into a stranger cavern; its many pillars making it look like the inside of an immense organ, black and resounding, and absolutely without purpose, and quite alone, the wide grey sea within and without.' By the time Iona was reached, Mendelssohn had somewhat recovered himself, though even now he has nothing to say. However, he has avowedly expressed his feelings—so far as music can go in that direction—in one of his best-known compositions, the *Hebrides* overture, completed the following year at Berlin. It has been said that after he returned home his sister Fanny asked him to tell her something about the Hebrides. 'It cannot be told, only played,' he said, and forthwith seated himself at the piano and played the theme which was afterwards developed in the overture.

The party seem to have had rather a rough time on the way back to Tobermory. Night came on, and there being no beds on board, the passengers lay about like herrings. Klingemann tells that at times, when half-asleep, he tried to drive away flies from his face, and found that he was tearing at the grizzly locks of an old Scotsman! 'If the Pope had been amongst us,' he says, 'some Protestant might unawares have kissed his slipper, for we often chanced to make unknown boots act as pillows. It was a wild night's revel, without the merry cup, and with rain and wind for the boisterous songsters.' At half-past six on Sunday morning they landed at

Oban, still in the rain. Not wishing to hear a Gaelic sermon, they drove on to Inveraray, and ultimately landed at Glasgow, driven thither by a longing for letters. A visit to Lochlomond, and 'the rest of the scenery which ought to be published and packed up as supplements to Sir Walter Scott's works,' completed the Scottish tour, and a few days later Mendelssohn was writing to his friends from Llangollen. On the whole he seems to have enjoyed himself fairly well, in spite of the weather—weather, as he puts it, to 'make the trees and rocks crash.' His experiences and opinions are well summed up in the following letter, which he wrote from Glasgow just before leaving. He says:

'To describe the wretchedness and the comfortless, inhospitable solitude of the country, time and space do not allow; we wandered ten days without meeting a single traveller; what are marked on the map as towns, or at least villages, are a few sheds huddled together, with one hole for door, window, and chimney, for the entrance and exit of men, beasts, light, and smoke, in which to all questions you get a dry "No;" in which brandy is the only beverage known, without church, without street, without gardens, the rooms pitch-dark in broad daylight, children and fowls lying in the same straw, many huts without roofs, many unfinished, with crumbling walls, many ruins of burnt houses; and even these inhabited spots are but sparingly scattered over the country. Now and then you find beautiful parks, but deserted; and broad lakes, but without boats; the roads a solitude. Fancy in all that the rich glowing sunshine, which paints the heath in a thousand divinely warm colours, and then the clouds chasing hither and thither! It is no wonder that the Highlands have been called melancholy. But two fellows have wandered merrily about them, laughed at every opportunity, rhymed and sketched together, growled at one another and at the world when they happened to be vexed or did not find anything to eat, devoured everything eatable when they did find it, and slept twelve hours every night; these two were we, who will not forget it as long as we live.'

As for Klingemann, he had acquired a new faculty by the tour. He could now tell, though his eyes were shut, whenever a Highlander came near him. A certain 'smoky atmosphere' was the guiding medium!

It is peculiarly fitting that Moscheles should come next to Mendelssohn in connection with our subject. But, first of all, who was Moscheles? The question is easily answered. Ignaz Moscheles was the foremost pianist of his day, after Hummel,

and before Chopin. He showed his talents early enough to be counted a prodigy, and after he had practically choked off his musical inspiration by a course of counterpoint under Albrechtsberger, he settled down to the life of a professor of music in Vienna. By and by he developed into a pianoforte virtuoso, and travelled as such for many years. In 1824 he met with Mendelssohn, then a youth of fourteen, and, giving him lessons on the pianoforte, he has come to be remembered as much on that account as for anything else that he did during his long career. Mendelssohn and he became bosom friends, and when the former started the Leipzig Conservatoire, it was Moscheles whom he invited to take the post of first professor of the pianoforte at the institution. He was, by all accounts, a most brilliant executant, and those who remember him extol him as one of the last pianists who excelled in the now almost forgotten art of extemporizing. In his own day he was very popular as a composer—regarded, indeed, as almost a classic—but although his music is often clever and brilliant, it is somewhat dry and old-fashioned for modern tastes. Sir Charles Hallé declares that many of his compositions will remain as standard works for all time, but Hallé had a peculiar partiality—founded on an early friendship—for Moscheles. The pair often met in Paris when Moscheles was engaged on the composition of his second pianoforte sonata for four hands. Whenever he added twenty or thirty bars to the work, he went off for Hallé to try them over; and Hallé tells that in order to give the new portion its proper effect, the piece had always to be taken from the beginning. ‘Often I was fetched from my house even as late as midnight,’ says Hallé, ‘by the amiable and charming Madame Moscheles, because they had a few friends with them, and were anxious to hear the new sonata’—at midnight! Moscheles lived on till 1870. To-day his son Felix, Mendelssohn’s god-child, is well known in the artistic world as a painter of considerable attainments.

It was in 1828, while people were still wishing each other ‘a happy new year,’ that this noted pianist of the olden time arrived in Edinburgh. Some one had secured lodgings for him in Frederick Street, and he was so much struck by the

'curious specimens of architecture' which he found there, that he enlarged upon the point in his diary. As a matter of fact it was the 'flat' system that puzzled him. One peculiarity, he says, consisted in a 'raised ground floor that ran under the neighbouring house, but disconnected with any staircase leading to the upper stories.' The next house to that, on the other hand, 'had no rooms on the ground floor, and the visitor, after mounting a staircase, found a bell, which secured his admission to the first story.' House-doors and steps were 'quite open; many other houses were constructed on this curious principle.' Such is the entry in the musician's diary. Having got over his surprise at this very common 'peculiarity,' Moscheles sallied forth to examine the town. Here he met with what he calls 'a series of surprises.' Princes Street he describes as unique in its way: there is 'a long row of houses on one side, intersected by sloping streets, from which you get a view of the Firth of Forth, whilst the opposite side opens to your view Edinburgh Castle on its rock, to which you ascend by a terrace garden.' And this is how the old town struck him: 'As I looked at the old houses, consisting in some instances of sixteen stories, inhabited by the poorest families, renting single rooms each, with its dimly-lighted windows, I seemed to look at a feeble attempt at illumination.' On the evening of the same day he encountered a party of Highlanders, kilt and all, coming off guard. 'They marched down from the Castle and passed close by me regaling my ears with genuine Scottish music of drum and fife.' No mention of the bagpipe; that was to come later.

Moscheles' first concert was given on the evening of Tuesday, January 7. There was a poor audience, but this was in a manner accounted for by the fact that an Italian Opera Company was drawing crowded houses at the time. The pianist tells that he had the utmost difficulty in securing a good band, and in the end was obliged to put up with a third-rate orchestra got together from the regimental bands—the Highlanders, with their bare legs and kilt, being the poor substitutes for a well-trained orchestra.' The principal items played at this concert were the performer's celebrated variations on the Fall of Paris,

and his so-called *Anticipations of Scotland*. Of his rendering of the latter a critic said: 'The Scottish airs are treated with great elegance and richness of fancy, and we doubt whether any vocal performer ever sang "Auld Robin Gray" with more touching effect than M. Moscheles played it.' An extemporaneous performance was described by the critics as 'marvellous.' The press rated the people of Edinburgh soundly for the scanty support given to Moscheles. 'It must have proceeded,' said one writer, 'from accident, or from a want of sufficient announcement, otherwise it would be deeply discreditable to Edinburgh. It is an effect without an assignable cause, for no musical man ever came to Edinburgh preceded by so brilliant a reputation, and yet the result was an empty room.'

But these things have only a mild interest for us now; another matter is more worthy of attention. It was on this occasion that Moscheles made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. To his intense delight Sir Walter invited him and his wife to breakfast. Next morning at ten, they called at 6 Shandwick Place, where Scott was staying for the winter with his second and unmarried daughter. 'He opened the door himself,' says Moscheles, 'and welcomed us heartily; he was suffering from gout, and walked with a stick. Before we had taken off our things we felt completely at home, and my wife's anticipated awe of the great man had entirely vanished. We sat down to breakfast forthwith, and a genuine good Scotch breakfast we had, served on handsome silver plate, by two servants in powder and livery.' Scott's conversation, says Moscheles, 'was extremely animated and delightful. He understands German, and is thoroughly versed in our literature, and an enthusiastic worshipper of Goethe. He told us many anecdotes, but when he said to me—"How do you like my cousin, the piper? You know, we Scotchmen are all cousins," I am afraid my answer must have done violence to his sense of music, which by nature was very limited.'

Of course it was impossible for Moscheles to pretend to any enthusiasm for the bagpipe. Dr. Johnson, who hated most things Scotch, could stand the 'great drone' close to his ear; but on that matter Moscheles probably shared the opinion of Leigh Hunt, whose idea of martyrdom was to be tied to a post within a few

yards of a stout-lunged piper. Nay, he would doubtless have gone so far as to agree with Sydney Smith that one might as well speak of playing on an iron foundry as of playing on the bagpipe. But there are occasions when etiquette involves the acutest form of martyrdom, and this proved one of them. Scott was not to be argued out of his partiality for the national instrument. Why, he declared to the astonished Moscheles, a wandering piper would attract crowds in the streets of Edinburgh; and every one knew that in battle the sound of the pipe inspired the Scotch soldier with 'a desperate valour.' From this he started on a disquisition regarding the wonderful effects of the national music on the Highlander. In speaking on the music of the Highlands generally, he quoted the fine old 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu' as being one of the most spirited of the martial class of melody, 'but with the Gaelic words,' said he; 'these words are the only appropriate ones to convey spirit and animation, though the melody itself carries one away.' He began to hum the tune and beat time on the carpet with his stick, which was always by his side, 'but,' he presently remarked, 'the whole thing is wrong, I sing so badly; my cousin, who has just come in, must play the tune for us upstairs in the drawing-room.' An adjournment having been made, and Moscheles having heard the theme of the melody—no doubt in some agony, though he was too polite to say so—sat down to the pianoforte, and after a few preparatory movements, the company were astonished when the stirring Highland air burst forth in all its wild force. It was perhaps never played at the head of the clan before battle with more passionate energy. Moscheles evidently felt inspired by the presence of his 'ever youthful-minded and genial host,' and from all accounts he never before exerted himself with more devoted skill. In the course of further talk, Sir Walter chanced to allude to the effects of the various martial sounds which reached his ears when the evening watch was set of the allied troops in Paris after the battle of Waterloo. This led to a disquisition upon military music in general, and that, again, to a request from Scott that Moscheles would favour the company with some of the martial airs of the continent. He immediately assented, modestly saying that he knew very many of them.

Several of the airs his listeners were also acquainted with, many they heard for the first time; but the wonderful facility and grace with which the pianist combined them excited the most profound admiration. 'At last,' says Moscheles, 'we parted after a delightful visit, ever memorable to us. The amiability and sweetness of Scott's manner are never to be forgotten. Kindness indeed is written in every gesture, and speaks in every word that falls from him. He treated my wife like a pet daughter, kissed her on the cheek when we went away, and promised he would come and see the children and bring them a book. This he did, and his gift was *Tales of a Grandfather*. He had written on the title-page, "To Adolphus and Emily Moscheles, from the Grandfather."' "

After this visit Scott was confined to his bed with a fresh attack of gout, but he was somewhat better by the time of Moscheles' third concert—a *matinée*—and the 'crowded and fashionable audience' (the appeal made by the press had proved effective), were surprised to see him step into the room just before the music began. 'My wife,' says Moscheles, 'sat, as usual, in a remote corner of the room; Scott, however, found her out instantly and sat down by her side, drawing upon her the envious eyes of many a fair beholder. His hearty bravoës and cheers, when I played, stimulated the audience to redouble their applause, which reached a climax when I gave them the Scotch airs.' Moscheles' extemporaneous performance on this occasion was founded on the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' no doubt out of compliment to Scott. The latter, by all accounts, had taken quite a fancy to Madame Moscheles. And not without some reason. Mendelssohn's London landlord, a German named Heincke, declared that no one could carve a fowl like Madame Moscheles. But the lady had other claims to attention. Mr. Kuhe, the veteran Brighton musician, describes her as 'one of the most charming, gifted, and remarkable women it has ever been my good fortune to know. Singularly prepossessing even in middle life, she was in later years one of the most interesting-looking old ladies imaginable.' Scott, let us remember, met her at the 'singularly prepossessing' age. At this concert he appears to have indulged in something very like a flirtation. It is recorded

that between the parts he asked the lady if she knew Bürger's poem, 'Der Dichter liebt den guten Wein,' and on her replying that she did, he told her how he admired it, and had translated it into English. 'Would you like to have it? I will send it you.' Being asked to recite the song in the original, he willingly assented, 'whilst all around listened eagerly.' The pianist and his wife were leaving Edinburgh almost immediately, and next day, after they had been 'amused to see our kind friend sitting in the Court of Justice with a wilderness of official papers before him,' Mrs. Moscheles received the following note: 'My dear Mrs. Moscheles,—As you are determined to have me murder the pretty song twice, first by repeating it in bad German, and then by turning it into little better English, I send the promised version. My best wishes attend your journey, and with best compliments to Mr. Moscheles, I am truly and respectfully yours, WALTER SCOTT.' Moscheles, it appears, kept one of those 'modern nuisances' (the phrase is Lamb's), called an album—

'A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows.'

Of course it was sent to Scott with the usual request that he would contribute something. Looking over the volume, Scott found a set of verses by Grillparzer, and a few hours afterwards he was telling Moscheles that he feared his 'valuable album' would only be disgraced by 'the following rude attempt at translation.' The attempt is of course anything but rude; Scott was really too modest altogether.

Later on Moscheles met Sir Walter in London. The pianist had been engaged for the season as Sontag's accompanist at the Italian opera, and Sontag was a constant visitor at his house, where her beauty and fascinating gifts were a source of delight to his friends. She was just about to appear in the *Donna del Lago* ('The Lady of the Lake'), and when Moscheles heard that Scott was in town he at once arranged a large party that vocalist and poet might meet. Madame Moscheles records that in the presence of Sontag 'the great man was all ears—and eyes, too, I think.' When Sontag questioned him about her costume as the Lady of the Lake, he described to her, with the utmost

minuteness, every fold of the plaid, and was greatly pleased when Madame Moscheles offered to lend Sontag a genuine clan-plaid, which she had received from Lady Sinclair while in Edinburgh. Scott 'showed her the particular way the brooch should be fastened at the shoulder, and would not allow any alteration.' Sontag had, in fact, two worshippers that evening, the second being the once-celebrated pianist Clementi, who, we are told, seemed as much fascinated as Scott. 'You should have seen the ecstasy of the two old men,' says the hostess; 'they shook each other by the hand, took it in turns to flirt with Sontag, without seeming jealous of one another. It was a pretty duet of joint admiration, and of course the poet, musician, and songstress were the observed of all observers.' Scott afterwards refers to 'the fine old gentleman, Mr. Clementi,' and asks to be remembered to him, but there is no reference to Sontag. One wonders how Scott contrived to listen patiently to so much classical music as he must have heard from first to last in his connection with Moscheles. When some young ladies give him pretty music of this kind he has nothing to say for it, except to declare that he does not know and cannot utter a note, and that complicated harmonies are to him but a battle of confused sounds. He admits that, whenever detected, in spite of his snuff-box, with closed eyes during some piece of abstruse harmony, he renounced his former apologies, and boldly avowed, with Congreve's Jeremy, that although he had a reasonable ear for a jig, your cantatas gave him the spleen. Like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, Scott was a conservative in music. He 'stuck to the good old tunes,' and it was not without some appropriateness that Moscheles dedicated to him his pianoforte fantasia known as 'Strains of the Scotch Bards.' Before returning to Moscheles' Edinburgh visit, it may be interesting to note that, amongst a number of commonplace and tedious *soirées* mentioned in his diary under the year 1833, he makes an exception in favour of one at the Lockharts. He met Moore there for the first time, and describes him as 'A little, lively, sparkling Irishman who, on the strength of his passion for music, immediately made acquaintance with us.' The poet sang his own songs, adapted to certain Irish melodies, harmonized and accompanied

by himself on the guitar. 'Le genre est petit,' thought Moscheles, but the novelty made it interesting to him. Coleridge was there too, but beyond remarking that he is 'still bright and cheerful, although looking an old man,' the musician has nothing to tell us regarding him.

Going back now to Moscheles' Edinburgh experiences, we may note first some things in connection with his sight-seeing. He went to the Calton Hill and had 'a glorious view,' though he had nothing better to say for Nelson's monument than to call it an unwieldy mass. He drove to Roslin, taking Salisbury Crags on the way home, but 'the weather was so cold we could not enjoy ourselves.' Holyrood he found 'very interesting,' with its memories of 'the fair, possibly guilty, but ill-fated Queen.' He looked incredulously at the alleged stains of Rizzio's blood, but his scepticism vanished when Ballantyne, Scott's printer, showed him a note in which Scott declared that he had 'no doubt of Rizzio's blood being genuine.' Another day Moscheles went to see the High Court of Justice. The din was 'fearful,' but 'the judges continued to follow the speeches of the opposing counsel, although the mere effort of listening in the midst of such a buzz seemed a mystery to me.' Spurzheim, the phrenologist, was in Edinburgh at this time, and Moscheles thought he would test his powers. He gave him no name, but asked him to examine his skull. Spurzheim merely uttered a few unmeaning common-places, such as a 'disposition for fine art,' and the like, but when at length Moscheles disclosed his identity, he 'explained in a learned manner how Nature had stamped him for a musician.'

Moscheles seems to have had some difficulty in putting in his Sunday in Edinburgh. He tried the Kirk, but naturally found that little to his liking. 'The church service, from which the organ is banished, struck me as peculiar. The psalms are intoned by a four-part choir, in which the congregation joins. But the basses are usually in unison with the sopranos [he cannot mean the basses in the choir], instead of forming the support of the other voices. Dr. Thomson's sermon was very good in itself, but the nasal twang and Scotch accent, coupled with the vehement gesticulation of the preacher, made it more singular than elevating.' This was pretty hard on the musical clergyman of St.

George's, to say nothing of the fact that the singing thus summarily dealt with was under the direction of that noted psalmodic enthusiast and reformer, Robert Archibald Smith. Moscheles reminds one of the story told of the first Italian professor of music who settled in Edinburgh. Of course he was a Roman Catholic, and having no place of worship to go to, he wandered sadly about the streets on Sundays. One day he was passing the Tron Church, just as the last psalm was being sung. The beadle came to open the doors; the Italian drew near, and was startled. 'What is that horrible noise I hear?' said he to the beadle. Much scandalised, the beadle made reply, 'That's the people praising God.' 'Do the people think God likes to hear that awful noise?' 'To be sure, of course He does.' The alien thought for a moment, then sorrowfully shaking his head, he walked off with the remark: 'Well, your God must have no ear for music.' Moscheles was not quite so irreverent, but there is no saying what he *thought*. As for his view of the Scotch Sunday, it will be well to let him speak for himself. 'I must say it is wearisome to a degree. Twice or three times at church [there were no half-day hearers then], more prayers at home, or sitting twirling one's thumbs; no music, no work, no visiting—a perfect blank. I have had to endure all this. It's a difficult matter to steal quietly off to one's own room and write letters, or clandestinely to read books of a secular kind. If I didn't do this I should not survive.' Clearly, Moscheles was not cut out for what Stevenson calls a 'stiff, ungodly Protestant.'

During the whole time of his stay in Edinburgh, the eminent virtuoso was obliged to give lessons, in spite of the almost prohibitory fee of two guineas an hour. 'Some ladies,' he says, 'are bent on galloping through my compositions with me at their side, no matter how difficult the music is, or how short the time.' But he soon became weary even of gathering in the guineas. 'I shall be off as fast as I can,' he writes, 'and be proof against the numerous offers they make me; I can't be plagued with endless concerts.' He was true to his word, and was soon spending his Sunday as he pleased on the other side of the Tweed.

And now let us see about Chopin. The visit of the eminent Polish composer was both pathetic and interesting, for when

he came here he was in a dying condition, and with the exception of one appearance in London on his way home, he was not once heard in public after he re-crossed the Border. The Revolution of 1848 had just broken out in Paris, and Chopin no doubt thought it expedient to get out of danger. Moreover, there could be very little for the musician to do while the military were in the streets, and when money was so scarce that people were exchanging their silver valuables at the mint for ready cash. Chopin was entirely dependent upon his concerts and his teaching, and for the present both were out of the question. A professional visit to England and Scotland was therefore decided upon.

The composer arrived in London towards the end of April 1848. This was his second visit to the metropolis, his first visit, curiously enough, having been paid *incognito*, in 1837. After trying another lodging, he now settled down at 48 Dover Street, Piccadilly, where he spoke of having a fine large room in which he would be able to breathe and play and have a due share of such sunshine as might be agoing. The sunshine was a matter of some consequence, for Chopin had carried the seeds of consumption in his breast from childhood, and he was now in the last stages of the disease. Those who saw him at this time were painfully struck by his emaciated appearance, and there are touching records of his being carried upstairs in various London houses because he was too weak for even that little exertion. One who heard him when he played at Lord Falmouth's speaks of him as 'bent double, and with a distressing cough. He looked like a revived corpse. It seemed almost impossible that such a man had the physique to play.' Nor did Chopin himself think any better of his condition. Writing in July to a friend, he remarks that he cannot become sadder than he is. A real joy he has not felt for a long time. In fact, he feels nothing at all; he only vegetates, waiting patiently for the end.

Such was Chopin's physical state when he came north to brave the bite of the keen winds that blow around Edinburgh. He had made the acquaintance of a certain Miss Stirling, and he was now the guest of her brother-in-law, Lord Torphichen,

at Calder House, some twelve miles from the capital. Writing from there a few days after his arrival, he intimates that his health is not 'altogether bad,' but adds: 'I have become more feeble, and the air here does not yet agree with me.' On the other hand, the people were kind, although they were not comely; and there were 'charming, apparently mischievous cattle, perfect milk, butter, eggs, and *tout ce qui s'en suit*, cheese and chickens.' There was a beautiful park, with hundred year old trees; the lord of the manor was 'excellent;' and as for the house—well, it was here (and fancy Chopin making a point of the circumstance!) it was here that John Knox dispensed the Sacrament for the first time. The only thing that vexed the visitor was that he could not compose. He had two fine pianos at his disposal, paper and pens too in plenty, and a 'perfect tranquillity,' but not one musical idea could he find in his head. The fact is, he was thoroughly out of his element, and he knew it. He had said before that he detested the 'vagabond life' of the strolling musician, wandering from place to place; now he remarks that he feels as much out of his groove as an ass might do at a masked ball. And yet he does so much wish that he could compose a little, 'were it only to please these good ladies, Madame Erskine and Mdlle. Stirling.'

The good ladies whom Chopin was thus anxious to please belonged to the noted family of which Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was a member. Their father was John Stirling of Kippendavie. Madame Erskine, the elder of the two sisters, had married James Erskine in 1811, but had been for many years a widow when Chopin made her acquaintance. It was the younger sister, Jane, who was the composer's particular friend. She had been a good deal in Paris, and apparently was one of Chopin's pupils there. At anyrate, he had no sooner met her than he 'began to like her,' and of this liking he made public avowal by dedicating to her a couple of his best-known compositions. The lady was the elder of the two by some years, but according to the tattle of the time, she fell deeply in love with Chopin, and—the Georges Sand connection notwithstanding—it was even rumoured that he was to

marry her. 'She might as well marry death,' was Chopin's remark when the rumour reached his ears. Very likely there was nothing more than friendship between the pair; certainly during the Scotch visit no stronger feeling seems to have been suggested by any one.

From Calder House, Chopin presently moved to Edinburgh itself. There was a Polish doctor named Lyschinski in the capital at this time, and the composer became his guest at No. 10 Warriston Crescent. Many interesting reminiscences of the visit have been recorded, mainly on the authority of Lyschinski's wife. Chopin appears to have been something of a dandy. He had his hair curled every morning, and his shirts, boots, and other things showed him to be 'more vain in dress than any woman.' He went to bed late and rose late, and always had soup in his room the first thing. He was not once able to walk upstairs without assistance. Usually he sat over the fire, shivering with cold, though sometimes he would play himself warm at the piano. He had all the caprices and contradictions of the man of genius. If it were suggested to him that he should go to the fire, he would go as far away from it as possible. To dictate to him or deny him anything was out of the question. One day Mrs. Lyschinski declined to sing at his request, when he flew into a passion, and asked the doctor if he would take it amiss should he force the lady to sing! Miss Stirling, it may perhaps be remarked, came much about him at the Lyschinskis, but Chopin would not hear of her being called even a 'particular friend.' He had no particular lady friend, so he declared; he 'gave to all an equal share of his attention.' Unfortunately, as we shall see, the Stirling ladies appear to have given him rather *too* much attention.

Chopin was due in Glasgow for a recital on the 27th of September, but he had first to appear at Manchester. Here he had a good audience, everything passed off well, and a sum of £60, the same which he made in Glasgow, was the net result. The Glasgow concert was also a success, notwithstanding that it was a morning one, and that the tickets were priced at half-a-guinea. Two of the audience on the occasion still survive, but the most interesting reminiscence of the concert is that set

down by the late Dr. James Hedderwick in his *Backward Glances*. Dr. Hedderwick begins by telling us how, seeing a carriage-and-four at the entrance to the Merchants' Hall in Hutcheson Street at two o'clock in the day, he asked a policeman what was up, and was informed that a Mr. 'Choppin' (the pronunciation suggesting a quart measure) was giving a concert. He then proceeds—

'On entering the hall I found it about one-third full. The audience was aristocratic. Prince Czartoryski, a man whose name was patriotically associated with the Polish struggle for independence, was present; so likewise were some representatives of the ducal house of Hamilton; while sitting near were Lord and Lady Blantyre, the latter a perfectly beautiful woman, and worthy of her lineage as one of the daughters of the Queen's favourite Duchess of Sutherland. Others of the neighbouring nobility and gentry were observable; and I fancied that many of the ladies might have had finishing lessons in music from the great and fashionable pianist in Paris. It was obvious, indeed, that a number of the audience were personal friends of M. Chopin. No portrait of that gentleman had I ever seen; no description of him had I ever read or heard; but my attention was soon attracted to a little fragile-looking man, in pale grey suit, including frock-coat of identical tint and texture, moving about among the company, conversing with different groups, and occasionally consulting his watch, which seemed to be

"In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman."

In the small, grey individual I did not hesitate to recognise the musical genius we had all come to see. Whiskerless, beardless, fair of hair, and pale and thin of face, his appearance was interesting and conspicuous; and when, after a final glance at his miniature horologe, he ascended the platform and placed himself at the instrument of which he was so renowned a master, he at once commanded attention.'

Dr. Hedderwick then goes on to speak of Chopin's playing, which, he says, was different from that of all the great pianists—Liszt, Thalberg, and others—whom he had heard. He emphasises the fact that on the whole it was less fitted for the concert hall than for the drawing-room. There were indeed 'occasional episodes of both strength and grandeur,' but generally speaking the *piano* was more pronounced than the *forte*. 'It was clear to me,' he remarks, 'that Chopin was early marked for doom.' Such appears to have been the general

impression—that Chopin's playing was far too delicate for the ordinary concert platform, an impression which was, in fact, supported by the composer himself when he said that the public intimidated him: their breath stifled him. Clearly he was not cut out for a virtuoso.

Soon after the date of his concert in Glasgow, we find Chopin writing from Keir, in Perthshire, the residence of his friends, the Stirlings. He seems to have found things pretty dull here. The Sundays, in particular, tried him, tried him as much as they had tried Moscheles in Edinburgh. 'No post, no railway, no carriage (not even for taking the air), no boat, not a dog to be seen; all desolate, desolate'—such is his complaint. The trouble was, however, from within. Chopin felt himself to be getting worse and worse. He wanted to compose, but the mood would not come. 'I am all the morning,' he says, 'unable to do anything, and when I have dressed myself I feel again so fatigued that I must rest. After dinner I must sit two hours with the gentlemen, hear what they say, and see how much they drink. Meanwhile, I feel bored to death.' This, let us remember, was in the society of the woman to whom the gossips had married him by anticipation! The Stirling ladies had indeed 'the best intentions in the world,' but they made themselves a burden to the composer nevertheless. 'They fetch me,' said he, 'to introduce me to all their relations: they will at last kill me with their kindness, and I must bear it out of pure amiability.' Poor Chopin! Too weak to mount the stairs to his bedroom, he was yet expected to shine in the company at Keir.

On the 4th of October came the Edinburgh concert. It was an evening recital, and was given in the Hopetoun Rooms, Queen Street, the tickets being again half-a-guinea. The price was unheard of at that time in Edinburgh; and Miss Stirling, fearing that there might be a poor audience, bought £50 worth of tickets for distribution amongst her friends. After this, the composer ought surely to have taken a more charitable view of the irksome attentions of his 'particular friend.' As for the concert, he remarks simply: 'I have played in Edinburgh. The nobility of the neighbourhood

came to hear me; people say the thing went off well—a little success and a little money.' But even the money would not tempt him to remain longer in 'the beautiful country of Walter Scott, with its memories of Mary Stuart.' The people were very kind, but the 'interminable dinners, and cellars of which I avail myself less,' were becoming too much for him, to say nothing of his being 'every week in a different place,' and he now made for the South with all speed. The Stirlings apparently went with him to London, for we find him writing in desperation from there: 'A day longer here and I shall go mad or die. My Scotch ladies are good, but so tedious that—God have mercy on us! They have so attached themselves to me that I cannot easily get rid of them.' In less than a twelvemonth Chopin was beyond the reach of the bores, at rest in Père-la Chaise.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ART. VII.—THE CHRONICLE OF THE SIEUR DE JOINVILLE.

IT is one of the pleasant delusions of middle life that sometime —next summer when the idle days come, or this winter when the nights are long—we shall have time to read all the great leisurely books that the world has found delight in. We picture ourselves old and sagacious, indifferent to modern epigram, calmly enjoying the mellow wisdom of Montaigne, or we dream that some day we shall neglect our newspaper and magazine, and read ourselves into Froissart, till all the brave old life, with its passionate love of honour and of gallant deeds, becomes alive again to our imagination.

But we hesitate and delay, partly from lack of time and opportunity, but more from a secret misgiving that our middle-aged imagination may find itself halting and slow amid the brilliance and vain glory of court and camp. We dare not put our taste

to the proof lest, too practical and serious, it fail to catch the sunny charm of that old tale; lest, true to the indictment of our nation, we be found to take our Froissart 'sadly.'

We need not fear lest our national temperament—our humour, tender rather than gay, our instinct for going to the inward core of things—should stand in our way in understanding and loving the earlier, simpler, more personal chronicle of the Sieur de Joinville. It is the life of a saint written by a soldier, the intimate history of a man written by his friend. St. Louis was, perhaps, of all men who have sat upon a throne the most single-mindedly good; de Joinville was one of the clearest-eyed, honestest, quickest-witted courtiers who ever wrote and told the truth. The book is written in beautiful flexible old French, of all forms of human speech the sweetest and the gallantest. If the narrative is full and garrulous, like the tale an old man tells of his youth, there is no looseness in the texture of it; the reported sayings are pointed, the numberless incidents are vivid and picturesque. There is no vagueness in the drawing of the characters. Louis, whether we see him, with shrewdness and infinite care, administering justice at Vincennes, or with rapt face and shining helmet waging ill-starred battle on God's enemies, remains the same man—sweet, grave, sincere, and filled with passionate devoutness. Equally firmly, and with delightful *naïveté*, the Seneschal has drawn his own portrait—the portrait of a high-spirited, humorous soldier, reasonably pious, unfalteringly loyal and affectionate to his master, but with good, sound critical judgment.

De Joinville's is not the only biography we have of St. Louis. In the year 1297 the Court of Rome held the canonization of the French king in consideration. His own confessor, the confessor of the Queen, and another ecclesiastic, immediately produced convincing proofs of the holiness of his life. These biographies suffer under the disadvantages common to all books written obviously for edification. Saints are for the most part endowed with humour, their biographers but rarely. A fine sagacity in mundane affairs, and a curiously direct knowledge of life, are often the paradoxical reward for a total renunciation of the world, but ecclesiastical biographers pass by

such normal fruits of the Spirit, to emphasise miraculous, or at best exaggerated gifts of abstinence or benevolence. Had we only the three ecclesiastical lives of St. Louis, we might gather that he had been indeed what the angry bourgeoisie of Paris called him on the steps of the Palais Royal, a '*papillard*'—Pope ridden.

It was possibly a feeling of disappointment with the authorised biographies that produced de Joinville's *Life of St. Louis*. He tells us that it was written at the request of Jehane, Queen of Navarre, grand-daughter of St. Louis. It is dedicated to her son, afterwards Louis le Hutin. To him de Joinville presented the manuscript, adorned with those rich illuminations for which, Dante tells us, Paris was already famous. The priceless thing has long been lost through royal ingratitude and stupidity.

If de Joinville's *Life of St. Louis* differs from all other lives of saints, and excels them in freshness and human interest, this is largely due to the fact that the author was a man of the world and a soldier. 'Never yet,' says Cervantes, 'has the sword dulled the pen nor the pen the sword.' It owes still more of its distinctive charm to the fact that it was the work of an old man. In 1242 de Joinville talks of himself as a young squire—'I had not yet assumed a helmet.' He must then have been either twenty or twenty-one years old. In 1248, when he accompanied St. Louis to the East, he must have been either twenty-six or twenty-seven. Now the memoir was finished in 1309, when the Seneschal must have been about eighty-eight.

Sitting through sunny summer mornings or long, fire-lit hours of winter in his castle of de Joinville, the old man lived over the keen sensations and active deeds of youth, wove them into a continuous narrative, and dictated to the patient scribe. Old conversations are retold as if they had occurred yesterday, old feats of arms still stir the pulses, only the frequent ejaculation 'Whom God assoil!' after the name of some comrade in arms shows that the story-teller has out-lived his fellows. Of the feeble grasp of age there is not the smallest sign. All the impressions of youth are retained by a mind of singular force and clearness. The traveller's marvels that once excited curiosity are retold with every circumstance, the humorous incidents excite the

old laughter, only certain aspects of life are mellowed and changed by time and experience. De Joinville details the hideous sufferings of the crusaders as placidly as if he had had no concern in them. Intervening years had dulled the remembrance, as fortunately for human nature, time always does when the pain is merely physical. The admonitions and pointed anecdotes of St. Louis are told with the piety men keep for the good and wise of their youth. But it is chiefly in the expression of certain convictions on life and duty that we recognise that de Joinville's book is the work of a man of age and experience. Of all duties he places highest the responsibility of the great for the lives and fortunes of the lesser people committed to them. This sense of obligation was the saving spirit of feudalism far more than the blind docility of the vassal, the decay of which one sometimes hears lamented sentimentally. This generous sense of responsibility finds its highest expression in de Joinville. It was alike the motive of his own actions and his standard for judging other men.

The story of de Joinville extends over 22 years, during which he lived in the most affectionate intimacy with the king. It was the period when the French monarch was beginning to rise supreme among the great feudatories who were almost his peers. No rigid etiquette separated the king from the great nobles. It happened in the curious complications of feudal ties that de Joinville was not the vassal of the French King but of the King of Navarre. It was characteristic of the Seneschal to hold tenaciously to this point. Writing at the age of ninety to the great-grandson of St. Louis he says, 'Sire, let it not displease you that I call you merely "my good Lord," not otherwise did I address the Kings y' ancestors, whom God assoil.'

Even when de Joinville stood in the King's pay and served him during the four years at Acre, he kept the same frank independence, though never failing in the courtesy a well-bred spirit owes a king, nor in the reverence no well-born soul refuses to a saint. Even saints may become exasperated when the public exchequer is low and calls for money clamorous. De Joinville and his knights were the strength of Louis' sadly dwindling force. In reviewing the yearly contract the King bade him name his

terms. The Seneschal answered bluntly that he required no increase of pay, 'But, Sire, I w^d make this condition with you. Seeing that you are easily moved to anger if any request is made to you, I w^d have you promise not to be wrath with me whatever I may chance to ask, and I will promise not to be wrath whatever you may see fit to deny.' The King laughed that 'clear laugh' that belongs to all children and to some 'children of the second birth,' and taking the Seneschal by the hand ratified the bargain before the Legate and Council. The same 'clear laugh' greeted a jest that de Joinville made at the expense of the King's saintliness. A party of Armenian pilgrims passing through Acre on their way to Jerusalem desired de Joinville to bring them into the presence of the royal saint. The Seneschal found the King sitting on the sand in front of his tent door. 'Sire,' he said, 'a number of Armenian pilgrims are eager to see the royal saint, but, for my own part, I have no desire to kiss your bones yet.'

It is a nice question whether a jest or a just and serious rebuke are most trying not only to saints and kings but to all the children of men who take themselves seriously. The very moment Louis landed in France after his six years absence in the East, he was surrounded by those who had special interests to serve. One of these, the Abbot of Cluny, very astutely met the King's urgent needs by the gift of two fine horses. The clear-eyed Seneschal, who had no particular love of priests, noticed the King's patience and geniality in the Abbot's business. When the churchman had left he asked the King, 'Sir, let me ask you, an it please you, did you hear the Abbot the more graciously because of the two palfreys he gave you yesterday?' And with grave, sweet candour the King replied, 'Truly I think I did.'

This magnanimity is all the more beautiful because the usual attitude of Louis to de Joinville was that of a wise and tender elder yearning over the soul of the younger man. The actual difference between their ages was less than twelve years, but the cares of an unstable kingdom and the haunting passion for righteousness had left the King but a short season of youth. He seems to have regarded with anxiety the hot blood, blunt speech,

and quick understanding of the young Seneschal. The following story is so beautiful that one cannot shorten it :—

‘ Once he called me to him, and said : “ I dare not speak with you concerning the things of God because of the subtle wit I know to be in you, so I have brought these two friars with me, and I w^d. ask you one question—Seneschal, what is the Nature of God ? ” And I answered, “ God is of such excellent Nature that better may not be. ” “ Verily, ” he answered, “ that is well said. Now, ” he added, “ I w^d. ask you which you w^d. rather choose, to be a leper or to have committed a mortal sin ? ” And I, who never lied to him, answered “ that rather than be a leper I w^d. have committed thirty mortal sins. ” And when the friars were gone he called me to him quite alone, and making me sit at his feet, said, “ How came you to say that to me yesterday ? ” I answered that I still held to the same opinion. “ It is hastily and rashly said, for you sh^d. know that no leprosy is so hideous as mortal sin, for when a man dies he is cured of his bodily disease, but if he have committed mortal sin, he may die without repentance and the pardon of God, and great is the fear that this disease may remain with him as long as God is in Heaven ; therefore, with all my heart I beseech you for the love of God, and for the love of me also, that you set y^r. heart to choose whatever evil may befall the body rather than mortal sin which destroys the soul. ’

Though de Joinville proves clearly the independent attitude of the king to priests and bishops in matters of public justice, in all matters of the Faith, Louis was the obedient son of the Church. Many were the pointed stories he told to enforce the duty of blind submission to the orthodox Faith. None is so touching as that of the large-hearted Bishop William of Paris, who comforted a Doctor of Divinity, distracted by doubt, by the fine parable that they who held the Faith against the temptations of doubt, deserved as well of God as a Frenchman who held the border fortress of La Rochelle against the English would deserve of the French king. Quainter and more direct in moral application is the story of the Jew and the old knight, which the King quoted with unqualified approval—

‘At a disputation between some learned Jews and the monks of Cluny, a lame old knight, a pensioner of the Abbey, begged to be allowed to open the controversy. The Jew having denied that Mary was the Mother of God, his opponent replied, “What art thou but a fool who, neither loving Christ nor believing in Him, hast ventured into His house? And now truly thou shalt pay for it.” And he lifted up his staff and struck the Jew in the eye, and bore him to the ground. “Now,” said the King, “no one unless he be a learned clerk sh^d. dispute with them, but a layman sh^d. only defend the Faith with his sword, and with that let him strike home.” We sh^d. draw another moral from the tale.’

To have held his kingdom together against arrogant feudatories, to have made peace among his vassals and neighbours, to have established law and administered equal justice in his own domains, to have studded his estates with noble charities, to have lived the life of a saint in the midst of a Court—all this was nothing to Louis IX. as long as the holy places were still in the hands of God’s enemies. The words he said in dying, ‘Jérusalem, Jérusalem, nous irons à Jérusalem,’ may be said to have been the refrain of his secret thoughts since boyhood. In 1246 deliverance from the very threshold of death gave him the ardently desired occasion to assume the cross. The strong-willed, pious mother might break her heart to part with her son, but her high spirit accepted the task of ruling the kingdom in the absence of her three sons, for the king’s brothers as well as all the more important nobles had caught the enthusiasm. While Italy and Germany were distracted by the ignoble strife of Pope and Emperor, while England was harassed by the falsehood of the feeble king and the greed of foreign churchmen, a wave of real religious enthusiasm passed over chivalrous France. De Joinville, like the rest, raised every available penny, armed ten knights at his own cost, feasted his friends, kissed wife and infant son, and rode away from the castle of Joinville, not daring to look back lest the sight of his old towers should weaken his heart. One piece of advice given by an old kinsman stuck in his conscience. ‘You are going beyond seas,’ he said, ‘now, I warn you, take heed of your return, for no knight, whether rich

or poor, may return without shame if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the poor folk of our Lord who have gone thither in his company.'

One of the main difficulties of the crusade was the transport. It was in the hands of Pisan, Genoese or Venetian master-marines who sold their services dear. When money was exhausted, and men were sick of the profitless warfare of the Holy Land, the richer men paid their passage home, but each Crusade left a residuum of the poorer sort to swell the population of the feeble Latin kingdoms, besides others, more wretched, renegades and unransomed prisoners in the hands of the Saracens.

St. Louis' first campaign was directed to Egypt. It cannot be said that he had any plan either military or political. The crusades, we must remember, were pilgrimages as much as campaigns. Every Saracen killed was another of God's enemies cast into Hell, if a crusader fell he was another blessed martyr gathered home to Heaven. So men fought for honour or salvation, and left the issue to God, who, like a faithful over-lord, was bound to stand by His men. 'God did us such courtesy,' is de Joinville's acknowledgement of some unlooked for deliverance in battle. Men hazarded the fate of an army that they might be first in the field. In the thick of the fight they stopped to decide nice points of honour. Once when de Joinville, unhorsed and wounded, was surrounded by Saracens, a friend, himself with a grisly wound in the face, said to him, 'Now if you think that it w^d never be counted as dishonour to me or my heirs I w^d go and bring you aid from the Count of Anjou.' Men jested on the battle-field as at a tourney. 'Seneschal,' cried the Count de Soissons in the excitement of battle, 'let us drive-off this mob. By God's head you and I will yet speak of this day in our ladies' bower!'

It is pathetic to read with what exactness religious duties were observed through the terror of night attacks and lost battles as well as through the settled gloom of pestilence and famine. The rigours of the Lenten fast weakened those struck down by the hideous camp sickness. De Joinville was himself grievously sick. As he lay in his tent his chaplain fainted from weakness in the middle of the Mass. The Seneschal standing bare foot

and in his shirt supported him in his arms; he celebrated the Sacrament, sang his Mass, and 'thereafter never sang again.' When de Joinville and his comrades were captured on the Nile boat and looked for nothing but instant death, one of the knights knelt before him, and in default of a priest, made his confession to him. 'I absolve you with the power given me of God,' said de Joinville, adding with characteristic frankness, 'when we got up I c^d not remember a word he had said.'

Men had need alike of light-hearted gallantry and of religion to carry them through the disaster of the expedition. Battles were succeeded by famine, by pestilence, and finally by captivity in the hands of a capricious and treacherous enemy. It cost St. Louis 400,000 livres tournois of ransom before he delivered himself and the remnant of his host out of Egypt. How small that remnant was, one can judge by the fact that of the 2,700 knights who had sailed with him from Cyprus hardly more than 100 accompanied him to Acre. Some remained prisoners in Egypt, and with them many of the lesser people.

The Latin principalities in the Holy Land could only drag on their existence through the new blood brought by each fresh expedition. Their hopes were fixed on St. Louis, the champion of Christendom. But the force with which he arrived at Acre could effect nothing, and there was undeniable good sense in the advice urged by his brothers, the Legate and other responsible men, that he should return to his own kingdom. The King put the case plainly before the Council; on the one hand his mother urged his return, as France was being threatened by England, on the other his departure would mean the destruction of the Latin power in the Holy Land; all who could would accompany him, the remnant would be left defenceless.

The next Sunday, sitting in Council, the great nobles, one after the other, urged his return home. De Joinville was the fourteenth. The warning of his kinsman had never gone out of his heart. Now with passionate bluntness he urged that the King should spend money liberally, bringing fresh adventurers from over seas. Otherwise those who had been made captive in the service of God and of the King could hope for no deliverance. Then all present thinking of their kinsmen in captivity

in Egypt began to weep, but none the less were they incensed at de Joinville's boldness. During dinner the King kept looking at him, but did not speak to him, and the Seneschal thought that he too was angry. His heart was full, and after the meal he retired into the little recess where the King's bed stood. Leaning his arms against the iron bars he stared idly into vacancy and sadly considered his own plans. He would take service with his own kinsman the Prince of Antioch, till means should be found to ransom the captives in Egypt. As he stood there, lost in thought, some one came behind him and laid his hands lightly over his eyes. He, thinking it was Master Philip d'Anemos, one of the most vexing of his adversaries, said irritably, 'Leave me alone Master Philip.' As he turned his head the hands dropped from his eyes, and he recognised an emerald that the King wore on his finger. 'How came you to be so bold,' asked the King, 'to counsel me differently from all the others, you who are so young a man?' But de Joinville in his indignant honesty can only repeat the same advice. 'Now be of good cheer,' said the King, 'for I am much pleased with the advice you have given, but you must tell no one of this for another week.'

The towns on the Syrian seaboard have always been meeting-places for men of the most varied races and religions and habits. Never was this more the case than during the last Crusade. Daily strangers arrived at Acre from the sea or across the Lebanon from Damascus and the further East. Ambassadors—probably impostors—arrived from the Tartars, those vast and savage hordes that hung like a black cloud on the confines of Christendom. They flattered the king by holding out hopes of the conversion of the Great Khan. Strange, fierce-looking men brought gifts from the Old Man of the Mountain. One Christian knight, who joined the French forces, had come on his ship straight from Norway. He and his Norsemen found congenial sport galloping after lions in the desert, slaying them with spears. Under hot Syrian skies he told the fascinating, incredible tale of his own far North, its cold and darkness, and its midnight sun. To all these tales de Joinville lent a greedy ear.

The most remarkable story he tells is all the more striking because it is told without a word of comment—

‘A certain friar, Brother Ives, was sent to Damascus on an embassy from the King. Going from his hostel to the palace of the Sultan, he met an old woman in the street, carrying in her hand a pan of burning embers, and in the left a pitcher of water. ‘The friar asked her what she would do with these. She answered that with the fire she would burn Paradise till it was utterly consumed, and with the water she would quench Hell. “Why would you do this?” asked the friar. “That from henceforward no one should do good for the reward of Heaven nor from the fear of Hell, but solely for the love of God, which is worth all beside and can supply everything else to us.”’ ‘We do not know if this bold and magnanimous soul was Christian or Mohamedan, we only know that she was a woman and old.’

The finest feat of arms told of this crusade was that of Walter, Count of Jaffa. He had fallen into the hands of the Saracens, who were besieging his town. His enemies, in their cruel, Eastern fashion, tied him to a high forked stake, and held him up close to the walls that the sight of his sufferings might persuade his followers to surrender. But he cried with a loud voice forbidding them to give up the place whatever pains they might see him endure; if they did, he would kill them with his own hand.

It was during the four heroic, profitless years at Acre that de Joinville was so intimate with the king. When the heavy news came from France of Queen Blanche’s death, the king sent for the Seneschal. Holding out his arms, he cried like a warm-hearted boy, ‘Seneschal, I have lost my mother.’ The Seneschal was more sincere than sympathetic on this occasion. It is apparent that he disliked the good, masterful, jealous, devoted mother of his master. He probably never forgave her treatment of her daughter-in-law, Queen Margaret. Indeed, his warm heart and natural good sense took exception to the austere self-control of the King. ‘I had been five years about his person,’ he writes, ‘before I heard him mention the Queen or his children; it did

not seem to me right to be so distant to one's wife and children.' When the Seneschal found the young queen weeping over her mother-in-law's death, he cleared the air of cant by asking why she made such lamentation for the woman she hated most in the world.

They were full enough of disappointment and tribulation those four years in the Holy Land, but they seem to have been free from those mutual jealousies and suspicions that mostly embitter unsuccessful public enterprizes. The camp at Acre had its own sins and follies to answer for; at least it compared favourably with the Court of Rome. When, in 1253, return was finally decided on, the Legate, holding both de Joinville's hands, said, with bitter weeping, 'It grieves me to the heart to know that I must leave your holy society and return to that faithless crew at Rome.'

By the men of that day the unfamiliar dangers of the sea were more dreaded than the too familiar dangers of war and pestilence. On the coast of Cyprus the king's ship ran on a sandbank. The very sailors were in despair. While they all stood on deck expecting to be drowned, one of de Joinville's knights threw over him a furred cloak. "What should I do with this cloak, seeing I am about to be drowned?" cried the ungrateful Seneschal. 'Upon my soul, sir,' answered the knight, 'I would rather that we were all drowned than that you should catch your death of cold.'

The damage, though not fatal, was serious enough, and even the master-mariner urged the King to land in Cyprus and take another ship. But the tender care of the 'poor folk of our Lord' (*le menu peuple notre seigneur*), which had made him risk death and imprisonment in Egypt, and had kept him four years in the Holy Land, would not allow the King to leave the ship. 'Every man on board loves his life as I do mine; if I go none will dare to remain on this ship, yet with great difficulty will they obtain a passage on any other.' So with damaged keel but unbroken courage the voyage was continued. Another night-alarm during a storm gives us the quaintest little picture of the domestic relations of St. Louis and his wife. The King's cabin has been injured, and he had been accommodated with

another elsewhere, leaving de Joinville and another in his place. In the middle of the night the Queen groped her way into the cabin. She had come to beg the King to vow a pilgrimage to God and to the saints that they might deliver the ship from danger. De Joinville with soothing confidence advised her to vow a pilgrimage to St. Nicholas of the Port—the sailor's saint—and he, the Seneschal, would be surety for her safe return. 'Seneschal,' she answered, 'I would do it willingly, but the King is so contradictory that if he knew that I had made such a vow without consulting him he would never let me go.' De Joinville found a way out of the difficulty by advising a gift to the saint of a silver ship, one of those delicate pieces of the silversmith's craft that are the joy of collectors.

One would be inclined to attribute de Joinville's advice to the mere masculine desire to quiet feminine perturbations if he did not tell us further that he himself carried the little ship—with King, Queen, and royal children all in silver—when he went on pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint.

If it were an age of abject superstition and oppressive orthodoxy, even then, as at all other periods, there were spirits who speculated freely and spoke out fearlessly. At Hyère, where they landed, a famous Franciscan preached before Louis of the duties of kings. He had read much, he said, in the Bible and in other books, and neither in sacred history nor in secular had he found king or kingdom come to destruction except through lack of justice. 'Therefore,' he added, 'let the King of France see to it that he do prompt justice to his people.' It was Louis' earnest desire to attach this truth-teller to his person, but Brother Hugo had preached against the monks who left their cloisters to follow the Court. 'I will not go,' he answered, 'I will go where I shall be more pleasing to God than in the King's company.'

De Joinville tells us very briefly of his return to his castle in Champagne, 'on foot, shoeless, and in rags.' For the next sixteen years he had enough to do to recover his land from encroaching neighbours and to renew prosperity among his vassals.

St. Louis returned to the old life of incessant labour and prayer with an added intensity of devotion. He wore now only

plain, sad-coloured suits, and lived sparingly, subduing that innocent flesh that was already half spirit. But the old passion burned in his heart. In 1270 he called all his barons to Paris. De Joinville, suspecting the cause, pleaded a tertian fever as an excuse for his absence, but the King insisted, saying he had good physicians who would cure the fever. At his coming de Joinville found Queen and courtiers equally unwitting of the King's purpose. But two days later the King and his two sons assumed the Cross, standing before the high altar of the Sainte Chapelle. Many of the great nobles joined them, but the Seneschal stood firm. He had stood almost alone in requiring the King to remain in the Holy Land, he was among the few who strongly resisted the King in the matter of the second Crusade. His motive was the same in both cases, the lives and fortunes of the 'menu peuple' for whom he was answerable to God. 'For if I risked my body in this Crusade when I saw clearly that it would be for the hurt and loss of my people I should anger God who gave His body to save His people.' De Joinville went the length of accusing of mortal sin those who persuaded the King to leave his natural duties. The sight of his master so frail and so determined filled the Seneschal with helpless, indignant pity. 'His weakness was so great that he let me carry him from the house of the Count of Auxerre, where I bade him farewell, to the convent of the Franciscans.' That is the last sight we have of the two together; the Seneschal strong, affectionate, disapproving, the King with worn white face and passionate heart still looking towards Jerusalem.

ART. VIII.—TRAVELS IN TIBET.

1. *In the Forbidden Land: An Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release.* By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. London: William Heinemann. 1898.
2. *Through Asia.* By SVEN HEDIN. 2 vols. With Map and Illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1898.

LHASSA, the capital of Tibet, and the residence of the Dalai Lama, the head of Tibetan Buddhism, has long closed its gates against the prying curiosity of the European traveller. From time to time one or more adventurous spirits have managed to get within its walls, or to obtain a sight of its monasteries; but now, it would appear, the whole country, or, at least, so much of it as lies beneath the effective control of the Government or of the Lamas, has the whole of its approaches jealously guarded, and Europeans are strictly forbidden to cross its sacred limits. Contrary to expectation, the Sikkim Trade Convention of 1894 has had no effect in the direction of opening up the country, and the experiences of the last Englishman who has had the rashness to set the prejudices of the Lamas at defiance, have not been such as to tempt others to follow in his steps. How long this state of matters will continue, and the many important problems in physical geography which await their solution in Tibet will have to remain unsolved, it is impossible to say; but at the present moment the country is one of the least known regions of the globe, and as Dr. Hedin observes, even the maps of Africa cannot show a white patch of such vast extent as occurs under the name of Tibet on our maps of Central Asia.

The first European to reach Lhasa was apparently the monk Ordorico di Pordenone, who travelled from China to Tibet in the first half of the fourteenth century. His visit to Lhasa is put down at in or about the year 1330. Three centuries

later, in 1624, the Spanish Jesuit, Antoninus de Andrade, went from India to Tibet, and thirty-seven years later, in 1661, the two Jesuit missionaries, Grueber and D'Orville, reached Lhasa from Pekin by way of Koko-nor, Tsaidam, and the country of the Tanguts. They remained in the capital two months, and then returned to Europe by way of Nepal and Agra. In 1706 two Capuchin fathers, Josepho de Asculi and Francisco Marie de Toun, penetrated to the same mysterious city from Bengal. Ten years later the Jesuit Desideri reached it from Kashmir and Ladak, and spent thirteen years in it. He was joined in 1719 by the Capuchin Horacio de la Penna, who remained there till 1735, but was there again from 1740 to 1746 at the head of a mission. Between the years 1729 to 1737 the Dutchman, Van der Putte, was twice in Lhasa, passing through it on his way from India to Pekin, and again on his return. Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb, and the first Englishman to reach the city, was there in 1811. According to M. Huc, Moorcroft reached Lhasa from Ladak, and spent twelve years there, gathering information and making drawings and charts of the country; but according to others he was never there. MM. Huc and Gabet, two Lazarite missionaries, were fortunate enough to reach the city in 1845, but were expelled after a stay of two months.

MM. Huc and Gabet were the last Europeans who obtained an entrance into the capital of Tibet. Since then the country has been penetrated in several directions, but only to a short distance towards the interior. The extreme west was explored in 1856-7 by the brothers Schlagintweit, in 1865 by Johnson, in 1868-70 by Shaw and by Hayward, in 1870 and 1873-4 by Forsyth, in 1885-7 by Carey and Dalgleish, and in 1889-90 by Grombtchevsky. Among the explorations carried on in the eastern part of the country, those of the Russian General, Prjevalsky, are the most important. Though he failed to reach Lhasa, he discovered the new Lop-nor, an immense fresh water lake, where only a salt water lake was deemed possible, the great chain of mountains known as the Altyn-tagh, and the existence of the wild camel, a discovery which has since been confirmed by Carey, Younghusband and others. Since its dis-

covery by General Prjevalsky, the Lop-nor has been visited by the three expeditions of Carey, Dalgleish, Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans. The last got as far as two days journey south of the Tengri-nor, and were in hopes of reaching Lhasa, but here they were stopped, and in spite of negotiations, which lasted nearly seven weeks, the intrepid travellers were obliged to make a considerable circuit, and direct their course to Tongking.

Among those who have contributed much to our knowledge of the country several Indian pundits deserve to be reckoned. Kishen Singh, who was a member of the Forsyth expedition, succeeded in penetrating somewhat further into the country than the others, and one of the most remarkable journeys ever made into Tibet was that of Nain Singh, who was sent in July 1874 by Captain Trotter from Leh in Ladak to Lhasa. But still more remarkable, both as to results and as to the extent of country covered, were the journeys of the intrepid pundit Krishna, commonly known as A-K, who was sent by the Indian Government to explore the country west of a line drawn through Lhasa and Lop-nor, to the south of Prjevalsky's journeys, and to the north of the Brahmaputra and the Himalayas, a region since crossed by Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans. Dr. Hedin thus summarises the pundit's journeys:—

‘Disguised as a merchant, and provided with plenty of money and instruments, A-K went, by way of Sikhim, to Lhasa, reaching that city in September, 1878. There he stopped for a whole year, waiting to find a large and well armed caravan with which he might travel northwards, as the Tangut robbers made the roads in that direction very unsafe. On September 17th, 1879, a Mongol caravan arrived. A hundred of its members, Mongols, with a few Tibetans, were going back at once. All were mounted, and all armed with spears, swords, and firearms. A-K seized the opportunity. Great caution was observed during the march; patrols were sent on ahead, and a watch kept at night. The route which was followed at first coincided with that of Nain Singh in 1875, when he journeyed from Tengri-nor to Lhasa. South of Tan-la A-K touched the route taken by Prjevalsky on his third journey. The highest pass in the Tan-la, 16,300 feet, marked the water-shed between the upper Mekong and the Yang-tae-kiang. After five months on the plateau he reached the Anghirtakshia Mountains over a pass 15,750 feet in altitude. A halt was made at Tenghelik in Tsaidam; but just as the caravan was on the point of starting again it was attacked by two hundred robbers, who relieved

A-K of all his goods and baggage animals. He managed, however, to retain his notes and instruments, and in spite of his reverses determined to persevere with the solution of the problems which had been set him. He wintered on the western shore of the Kurlyk-nor until March, 1880. Thence he intended to steer his course towards Lop-nor; but his Indian servant deserted him, carrying off most of his possessions. He himself was obliged to take service with a Mongol, who was going to Sa-chow. There he was well treated by a lama, but was compelled by the Chinese Governor to turn back. This turning-point is of importance. It was from that region Prjevalsky made his journey towards Tsaidam and Tan-la in 1879-80; and in the same quarter Count Széchenyi's expedition through China came to an end. With one faithful follower A-K started on his return journey; but was again compelled to take service with "Chinese Tartars." Finally, however, he reached Darchendo (Tatsien-lu) in safety, and at the mission-station there received every help from the bishop; and thence returned by way of Batang and Darjiling to India.*

The Swedish traveller, Dr. Hedin, from whose splendid volumes we have just quoted, is the most recent of European travellers who have visited the northern parts of Tibet. He approached the country from Kashgar, Yarkhand, Khotan, Niya, and Kopa. At the last-named place he turned south, crossed the pass of Yafpkaklik at an altitude of 15,680 feet, and descended into a country which was absolutely barren and inhospitable. 'The landscape,' he says, 'was monotonous in the extreme, a uniform grey, and absolutely barren, not a vestige of life, not a trace of even a khulan (wild ass). But then there was not a blade of vegetation anywhere. I saw no living creature except a light-green lizard, which scuttled in amongst the gravel.' Proceeding in a southerly and then in an easterly direction, the expedition was pursued by sand-storms and snow-storms, most of the men, though chiefly Taghliks or mountaineers, were seized with mountain-sickness, and on the 11th of August, when at an elevation of 16,300 feet above the level of the sea, a halt had to be called and the tents pitched. The air was dry enough, but the place was scarcely a sanatorium. Snow fell throughout the day with but slight intrusions; a 'full-blooded west-wind was racing past.' Walking, or the slightest prolonged physical exertion, brought

* Vol. I., 10-11.

on shortness of breath, and accelerated the action of the heart, and, owing to the great altitude, it was impossible to obtain water sufficiently hot to cook the mutton or to soften the rice. Even the appetite of the men became affected, and Dr. Hedin writes, 'There was nothing for us but the everlasting thin mutton-broth, with tea, and bread as hard as a stone. Our fare was the same at every meal, twice a day, and at last I became so tired of it that the approach of meal-times made me almost shudder.' For thirteen days the party wandered about among the spurs of the Arka-tagh range searching for a pass leading over to the Tibetan plateau. At last, after much searching and much trouble from the Taghliks, who one night bolted in a body, carrying with them ten donkeys, two horses, and stores of bread and flour, and had to be bound every night to prevent them from running away again, a pass, a few miles to the east of that used by Littledale, was lighted upon, and, on August 24, successfully crossed at an absolute altitude of 18,180 feet.

The first view which Dr. Hedin obtained of Northern Tibet was of vast extent and magnificent:—

'From the south-east round to the south-west we had an uninterrupted view of almost boundless extent, only interrupted on the east and west by outliers of the main range. The southern face of the Arka-tagh was much steeper than the northern. We descended through a winding glen shut in on both sides by subsidiary chains, which projected at right angles from the side of the pass. Both chains were shorter than the corresponding spurs on the north, their altitudes decreasing rather abruptly, until they merged in an undulating level, and finally in an extensive tableland. As I gazed southwards across that vast high plain, I observed here and there what looked like minor irregularities of the surface, intermingled with low hills, but in reality they were disconnected portions of surviving mountain-chains. The southern horizon was edged as far as I could see, both east and west, by an imposing range of dark-blue mountains, which, however, owing to the contrast with the broad plain, appeared to be relatively low. Towards the south-east and south-west the range was overtopped by peaks and crests, covered with perpetual snow. To the south-south-west, and nearer, there was a small lake, apparently the gathering-basin for the drainage-waters of the greater portion of the region which lay spread out before us. We had thus reached the first basin on the Tibetan plateau not provided with an outflow.'

On descending the pass, Dr. Hedin made for the small lake they had seen in the distance. The country was far from inviting, its surface being everywhere covered with fine sand and dust, soft and moist, and consequently very tiring to the caravan animals. Nor did the weather improve. Storms were frequent, and of the most violent kind. A description of one that occurred during the first night Dr. Hedin was on Tibetan ground may be taken as a sample of what was frequently experienced :—

‘As I walked back to my tent, Yolldash at my heels, the sun was already setting in a sky as pure and blue as turquoise, save that a few snow-white fleecy clouds (*cirri-cumuli*) floated along in isolated groups. But hardly had the upper edge of the sun disappeared below the horizon, when its place in the west was taken by a black, threatening mass of cloud. Close down upon the earth the atmosphere was perfectly calm, but in the higher regions it was blowing hard, as we saw from the dark steel-grey clouds, whose edges were tinted various shades of blood red, vivid yellow, and violet by the setting sun. Some portions of the clouds were entirely black; others reluctantly allowed the sheaf of the sun’s rays to penetrate through them. It was a sublime and yet fantastic and awe-inspiring spectacle. I could not tear my eyes away from it. Then came the first puffs of the wind, ruffling the calmness of the atmosphere, at first feeble and in intermittent gusts, but soon more violently as well as more frequently. The squall swooped down upon the camp. The wind blew with indescribable fury. The men ran to the tent-ropes, and held on like grim death, else the tent would have gone over. Down swished the hail, so fiercely that it actually whistled past our ears. The horses and other animals were alarmed and stopped grazing, and in five minutes the squall was past, driving east at a terrific pace. No fresh clouds appeared in the west. The atmosphere again became still and calm, and a splendid, bright starry evening followed. But it was not destined to last, for all the early part of the night everything was shrouded in a thick mist, so thick that we could not even see the little hill at the foot of which we were encamped. During the squall, and frequently afterwards too, it seemed to me that the clouds swept along in actual contact with the surface of the earth. When the black storms drove past, with their hanging fringes of cloud, the glittering white snow-fields on the mountain-sides became dark and gloomy, but in the morning, when the air was again clear and bright, the eternal snows dazzled us with, if it were possible, an even more glorious brilliancy’ (1007).

The lake, which proved to be larger than it at first sight appeared, was reached on the evening of August 25. Keeping

to the north of it, and with the Arka-tagh on the left, the caravan then took an easterly direction and travelled along the shores of what appeared to be an endless series of lakes running in a general direction of from west to east, and with an altitude of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea level. For the most part the journey was made upon level ground, but the country was uninhabited and without vegetation, except along the margin of the lakes and of the streams running into them, where here and there a scanty patch of grass was found. Animal life, however, was abundant. In some places the khulan or wild ass literally swarmed; wild yaks, singly and in herds, were frequently met with; antelopes and hares abounded, and occasionally a bear was seen. Overhead were gulls, and floating upon the bosom of some of the lakes, were the beautiful forms of snow-white swans; but of one place, Dr. Hedin observes, 'the only living creatures we observed were wagtails and flies.' Neither Dr. Hedin nor his caravan men can claim excellence as sportsmen, or at any rate as marksmen. At the third shot they managed to wound a wild ass, the only one they appear to have hunted, and then, after a 'chase of full two hours,' and considerable delay, they were able to despatch him 'with a well-directed thrust of a knife.' A wild yak they hunted had to receive no fewer than eleven bullets before an end was put to its torment. Kuhlant-hunting is a comparatively simple affair, and apparently unattended by much danger; yak-hunting is different, and, as the following incident will show, not without its risks:—

'At length we reached the amphitheatre . . . in which the herbage, such as it was, was not scanty. An exceptionally large herd of yaks were grazing at the foot of the rocks on our right. Islam rode towards them, and took a shot at them. Thereupon the herd divided, the greater part fleeing up the mountains, whilst the others, nearly fifty of them, in a tightly packed drove, made straight towards me and Emin Mirza. We were alone and without weapons, and felt we were in a pretty tight fix, for the animals seemed to be charging right down upon us. The leader of the herd was a well-shaped bull; after him a little calf and five old bulls walloped along as hard as they could put feet to ground, whilst the rear was brought up by Islam on horseback. The yaks were enveloped in a perfect cloud of dust. We could distinctly hear the cracking of their hoofs, and were blindly conscious that in another second or two we should

be crushed under the avalanche of their irresistible onrush. It appeared, however, that they had not yet observed us, for no sooner did the leader become aware of us, which he did at about a hundred paces' distance, than he swerved aside, and was instantly followed by the whole battalion. This gave Islam his opportunity. He hastily dismounted, and placed himself in ambush, and fired at a venture in the middle of the troop. The bullet struck a bull in the foreleg; then the animal, mad with fury, charged straight upon the sportsman. Islam flung himself into the saddle, and set off as fast as his enfeebled horse was able to gallop. The yak, however, though running on only three legs, caught up with him after two or three minutes' chase, but, just as he was on the point of tossing horse and rider on his horns, Islam, who saw the danger he was in, turned in his saddle, and took aim. But he was so excited he could not aim with the cool deliberation that so perilous a moment demanded. However, the yak was so close to him that it was scarcely possible to miss; luckily the bullet penetrated the region of the heart, and this put an end to the contest. The yak was a bull about eight years old. . . . If Islam's last shot had failed he would infallibly have been lost. The chase of the wild yak is perilous, and it does not always have such a happy ending as this' (1072).

After travelling over six weeks through the remarkable lake basin just alluded to, and passing no fewer than twenty-three lakes, some of which were of considerable size, the caravan descended into a spacious cauldron-shaped valley, richly supplied with grass, and intersected by several small brooks. Here were seen troops of wild asses numbering from 80 to 200 each 'moving like squadrons of cavalry along the mountain slopes.' Here, too, for the first time since entering Tibet the party came across traces of human beings. The 'tracks of three camels and half a dozen horses, that is to say, of an entire caravan,' going in a north-westerly direction, were met with; but it was not until two days later (October 1st), that a human habitation was lighted upon. The discovery of this was quite unexpected, and not a little sensational. 'Islam Bai, having caught sight of some yaks grazing at the foot of the mountains at the opposite side of the valley [through which we were travelling], crept cautiously within range, fired three shots without killing anything, then—imagine our surprise! an old woman came running forward, shouting and gesticulating, so that we at once understood the animals were tame yaks, and that we had at length reached the farthest

outpost of an inhabited region, after travelling fifty-five days through the wilds of northern Tibet.'

The tent in which the old woman lived was soon reached, and 'was constructed of an old and very ragged felt carpet, held up by two poles. Each of the long sides was kept back by three horizontal poles fastened by means of ropes passed through holes in the tent-covering to upright stakes driven into the ground outside. This made the tent more rounded at the top, and consequently more roomy. In the middle of the roof there was a long narrow smoke-vent. The poles which supported the tent were of tamarisk wood, and had grown at Hajar in Tsaidam.' Dr. Hedin, accompanied by two of his men, Parpi Bai and Emin Mirza, took shelter within it from a violent snowstorm, and inspected its furnishings.

'The most important object was a small cubiform box standing against the short side immediately opposite the entrance. As Parpi Bai justly remarked, it was a *budkhaneh* or shrine to Buddha. After some hesitancy the old woman opened the shrine; it contained Tibetan books, written on long, narrow loose sheets, and each book, or bundle of such sheets, was wrapped in a piece of cloth. The old woman dusted the holy shrine with a yak's tail which lay on the box lid; and beside the box were a few basins of brass and wood, evidently sacred vessels. The rest of the furniture consisted of a Chinese porcelain bowl, a leather pail, a jug of the same material, an iron cooking pot, a copper saucepan with a lid, a brass teapot, a bag full of a certain dried plant, which was thrown upon the fire to give a fragrant smell, together with knives, bellows, steel (for striking fire), saddles and bridles, ragged clothes, a sheep's bladder filled with yak fat, and a bag of "tsamba." The greater part of the space was taken up with hams, legs, and chines of wild yak beef; others lay piled up in a heap outside the tent; so that we were obliged to keep our dogs tied up. The flesh is left in the air till it shrinks and turns dry and black, and hard as wood. The old woman took a knife, and cut off a few slices, and roasted them over the fire, and then offered them to us to eat. We subsequently learned, that the family dwelt in the same place all the year round, for the purpose of supplying their fellow-tribesmen in Tsaidam with yak meat.

'Three large stones in the middle of the tent supported the cooking-pot, and yak dung, for feeding the fire, was packed up in a circle all round them. When the old woman wanted to make a fire, she caught sparks from the steel on a handful of vegetable wool or down, which she then placed on the hearth amongst dry, powdered horse dung, and after blow-

ing it alight with the bellows, heaped yak dung upon it. The Mongols do not eat the flesh of the khulan. They milk their mares ; and the milk tasted like the *ayran* (boiled milk diluted with water, and left to cool and sour) of the Kirghiz. A hollow stone, supported by a low tripod, and filled with yak fat, served for a lamp.' (1081-2.)

Dorcheh, the owner of this tent, was engaged by Dr. Hedin to guide the caravan to Togdeh-gol, and after a day's stay at Mössöto, as his place was called, the party set off once more, and made their way into the salt depression of Tsaidam, passing through the valley of Koko-bureh, where they met with a party of mounted Mongols, all armed to the teeth. They turned out to be yak-hunters on their way to the mountains in the north to lay in a supply of yak-beef for the winter. Though of formidable appearance, they were peaceably disposed, and as for some distance they were going in the same direction, they agreed to accompany our travellers. On the following day they turned off to the north, and the caravan pressed on under the leadership of Dorcheh across Tsaidam. Here the aspect of the country gradually changed, and settlements of Mongols were from time to time stumbled upon. Though not a little amazed, the Mongols were invariably friendly. At Yikeh-tsohan-gol, where he stayed several days, dismissing his Taghliks and re-organising his caravan, Dr. Hedin was soon on terms of cordial intimacy with the inhabitants. Whenever he entered their tents they offered him tea and tsamba, and he 'failed to discern a trace of either shyness or alarm among them, of either prejudice or superstition.' Unlike the inhabitants of Southern Tibet, they are all monogamists, he tells us, and their women enjoy incomparably more freedom than do the women among the Mahomedan tribes of Central Asia. They go about unveiled, but 'are very inadequately clothed.' The sheepskin with which the upper part of the body is clad, is worn in the same way as in the South of Tibet, both by men and women, being merely held together at the waist and left shoulder so as to leave the whole of the right side down to the waist uncovered.

From Yikeh-tsohan-gol travelling became pleasanter.

'The caravan of about a score of horses,' Dr. Hedin writes, 'made a fine show as we travelled at a rapid pace towards the east under the ex-

perienced guidance of Dorcheh. I congratulated myself upon having a string of fresh, well-conditioned horses. It was quite a relief after the wretched team with which I struggled among the lake-basins of Northern Tibet. And what a change there was, too, in the outward appearance of the country! We now rode across a level steppe, covered with luxuriant verdure, and along a well-trodden path in easy curves. But on the left we had the boundless ocean of the desert of Tsaidam. The only mountains we could see were the far distant Tsohan-ula, away to the right. The alternations and changes and surprises which kept me busy amongst the mountains now of course ceased, so that I had next to nothing to do. The country was extremely-uniform, the ravines and dry beds of the streams being the only diversities of the surface.'

As the party entered the eastern part of Tsaidam a sharp look-out began to be kept for marauding bands of Tanguts. Prjevalsky and Roborovsky had been attacked in this region by them, and Loppsen, who had by this time taken the place of Dorcheh, and his companions began to be in mortal terror of any of them. From only one of these bands, however, did the expedition experience any trouble, and that not of a very serious kind. On the last day of October, when near the southern shores of Khara-nor, a body of about a dozen mounted Tanguts was seen to be rapidly bearing down upon the caravan, but when the Tanguts saw three men armed with rifles waiting to receive them, they suddenly pulled up at the distance of about a hundred and fifty paces, held a hurried consultation with much shouting and gesticulation, and then wheeled away at right angles to the foot of a mountain range on the south, where one-half of them disappeared in a ravine, while the rest moved along in a line parallel with the caravan, but always at the distance of a couple of rifle shots. For two or three nights they hovered about the camp; but a strict watch being kept, they never ventured to approach, and finally disappeared.

Dulan-kitt, which he reached on the 5th of November, was the first walled town Dr. Hedin had seen since leaving Kopa on July 30th. Crossing the Yak river he went on to the Koko-nor, and thence on to Ten-kar, on the way to which he came across an enormous caravan of Dsun-sassak Mongols returning from Ten-kar with supplies for the winter. At Ten-

kar Dr. Hedin was welcomed by the wife of the Dutch missionary, Mr. Reinhard, and fell in with the ambassador whom the Dalai Lama sends every third year from Lhasa to the Emperor of China, carrying presents, the only tribute the Tibetans pay to their imperial suzerain.

'The presents,' Dr. Hedin writes, 'generally consist of different kinds of cloth, burkhans (images of Buddha), weapons, dried fruits, objects possessing a religious significance, sandalwood, and so forth, to the aggregate value of 5000 *liang* (about £780). The principal lama in the *cortège*, Garbuin Losang Ghindun, told me that the embassy embraced no fewer than three hundred mounted men, and that the presents for the Emperor were carried by the same number of camels. It takes them three months to travel from Lhasa to Ten-kar; there they make a stay of an entire year, and after that resume the journey to Peking, which they accomplish in two months. In Peking they stay three months, and rest again four months at Ten-kar on their way home. Garbuin took me to his house and showed me the Imperial presents; and even sold me some of the cloth, idols, silver vessels, and so forth, so that this time the Emperor would not get all that was intended for him. 'Whilst the bargaining was in progress we drank tea brought from Lhasa near a temporarily arranged temple, that was illumined by flickering oil-lamps, and in front of which two men intoned prayers and beat gongs' (1173).

Leaving Ten-kar, Dr. Hedin made his way through a number of villages, for the most part protected by walls and towers, to To-ba, and thence through the country devastated by the Dungans in 1895, to Si-ning-fu, Luser, and Kum-bum, where, in 1845, MM. Huc and Gabet resided for three months waiting for the return of Tibetan embassy in order to accompany it to Lhasa. Here Dr. Hedin visited the 'Living Buddha,' and was allowed, without let or hindrance, to inspect the curiosities of this 'monkish city,' or rather, huge monastery. Among other things, he saw the famous Tree of Ten Thousand Images—a tree on whose every leaf Nature herself is supposed to write the holy words, 'On maneh padmeh hum.' Father Huc affirms that he saw the tree, and writes, 'We examined the leaves with very careful and exact attention, and were in the highest degree surprised and amazed to perceive that each separate leaf did bear the Tibetan letters of prayer, and extremely well formed too.' Unfortunately, at the time of Dr. Hedin's visit, the tree was not in leaf, and he was unable to

see a single specimen of this marvellous nature-writing. Loppsen, however, who was a devout Lamist, when asked if he could account for the lettering on the leaves, replied that the Lamas themselves printed them, and Loppsen, Dr. Hedin remarks, 'was a shrewd fellow.' There can be no doubt, however, that the Lamas make a considerable income by selling the leaves of this wonderful tree to pilgrims.

Dr. Hedin appears to have had no intention of attempting to follow in the steps of the two Lazarist missionaries. At any rate he made none, for instead of turning in the direction of Lhasa from Tum-bum, he set his face towards Pekin, which he entered on March 2, and was received there by M. Paoloff, whose doings in the Far East have recently attracted not a little attention. Great credit is due to Dr. Hedin for the patience and skill with which he executed his commission. He has added largely to our knowledge of Northern Tibet and of the countries through which he approached it, though he does not appear to have made any marked discovery. On the whole, his journey was quiet and unromantic. In Northern Tibet he was everywhere well received, met with no opposition on the part of the authorities, was only on one occasion in peril of robbers, and may be said to have performed his journey in comparative comfort.

Very different was the case with Mr. Savage Landor in Southern Tibet. His aim was to reach Lhasa, and the story of his travels in what he calls 'The Forbidden Land,' reads like a romance of the Middle Ages. Leaving Naini Tal, the summer-seat of the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, with a small but well-equipped expedition, he marched to Almera, the last hill-station towards the Tibetan frontier. Here he engaged the services of Chanden Sing, an ex-police-man, who 'Turned out to be the one plucky man among all my followers, and he stood by me through thick and thin.' He then climbed up to Askote, where he turned aside to visit the Raots, or 'wild men of the forest,' a thoroughly wild and untamed race, dwelling in the recesses of the mountains, who claim to be the descendants of kings, and refuse allegiance to anyone. As he left them, an old grey-haired man approached

him and said—'You have seen the home of the Raots. You are the first stranger who has done so, and you will suffer much. The gods are angry with you.' Subsequent events proved the old man's prediction true, and here is Mr. Landor's comment on his parting with these strange people:— 'I felt that they looked upon me as a man whose fate was settled. They did not acknowledge my farewell, and, had I been in the least superstitious, might have made me thoroughly uncomfortable with their solemn, stolid gravity. But it all came back to me with horrible intensity later on, when I was suffering the agonies of hell, and when I seemed to re-live in every moment the experiences of my whole former life.' From Askote, Mr. Landor went on through the Shoka country to Shosha and Sirka. At the latter place he was entertained by two doctors of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission, Miss Sheddon and Miss Brown, and received the unwelcome news that the Lippu Pass, by which he proposed to enter Tibet, was impassable, that the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who had attacked Lieutenant Gaussen, and was still unpunished, was waiting with a guard of three hundred men to prevent foreigners entering the country, and that the brigands around the Mansarowar Lake were apparently more numerous than ever. The prospect was by no means encouraging, still our traveller pressed on up along the renowned Nerpani or waterless track and over the Chai Pass to Garbyang. Here he learnt that the secret of his intention to penetrate to Lhasa was well known, and that the Tibetan authorities were on the watch to turn him back. The Jong Pen of Taklakot was particularly active, and sent spies daily into Garbyang in order to keep himself informed of the traveller's movements. 'One of these emissaries,' Mr. Landor writes, 'a stalwart Tibetan, more daring than the rest, actually had the impudence to enter my room, and to address me in a boisterous tone of voice. At first I treated him kindly, but he became more and more arrogant, and informed me, before several frightened Shokas, to whom he was showing off, that the British soil I was standing on was Tibetan property. The British, he said, were usurpers, and only there on sufferance. He declared that the English were

cowards, and afraid of the Tibetans, even if they oppressed the Shokas.' The reply to this was a good thrashing, which the Tibetan received with yells of terror. Like the rest of the Southern Tibetans, he was an utter coward. All the same, in his boastings he was simply expressing the opinions of his countrymen, among whom there is a thorough contempt for the power of the Indian Government, and who, 'On the slightest pretext, arrest, torture mercilessly, fine and confiscate the property of British subjects on British territory.'

At Garbyang Mr. Landor remained some days, and found the Shokas exceedingly hospitable and communicative. He learned much about their folk-lore and domestic and social life, and gives a graphic description of their marriage customs and funeral rites, both of which are curious, and the latter extremely elaborate. From Garbyang, too, he made several excursions into the surrounding mountains, and had one or two hazardous adventures. At last a start was made, in the company of Dr. Wilson, the Medical Missionary at Garbyang, for Lhasa. On account of the Tibetan authorities, it had to be made at night. The first point was to cross the Kali river, but here the Tibetans had been before our traveller, and had cut the bridge, the discovery of which was made just in time to prevent a catastrophe. The only other way was a narrow ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough to afford standing-room, running along the face of a precipice for miles, and kept constantly wet and slippery by the moisture falling from the heights above. In one place the narrow ledge ceased, and the face of the precipice, which jutted out for some forty or fifty feet, had to be passed by placing the fingers and toes in holes cut out of the rock in two parallel lines about six feet apart, till the ledge was reached on the other side, where it was not more than five or six inches wide. Here and there, too, the natural ledge ceased, and an artificial one had been made by driving crowbars into the face of the rock, which were shaky and sagged beneath the weight of the travellers. At one point the rugged formation of the cliff forced them to ascend to its very top and cross, on all fours, a rude kind of bridge made of branches of trees spanned out, not horizontally, but

at an angle of sixty degrees, over a precipice of several hundred feet. Here Mr. Landor came across a trace of a not uncommon belief. 'I found,' he writes, 'a white thread of wool laid over this primitive structure, in accordance with the custom of the Shokas at the death of relatives or friends away from their native village. The soul is supposed to migrate during the dark hours of the night and to return to the birth-place of the deceased, these white threads showing the way at dangerous places on the road.'

On his way Mr. Landor visited Kuti Castle, apparently of Tibetan workmanship, and similar to many seen in Tibet, and then crossed the Lebung Pass, and, after wading through several rapidly flowing streams of ice-cold water, pitched his camp in a sheltered valley at the height of 15,400 feet above the sea. Here the party met in with the first Tibetans they had seen since leaving Garbyang. They were shepherds, driving a flock of some six hundred sheep, and having seen Mr. Landor's Tibetan tent, and supposing it contained some of their own countrymen, they came on towards it, and were greatly embarrassed at finding themselves face to face with a couple of Englishmen.

'Hurriedly removing their fur caps,' Mr. Landor writes, 'they [the Tibetans] laid them upon the ground and made a comical jerky curtsy, as if their heads and knees moved by means of a spring. They put out their tongues full length, and kept them so until I made signs that they could draw them back. . . This unexpected meeting with us frightened them greatly; they were trembling all over with fear, and after getting as much information out of them as they seemed to possess, I took advantage of the opportunity to buy some of their fattest sheep. When the money was paid, there was a further display of furred tongues and more grand salaams ere they departed.'

In order to get behind the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who had concentrated his forces and was waiting to intercept him at the Lippu Pass, Mr. Landor made an attempt to cross by the Mangshan Pass, but after passing the glacier of that name, with its magnificent pale green ice-terraces, and reaching the altitude of 22,000 feet, where he and his companions were within an ace of perishing from the extreme cold and the difficulty of breathing, he made for the Lumpiya Pass, and, at the

altitude of 18,750 feet, obtained his first sight of the Tibetan plateau. No sooner had he landed with his coolies on Tibetan soil than he discovered that his movements were being watched, and after crossing the Luway Pass, two Tibetans, disguised as beggars, entered the camp, who, on being cross-examined, confessed that they were spies sent by the officer at Gyanema to ascertain whether a Sahib had crossed the frontier, and whether our travellers had seen anything of him. 'We were sunburnt,' Mr. Landor writes, 'and we wore turbans and snow-glasses, so the Tibetans departed under the impression that our party consisted of a Hindoo doctor, his brother, and a caravan of servants (none of whom had seen a sahib coming), and that we were now on a pilgrimage to the sacred Mansarowar Lake and Kelas Mount.' At the next pass they found a Tibetan guard, who quickly turned out, matchlock in hand, as they approached, but offered no resistance. They asked the same question as the spies, and added the pleasant information that if the sahib came their way they would have to cut his head off. A small present of food and money, which they begged, allayed whatever suspicions they had, and the party was allowed to pass.

At Gyanema Fort Mr. Landor came in contact with the first Tibetan guard he met with of any consequence. At the first appearance of his party the soldiers were seized with apprehension, and hastily sought shelter within the walls of the fort. After a while, when they had apparently convinced themselves that

'We had no evil intentions, some of the Tibetan officers, followed by their men, came trembling to meet us. . . . Rugs were spread on the grass, and eventually we all sat down. An hour's trying parley with the Tibetan officers . . . led to nothing. They said they could on no account allow any one from India, whether native or sahib, to proceed, and we must go back. We on our side stated that we were doing no harm. We were pilgrims to the sacred Lake of Mansarowar, only a few miles farther. We had gone to much expense and trouble. How could we now turn back when so near our goal. We would not go back, and trusted they would allow us to succeed.'

The courtesy with which they were treated the Tibetans mistook for fear, and was promptly taken advantage of,

especially by the Magbun or chief officer of the fort, who suddenly assumed an air of arrogance, when the following scene occurred:—

“You will have to cut off my head,” said he, with a vicious countenance, “or rather I will cut off yours, before I let you go another step.”

“Cut off my head?” cried I, jumping on my feet and shoving a cartridge into my rifle.

“Cut off my head?” repeated my bearer, pointing with his Martini-Henry at the official.

“Cut off our heads?” queried angrily the Brahmin and the two Christian servants of Dr. Wilson, handling a Winchester and a couple of Gourkha *kukris* (large knives).

“No, no, no, no! Salaam, salaam, salaam!” poured forth the Magbun with the celerity of speech only possessed by a panic-stricken man. “Salaam, salaam,” repeated he again, bowing down to the ground, tongue out, and depositing his hat at our feet in a disgustingly servile manner. “Let us talk like friends.”

‘The Magbun’s men, no braver than their master, shifted their positions in a nonchalant manner so as to be screened by their superiors in case of our firing, and on second thoughts, judging even such a precaution to ensure them but scanty safety, they one after the other got up, walked steadily away for half a dozen steps, to show it was not fear that made them leave, and then took to their heels.’

The Magbun and his officers became more and more civil, and a long parley ensued, the upshot of which was that the Magbun swore by the Sun and Kuju Sun (Trinity) to do the travellers no harm, and requested them to stay over night. His object, however, was simply to gain time. Reinforcements were sent for in every direction, and in the morning they arrived. Among them was the Barca Tarjum, practically a potentate equal in rank to a king under a protectorate. Another parley took place; this time with the Barca Tarjum, from whom, after many ponderous speeches and much delay for consideration, or as it turned out for laying his plans, permission was received for the party to visit the Mansarowar Lake and the great Kelas Mountain.

From this point the most serious of Mr. Landor’s troubles may be said to have begun. His coolies, already in terror, were tampered with, and he was watched and dogged at every step. Attempts were made to throw the Tibetans off

the scent; but word had evidently been sent on before him in every direction he was likely to take. A retreat was made as far nearly as the Lumpiya Pass; but here Mr. Landor resolved to retreat no further. Dr. Wilson entreated him to return with him to Garbyang, but he refused, and taking with him Chanden Sing and eight others, he set off at midnight in a fierce snowstorm across the mountains, leaving part of his tents standing, in order to outwit the Tibetan horsemen who were watching him, and to gain time. As soon as his departure was discovered, search parties were sent out in pursuit of him, but after many and almost incredible adventures and escapes both from dacoits and the soldiery, as well as from cold and starvation, he succeeded in reaching the shores of the Mansarowar Lake in a tremendous torrent of rain, and found shelter in a *serai*, or shelter-house for pilgrims, which was in the charge of a young, half-demented lama. The lamas of the neighbouring lamasery visited him, and invited him to visit their house and temple, which he did, but not without his rifle, and not exactly sure while he was there that he had not fallen into a trap. But the lamas seem to have taken him for a Hindoo doctor on a pilgrimage to their sacred Lake, and asked him about the 'young sahib,' who, they said, had crossed the border with a large army which the Jong Pen of Taklakot had defeated, beheading the sahib and the principal members of his expedition.

From Lake Mansarowar Mr. Landor set out for the Maium Pass, hoping, if possible, to get through it and then on to Lhasa. The five shokas who had come thus far refused to go further, and the expedition all told consisted of five—Mr. Landor, Chanden Sing, the ex-policeman, Mansing, a leper, Bijering, a Johari, and Bura Nattoo, a Kutial. The last two were to return at the Maium Pass, but deserted soon after the start was made. With but two men Mr. Landor now made his way towards Lhasa; but it was not long before he found that he was being closely followed. There was no fighting, the Tibetan soldiery had no stomach for it, but they showed infinite patience. Their aim was evidently to surprise the three travellers, and night and day they were on the alert to

do so. At the end of a hard day's climb, camp had been pitched at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Mansing and Chanden Sing, having eaten some food, slept soundly, 'but,' writes Mr. Landor, 'I felt very depressed.

'I had a peculiar sense of unrest, and of some evil coming to us during the night. We were all three under our little tent when I began to fancy there was some one outside. I do not know why the thought entered my head, for I heard no noise, but all the same I felt I must see and satisfy my curiosity. I peeped out of the tent with my rifle in hand, and saw a number of black figures cautiously crawling towards us. In a moment I was outside on my bare feet, running towards them, and shouting at the top of my voice, "*Pila tedan ledang*" ("Look out, look out"), which caused a stampede amongst our ghost-like visitors. There were, apparently, numbers of them hidden behind rocks, for when the panic seized them, the number of runaways was double or even treble that of the phantoms I had at first seen appearing. At one moment there seemed to be black ghosts springing out everywhere, only, more solid than ghosts, they made a dreadful noise with their heavy boots as they ran in confusion down the steep descent and through the gorge. They turned sharply round the hill at the bottom and disappeared.'

As the Maïum Pass was approached, a party of soldiers rode up to the three travellers, and, pointing to the valley beyond, the leader cried, 'yonder is the Lhasa territory, and we forbid you to enter.' No notice was taken of his protest, and 'I stepped,' Mr. Landor says, 'into the most sacred of all the sacred provinces, "the ground of God."' On descending from the pass he made one of the chief discoveries of his journey, one of the two sources (the other he discovered on his return journey) of the Brahmaputra. The party was now travelling at a slightly lower elevation, but progress was neither easy nor pleasant; food was scarce, and signs were not wanting that they were not only being followed, but that extensive preparations had been made to receive them, and that they were marching directly into a carefully prepared trap. Coming out of his tent one morning, Mr. Landor found they were surrounded by a couple of hundreds of soldiers. They managed to get past them, and reached an encampment called by some Toxern, and by others Taddju, some four or five days journey from Lhasa, but here, though treated at first with the utmost civility, which, however, was simply a cloak for

treachery, they were thrown off their guard. Decoyed, under the pretence of being shown some ponies, and not suspecting foul play, Mr. Landor and his companions were suddenly set upon.

'I had just stooped to look at the pony's forelegs,' Mr. Landor writes, 'when I was suddenly seized from behind by several persons, who grabbed me by the neck, wrists, and legs, and threw me down on my face. I struggled and fought until I shook off some of my assailants, and regained my feet; but others rushed up, and I was surrounded by some thirty men, who attacked me from every side, and clinging to me with all their might, succeeded in grabbing my arms, legs, and head. Weak as I was, they knocked me down three more times, and three more times I regained my feet. I fought to the bitter end with my fists, feet, head, and teeth each time that I got one hand or leg free from their clutches, hitting right and left at any part where I could disable my opponents. Their timidity, even when in such overwhelming numbers, was indeed beyond description, and it was entirely due to it and not to my strength (for I had hardly any), that I was able to hold my own against them for some twenty minutes. My clothes were torn to bits in the fight. Long ropes were thrown at me from every side, and I became so entangled in them that my movements were impeded. One rope which they flung and successfully twisted round my neck, completed their victory. They pulled hard at it from the two ends, and while I panted and gasped with the exertion of fighting, they tugged and tugged to strangle me, till I felt as if my eyes would shoot out of their sockets. I was suffocating. My sight became dim, and I was in their power. Dragged down to the ground, they stamped and kicked, and trampled upon me with their heavy nailed boots until I was stunned. Then they tied my wrists tightly behind my back; they bound my elbows, my chest, my neck, and my hands. I was a prisoner!'

It had taken five hundred Tibetans, and these picked soldiers from Lhasa and Sigatz, to entrap and arrest a starved Englishman and his two half-dying servants, and when they had got them securely bound, they were still for some time in mortal terror of their prisoners. But when at last they had overcome their fears, they began to treat them with the most fiendish cruelty. The Rupun, or officer in charge of the soldiers, tried to intervene on behalf of the captives, or at least on behalf of Mr. Landor, and even undid his bonds in order that he might escape. But refusing to leave his servants—a thing the Rupun was unable to understand—his bonds were re-fastened, and, the lamas returning, he was subjected to almost incredi-

ble tortures. To recount these we have no intention. The reader must consult the volumes to which we are referring, where he will find a story of suffering which one would have thought it impossible for any set of human beings, not absolutely savages, to inflict upon another. When at last Mr. Landor and his two heroic servants reached Mansarowar Lake on their way back, they were almost more dead than alive. The Jong Pen of Taklakot wanted to send them over the Lumpiya Pass, which meant certain death to the travellers in their then condition, and over or into the Lumpiya Pass they would have been obliged to go, had it not been for a force coming from Gyanema with strict orders that they were on no account to be sent across it. Then a strange thing happened. The soldiers of the Jong Pen of Taklakot, who acted as prisoners' guard, fraternized with the Gyanema force, and the two asked Mr. Landor to be their captain, and to lead them against the Jong Pen, and he led them. An army was sent against him, and the two armies met, but the Tibetans apparently always carefully avoid fighting. Each laid down their arms, a conference was held, and, while it was still proceeding, a messenger arrived from the Jong Pen with the requisite permission to travel by Taklakot and the Lippu Pass. The travellers accordingly pushed on, and on crossing the Gakkon they were received by Dr. Wilson and the Political Peshkar, who having heard of the treatment to which they were being subjected, were on their way to effect their release.

A great part of the country through which Mr. Landor passed was quite unknown, and no Englishman, and, indeed, no European, is known to have penetrated so far into Tibetan territory from the South. He discovered the two principal sources, never before visited by Europeans, of the great river Brahmaputra, and has solved the uncertainty regarding the division between the Mansarowar and Rakstal Lakes, besides adding many other particulars to our geographical knowledge of this little known land. His journeys lay for a great way over inhospitable mountains and through passes at great elevations, but also through much of the most densely populated part of the country, and he has much to tell which is

of interest respecting the manners and customs of the people, their clothes, arms, superstitions, folk-lore, surgery, and medicines. Of the lamas and lamaseries we have a full account. The former are professed celibates, but immoral, and cannibals, eating the flesh of the dead, and having a great craving for human blood, which, they say, gives them strength, vigour, and genius. The lamaseries are rich, and in possession of the greater part of the wealth of the country. Praying-wheels and prayer flags Mr. Landor, of course, met with in abundance. He gives an elaborate account of the funeral rites practised, and describes the polyandry which prevails, the marriage ceremonies, and the way in which the plurality of husbands operates on property and domestic life. Altogether, for those who have not read M. Huc's account, and, indeed, for those who have, this book is full of surprises, and, notwithstanding the horrible barbarities it relates, is one of the most fascinating records of travel and adventure written.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 1, 1899).—Dr. Rothstein, Professor of Old Testament Exegesis in the University of Halle, leads the way in this number with a critical and exegetical study of Isaiah, xl. 3-11. These verses, which form the prelude to the series of prophecies of the Restoration, have exercised critics very much, owing chiefly to the difference in the metre of vv. 5 to 8, as well as the difference in their contents from those which precede and follow them. Duhm, and in this Cheyne agrees with him, regards these verses as misplaced, if they are not a later interpolation. They interrupt the sequence of the prophet's thought. They contain in brief what is elaborated in vv. 12 to 31, and so if any place can be found for them it must be immediately after v. 11. Duhm's arrangement, therefore, would be vv. 1-3, 9-2, (5) 6-8. Verse 5 he regards as having been inserted by a late redactor. Dr. Rothstein cannot accept this view, which he considers to be arbitrary and unfounded. The difference in their metrical form is granted, of course, but finds, in Dr. Rothstein's opinion, its justification and explanation in the emotion which dictated the thought expressed in vv. 6 to 8. The author of these prophecies was admittedly a man of keen feelings, and was a perfect master of literary expression. Nothing would be more natural than that he, with his temperament, should vary the metrical forms he employed in accordance with the sentiment he was uttering or the mood that inspired it. As to these verses being out of place where they now stand, Dr. Rothstein thinks there is not the slightest ground for such an opinion. None but an incomparably stupid bungler would have altered the prophet's original order here. There is nothing whatever to justify anyone's meddling with it; no difficulty in the sequence of the text to even suggest such an alteration to anyone. Our author proceeds to examine the reasons which have led Duhm and others to come to the conclusions they have reached. Do vv. 6 to 8 interrupt the unity of the prophet's thoughts—the unity of the prelude? What was it that occupied his mind while penning it? Not merely the comforting message he had now to deliver. What more likely than that the state of mind of his hearers should engage

his thought? Their sad experiences during all these past years of their exile might well have been thought by the prophet as likely to have imbued their souls with distrust of God's power, or of His willingness to interfere in their behalf now. So the prophet thinks it a primary duty to disabuse their minds of any such doubt or fear. This he seeks to do by his eloquent description of God's unique divinity, His omnipotent power and goodness. Of that description, given in vv. 12 to 31, vv. 6 to 8 are the anticipation. The thought in these verses is this: Everything of a fleshly nature lacks stability. Before the breath of God's mouth it perishes as quickly as dry grass, as a frail flower. Jahve's word, however, stands fast for ever, not the word of threatening only but equally the word of promise and consolation; both are fulfilled in Jahve's own time. Verse 5, which Duhm rejects as a late interpolation, finds now its justification where it stands. For the full expression of the prophet's thought it is indispensable. Dr. Rothstein proceeds then to discuss more fully the difference in the metrical form adopted in these verses.—The next article is also an exegetical study. It is on the Parable of the Ten Virgins. It is by Herr Pastor Wiesen of Hattorf. It is a parable, he says, without parallel in the Gospel narratives. In some of its details it has parallels in others, but its form is different. The one feature it has in common with those touching on the *parousia* is the unexpectedness of the coming of the Lord. All the details of the parable are passed under review here, and their bearing on Christ in His relation to His people is brought out with praiseworthy sanity of judgment. Herr Wiesen mentions some of the extravagant interpretations that have been given to some of the unimportant details of the parable, but they are mentioned merely as curiosities of exegesis. To v. 13 he devotes special attention because of its seeming contradiction to v. 5. In v. 5 all the virgins are represented as sleeping when the bridegroom appeared, but in v. 13 the warning is not to sleep but be ever on the watch.—A large number of smaller papers follow, several of them dealing with matters interesting to students of Luther and his times.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (November, 1898).—‘Adam und Eva,’ the first part of a story by Helene Böhlau al Raschid Bey.—Professor Haeckel's ‘Essay on the present state of our knowledge of the origin of Man,’ read at Cambridge last August.—Rudolf Lindan concludes his interesting notes of a yachting trip among the Aegean Islands.—‘Nahrheite und Lüge,’ by Prof. W. Jerusalem.—An appreciative account of Eugène Delacroix and his work, by Walther Gensel.—A mili-

tary criticism, unfavourable, of the Czar's disarmament rescript, by A. von Boguslawski.—'Theodore Fontane.'—'Di Vier Geschwister,' one of Paul Heyse's fantasies.—Short notices deal with the recently published Bülow letters, books on Asia, etc.—(December).—Contains chapters III. to V. of Madame Böhlau al Raschid Bey's novel, begun in last number.—Herr August Fournier gives a highly appreciative narrative of the Emperor of Austria's rule in Austria, beginning with a sympathetic reference to his recent loss in the death of the Empress by the hand of her assassin in Geneva.—Professor F. Max Müller furnishes a very interesting paper on the reasonableness of religion.—'Die Vernünftigkeit Religion.' It is in continuation of some articles on this same subject which have appeared in the pages of the *Rundschau* by writers who use the *noms de plumes* 'Pferdebürla' and 'Ignotus Agnosticus.'—Herr Eduard Strasburger discourses on the 'Dauer des Lebens,' basing his reflections on the words of a sick friend who, in a room in a hostelry, lighted for the most part by a wood fire in the hearth, contrasted the brief life of man with that of a stately tree. The comparison forms the text of Herr Strasburger's meditations here.—Herr H. Grimm has a suggestive paper on Goethe—'Goethe aus nächster Nähe.'—Herr Otto Seeck describes the Exhibition of Rembrandt's paintings which formed in Amsterdam a feature of the celebrations of the young Queen of Holland's coronation.—A considerable number of recent works are reviewed, and the political and literary *Rundschau*en are comprehensive and informing.—(January).—'Adam und Eva'—Madame Böhlau al Raschid Bey's story is advanced a further stage in this number.—Herr Ludwig Stein discusses society here as a philosophical problem.—'Die menschliche Gesellschaft als philosophisches Problem.'—Herr Seeck continues his description of the Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam.—Herr J. C. von Eckhardt furnishes an instructive paper on 'Panislamismus und Islamitische Mission.' New vitality, he notes, has been infused into Islam centres by the victories gained in Thessaly over Greece by the Turks. The tidings of these victories spread with lightning-like rapidity, and gave rise to the wildest hopes of universal supremacy for the Mohammedan Faith among its adherents. Various revolts were attempted, but were speedily suppressed. These are briefly noted, and the recent history of Moslem unrest is sketched, and the objects cherished by its leaders described.—'Johannisnacht' is the title of a little Märchen that connects itself with the Eve of St. John.—Herr E. Strasburger continues and concludes his paper on 'Die Dauer des Lebens.'—

Herr Hans Hoffmann commences here a series of what he calls 'Skizzen,' under the title of *Tante Fritzchen*. The first is entitled 'Die unversicherte Brigg.'—The other papers are, 'Conrad Ferdinand zum Gedächtniss,' and 'Zum Avesta,' the latter by Herr Albrecht Weber.

R U S S I A .

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL (*Voprosi, Philosophii i Psychologii*).—Questions Philosophical and Psychological, begins its 43rd number with an article on 'Bichat's views on Natural History,' by M. T. Ph. Ogneff, which opens with a discussion, in regard to the important questions of Biology and Histology, as represented by the discoveries and doctrines of Bichat, who was associated at the close of the previous century with Desault, and who did great things in his short life in diffusing sound views on these subjects. He was the son of a physician, was born in Thoirette, 11th September, 1771. At 20 he entered the school of medicine at Lyons, where he heard the lectures of the well-known surgeon A. Petit. After the frightful siege of Lyons in 1793, he left for Paris, whither he came after a short stay at Bourges, and where he desired to complete his studies in surgery, with the view of becoming an army surgeon. It so happened, however, that he was induced to attend the lectures of the celebrated surgeon Desault, which were written out by selected pupils, and read on the following day to the whole class in the presence of the assistant of Desault. One day it happened that the pupil whose turn it was to write and read was absent, and Bichat took his place. His reading made so great an impression, and showed moreover such skill and accuracy in the *résumé* of the lecture, that it was evident he was born to be a professor. Bichat was heard in deep silence, and the lecture was followed by clapping of hands and applause. All this was carried to Desault by his assistant, and he made himself acquainted with Bichat. Scarcely had he made himself acquainted, when he took the young man home with him, and treated him as a member of his own family. This naturally made the young Bichat do his very best to make his work a great success. He did all possible to justify the confidence of Desault and his fellow-pupils, while on the other hand, Desault treated him as a son. Bichat took his place in the hospital, and assisted Desault in every possible way. He was sent all over France to take Desault's place in medical consultations, made various medical researches, occupied himself in dissections to supplement his own knowledge; assisted in operations, and aided

his fellow students in their researches in anatomy and surgery. In 1797, he read his first course of lectures; two years later, after severe preparation, his first course of anatomy, in the course of which he dealt with various questions in physiology, and often experimented in vivisections. He consulted frequently with the most talented of his pupils, and took part in their experiments and researches, and often gave them the benefit of his judgments on exact science and breadth of view. The bursting of a blood-vessel interrupted his course of lectures, but he scarcely allowed himself time to recover from his illness, before he returned to his labours. He spent the night as well as day in work, and took up the editing of Desault's works—the latter having passed away from his labours by death. Continued work such as we have recounted told upon Bichat's health, and on the 6th of July, after two week's illness, he passed away. Corvisar, who attended Bichat in his last illness, sent a tribute to him, to Napoleon I., then First Consul, commending him and saying that no one had done so many great and good things in such a short time. The First Consul replied by ordering a monument to be raised in the Hospital of the Hôtel Dieu in honour of Desault and his great pupil. In conclusion, it may be well to extract some few of the principles and conclusions to which the great medical man came. The main question with which Bichat occupied himself much in his researches was as to what constituted life. Life is the union of functions opposed to death, was one of the *mots* to which he gave utterance. All surrounding a living body tends to its destruction; inorganic objects are often hurtful to it; even within itself there are evil influences which, if there were not found side by side with them elements which react in its favour, would tend to its destruction. In the infant there is abundance of life; action is followed by reaction. In the *adult* the action and reaction are equal. The reactive principle gradually diminishes in old age. It is curious to note the two views of life. It is easy to-day to criticise the ideas and observations of Bichat, and to find in them mistakes and imperfections. M. Ogneff points out what is imperfect in his views and what holds its validity to our own day. The author ends with some remarks upon the importance of following historically the views of the preceding age.—The article which follows upon this is on 'The Trustworthiness of the Reason,' by M. Solovieff. The author treats of the subject in eight chapters, and then postpones his further treatment of it to the next issue of the journal.—The article which follows upon this is on a subject which has recurred pretty frequently of late in the

pages of the *Voprosi*, viz., Auguste Comte. This article is on 'Auguste Comte and his Significance in Historical Science.' The article is divided into chapters, of which the present forms the second, and is on the Positivism of Comte, as a ground for the Philosophy of History. The former chapter having been occupied with the great man's life, we come to his philosophy, and the author, V. J. Gerye, says justly that the doctrines of but few authors so reflect their age and epoch as completely as Comte's. This familiar doctrine is here expounded, and emphasis laid upon the doctrine that we can know only phenomena, and that we need not trouble ourselves about causes productive or final.—Prince Serge Trubetskoi continues the general columns of the journal with an article on 'The Messianic Ideal of the Hebrew People in its relation to the Doctrine of the Logos.' The Logos of the Greeks, it is said, is the final revelation of God, the Messiah of the Jews. This conception is developed through seven chapters.—Hereupon follow special articles on 'Unconscious Psychical Activity, and its Place in the Life of Man;' a review of Lutoslavski's book on *The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*, with an account of Plato's style, and of the chronology of his writings, and on the question of self-culture by reading-unions.—The usual notices of books and bibliography conclude the number.

ITALY.

LA NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October).—In this number Carlo Segre reviews Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, of which he gives a complete summary, and calls it the 'perhaps' best English romance that has appeared during the last five years. After praising the robustness and nobility of the style, the critic takes objection to the secondary characters of the story, whom he calls 'beings deprived of warmth and colour.' Even the two principal personages he finds rather exaggerated and excessive, and without the fascination imparted by naturalness. He thinks the book is far from being an attack on the Roman Church, but rather a warning not to lose sight of old religious traditions.—A. Calenda concludes his paper on 'Ministerial Designs of Reform.'—E. dal Seno, a survivor of the first expedition of Prince Ruspoli in Africa, gives some interesting details of that exploration.—O. Z. Bianco writes on 'Shooting Stars,' quoting passages from Milton and other poets on those erratic phenomena. He publishes a letter from Schiaparelli, written in 1893, in which that learned astronomer, while agreeing that the earth will enter the thickest swarm of meteorites this year and next, declares

that Professor Falb has no sound grounds for his prophecy of the collision of the earth with Temple's comet in 1899.—C. Treves writes on 'German Women-Poets.'—C. Sforza contributes an interesting paper on 'The Application of Anthropometry in International Criminal Examination.'—Spain and the Philippines' occupies some pages by L. Nocentini.—In the section 'Books and Reviews,' Macmillan's edition of *Bismarck*, by Dr. Busch, and G. H. Perris's *Leo Tolstoi* are noticed at length.—(October 16th).—Here the deputy L. Pullé commences some patriotic reminiscences under the title of 'Pen and Sword.' In this first part he describes the patriotic publications at the beginning of the present century; goes on to the events of the 'Five days' in 1848; the acts of the 'legion of the 400;' and events from 1850-1853; the movement for unity in 1855; the events under Garibaldi, and the death of De Cristoforis, who plays a great part.—L. Capuana, one of the best of contemporary Italian novelists, contributes a short story entitled 'The New Artemis.'—R. Barbiera describes and criticises some rare sonnets by Parini.—L. dal Verme relates the defeat of the dervishes, claiming for many Italian officers who died for the cause of civilisation during the years from the fall of Khartoum up to the present day, their share in the weakening of Mahdism, which has contributed to the great victory just gained by the Anglo-Egyptian army. During the years mentioned, the Italian forces faced the dervishes six times, and were six times victorious. The Italians left on the various fields of combat, 8 officers and 273 men.—P. Orsini describes a recent excursion to Candia.—E. Mancini discusses the scientific application of the liquifaction of gas and air to industrial works.—An 'ex-deputy' writes on 'The Navy and Finance.'—(November 1st).—The second part of Pullé's patriotic recollections here passes in review the chief journals and their editors in Milan during the years 1832 to 1859. It contains many interesting particulars also about composers and dramatists of the period, and an account of the career of Carlotta Marcheroni, the celebrated performer in Alfieri's dramas. Her career closed in an enthusiastic festival at the D'Augeunes Theatre in Turin, after which she retired from the boards.—E. De Amicis publishes a portion of his new work *Caroza di Tutti*, describing his own experiences in Turin.—A. Mosso contributes a chapter on 'The Physical Education of the Romans and Italian Youth,' with copious references to various foreign works on the subject.—E. dal Seno continues his recollections of a survivor of the Ruspoli expedition in Africa, describing the crossing of the Yubi

Thabeh, and the return to the coast.—'X' discusses the important question of an aqueduct for the province of Puglia, and of the concession of water-power for electric motor-power.—U. Osetti has some notes on America during the war.—M. Ferraris discusses the rise in exchange.—(November 16th).—'Alpine Idylls' is an important contribution from the poet, Giosuè Carducci, inspired by his recent stay on the Alps.—The third part of 'Pen and Sword,' by L. Pullé, contains much of interest concerning Adelaide Reston, the Romanis, Rosa Romagnoli, Santoni, Cerito, Rubini, and other notable personages.—Countess Lovatell contributes one of her interesting archæological papers; this time on 'Nero's Golden House.'—Follows a lecture on 'Dante,' given by Professor Villari at the Philological Club in Turin last September.—E. Checchi contributes a long critique and study of Mascagni's new opera 'Iris.' What the composer himself says about his work is the most interesting portion of the paper. 'I know my public,' he told the writer, 'well enough, and I think I have a moderate dose of what you critics call "*theatricality*." I could easily, by a cadence, a flight, an orchestral effect, procure loud applause, two or three calls before the curtain, and cries for an *encore*. But I wished to abstain from such vulgarity in "Iris." I desired the opera to be judged as a quietly conceived work of art, written in accordance with my own judgment, and containing ideas that budded in my own fancy. Where it would have been easy for the tenor, soprano, or baritone to display their *virtuosità*, I blunted, I attenuated effects. There are moments when the interruption caused by applause spoils the aesthetic continuity of an opera; and so I forced myself to render impossible any applause that would damage the work. How much stronger and finer and nobler is the artistic emotion which is concentrated in silence! To one standing behind the scenes, the difference in the silence of a crowded house is very great; and we understand its significance as well as if we actually saw the intent faces, the movement of the heads, the absorbed attention increasing from moment to moment.' Mascagni also said, 'A composer who has under his hands the terrible situation of a father forced to risk his son's life would now-a-days use that dramatic situation to impress the public. If the writer of the libretto had placed words in the mouth of the father telling his son to think of his absent mother, the composer, sure of the effect, would content himself with making him sing the words in an accent of breathless trepidation, without a thought of enriching the words by a large passionate melody. But see

what Rossini did with such words in "William Tell!" The music sublimely emphasized the thought, and the composer triumphed over the writer of the libretto. I have tried," continued Mascagni, 'to make the music more than the words. I had the fixed intention not to be judged by the drama, the story, but by the music. Music should not be a dry comment on the drama; it must itself be the drama, and develop the story with its own inexorable force. In "Iris" I wished, above all, to reinvigorate melodramatic opera while still maintaining the balance between the vocal parts and the orchestra. I foresee that some critic will tell me that the melodious development of "Iris" is fixed beyond discretion. I have always thought that counterpoint, being of a scholastic nature, is little adapted to melodrama, having something icy that does not lend itself well to the warm artistic manifestation of the stage. But one can obtain everything from melody. In my "Iris" there is a great deal of melody. I have not been content with twisting about two or three motives, reproducing and reforming them, so as to hide that they are always the same. Instead I have sought for melody, and I hope I may say I found almost too much. "Seeking" for melody, you understand, is only a mode of speech, for when I did not feel it rise spontaneously in my brain, fancy, and soul, I gave over writing, and waited till it came. The serenade sung by the tenor in the first act, which gives the hearer the idea of much learned elaboration, was written just as it is at the very first, and afterwards I did not alter a note. Above all, I wanted to be sincere in my music.'—F. Nobile-Vitelleschi, writing on State-Socialism, says that it is not astonishing that a proposal to diminish armaments has come from the absolute monarch of an essentially military power; but what merits serious consideration is the more or less voluntary applause given to the proposition by the world. That is because the note touched by the northern nation caused a sensitive cord to vibrate among all nations and all classes. It is not only the immense expense of armies that weighs on the budgets of the great nations, it is the entire system which begins to alarm Europe. Socialism should not be fought by repression, as is done by one of the most interesting of European states, but by improvement in political economy and civil order. When repression is used by a unanimous majority against a few rebels, it is efficacious, but when it is used by a few—even if these few constitute the government—against a large discontented majority, it will sooner or later result to the damage of those who adopted it. For this reason it has been said that 'one

can do everything with the bayonet except repose upon it.'—Professor De Gubernatis, writing from Jerusalem, shows up the peril to the Catholic Church in the Orient if the Catholics of the West do not find a mode of agreement.—Signor Golajanni writes on protection and agrarian crises.—Signora Pierantoni-Mancini contributes an interesting paper on 'Saviniano di Cyrano de Bergerac,' poet and philosopher, giving the story of the man whom M. Rostand, by his splendid dramatic poem, has torn from oblivion.—T. Canovai publishes here a portion of his forthcoming volume on 'Modern Italy: her moral patriotic energy and financial problems,' the portion given here treats of the latter subject.—(Dec. 1).—In an article entitled, 'Why was Venice Great?' Professor Lombroso enters into the ethnical and physical antecedents of Venice; describes the influence of the climate and surroundings, the struggle for life, the growing commerce and wealth, the political liberty of the republic, and the brutality of that period, when, out of fifty-six doges, up to the year 1172, five abdicated, five were murdered, five were beheaded, and nine were banished. He describes the decadence and its cause, and compares Venice with the Holland, Geneva, Florence, Naples, and Amalfi of those days. At the close of his article Professor Lombroso inveighs against the present growing suppression of liberty, and the more and more military government, which may for a time repress popular tumults, but only at the expense of Italy's vitality and greatness.—L. Pullé concludes his reminiscences entitled 'Pen and Sword.'—E. Mancini writes on the 'Food of the Future,' founding his remarks on Professor Crooke's discourse at Bristol.—A. Celli writes on 'The Improvement of Land.'—'A Catholic' discourses on the abstention from voting on the part of the Italian clergy.—A. Bianca writes on 'International Equilibrium,' warmly advocating support of the Czar's proposal for restricting armaments, and urging Italy to co-operate vigorously in the work of peace and progress.—Signora Mancini concludes her interesting biography of Saviniano di Cyrano di Bergerac, whose poem, 'The Journey to the Moon,' she says would have attained a very different rank in the literature of its author's country but for the general ignorance and superstition. Bergerac had a loyal and courageous character, a liberal mind, high ideals; he lived a life full of adventure, and died a sad death, and Signora Mancini writes her story to make known to the world the real man whom Rostand has made the hero of a great work of art.—M. Ferraris discusses the treaty of commerce with France.—'***'

reviews the *Thoughts and Recollections of Otto von Bismarck*.—‘The Musical Review’ is devoted to a criticism of ‘Iris.’—(December 16).—Professor Panzacchi writes on ‘Manzoni and Tolstoi, and their Ethnical Idea of Art.’—L. Beltrami writes on ‘The Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam.’—G. Boglietti describes the ‘Evolution of Socialistic Democracy in Germany,’ having gone to Berlin to study the matter. He opines that the hostility of the Government and police to working-men’s associations, though prejudicial to the latter, is, on the other hand, indirectly and by re-action, advantageous to Socialistic democracy as a political party. Should there arise in Prussia a statesman who would initiate a truly liberal working-men’s policy, he would wrest much footing from Socialistic agitation. But at present, under the threat of penal servitude against all exciters of strikes or other movement, this eventually cannot be thought of.—Signora Deledda contributes a sad but very interesting Sardinian story called ‘Temptations.’—C. D. Lollis criticises Hauptmann’s *Fuhrmann Henschel* with great appreciation.—Valetta describes Siberia in notes from a recent journey.—Professor Mosso writes on the ‘International Conference for the Catalogue of Scientific Literature,’ prefacing his remarks with a letter he received from the secretary of the Royal Society. Mosso opines that all the scientific societies of Italy should discuss the difficult question, and institute local committees in different parts of Italy, and that the Ministry should charge the three Italian members of the London Royal Society to collect the opinions of Italian academies, and that one of them represent Italy at the approaching conference.—P. Liroy speaks of ‘The Mystery of Malaria,’ recording the results of the recent studies on that malady, and the manner of its propagation.—D. Primerand has something to say on ‘Navies and Fortresses.’

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (October 1).—A. Zardo, writing on Maffer’s tragedy, *Merope*, says that no argument has ever inspired so many poets as the argument of that play, giving examples and comparisons.—G. Rondini contributes a paper on ‘Father Tosti,’ and Irma Rios concludes her review of *Jude the Obscure*.—G. E. Saltini’s monograph on ‘Bianca Capello’ runs on.—G. Faluella publishes his speech on ‘The First Centenary of the Birth of Charles Albert.’—(October 15).—P. Bellezza writes an argumentative paper on ‘Manzoni and the New Psychiatrial Doctrine.’—Dr. Cortesi describes an 18th century Jesuit, the father Saverio Bettinelli.—N. Malvezzi reviews Machiavelli’s *History of Florence*.—Signora Fortini-Cantarelli sends a translation from the English, *The*

Mystery of the Torrent.—G. Secretant describes the life and works of the Venetian actor and dramatist, Gracinto Gallina, recently deceased.—G. Paravicini tells of the 'Society for Increasing the Number of Tourists in Italy.'—O. Bacci contributes 'Thoughts and Figures' in prose and verse.—(November 1).—P. V. Maumus gives a translation of a portion of his work, *Les catholiques et la liberté politique*.—Colonel Grannitrapane writes on 'The Diffusion of Geographic Knowledge.'—Gemma Zambler contributes an enthusiastic monograph on 'Father Tosti.'—D. Molinari writes on 'Cotton-fabrics in Imitation of Silk;' and G. Falorsi on 'The Navy.'—R. Mazzi reviews Monsignor Valdameri's *The Present Hour in Italy*.—T. Roberti writes on the 'Contradictions in Modern Society.'—(November 16).—Y. reviews the events in China, June, 1895, and the action of the Italian Government in sending the *Marco Polo* into those waters. She was the first vessel of similar proportions which ventured on the Yang-tsi-Kiang, and as far as Han-chow.—G. P. Assirelli discusses 'Railway Companies in France and England.'—A. Lusignoli here publishes a lecture on 'The Rights of Man over Woman,' and, coming to recent times, makes man responsible for the greater portion of social and domestic evils.—E. Paoletti relates in detail the experiences of a pedestrian tour from the plain of the Po to the Lake of Lucerne.—R. Mocchi sends a paper on 'Recruiting for the Navy.'—(December 1).—C. Falorsi gives reasons 'Why the Italians are Monarchists,' the chief being that they are all for unity.—Signora Barsanti writes an enthusiastic paper entitled 'Upwards,' urging the cultivation of faith in God.—G. Fortebracci, under the title of 'Lion-heart,' reviews Signor Salvatore's studies of the youthful poetry of Guido Cavalcanti.—Captain Navarro contributes a translation from the Spanish of an article by Lieutenant Salaris on 'The Straits of Gibraltar from a Military Point of View.'—G. Vitali discusses 'The Moral Heredity Theory of Hecker.'—(December 16th).—Professor De Giorgi contributes a study of the proposed aqueduct for Puglia, and an account of the water-springs of Terra d'Otranto.—Lieutenant Salaris writes an interesting paper on 'Albania,' describing the topography, climate, ethnography, the government of the various tribes, the different estates, the gipsy population, the political condition of the country, etc., and concludes by saying that Italy ought to support the aspirations of the Albanians to unite in one, the three *vilayets*.—A. G. Corrieri writes on 'The Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith of I. K. Huysmans and François Coppée.'—G. Grabinski reviews the *Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*.—L.

Grottanelli commences a series of 'historic recollections' founded on the correspondence of Tuscan ambassadors, entitling his paper 'The Reform and the Thirty Years' War.'—E. Pistelli lectures on 'Charity Schools.'—P. Bologna contributes 'Notes and Impressions of Old and New Florence,' describing the city in 1840, and the improvements carried out since. Though much that was picturesque has disappeared, Florence has gained in elegance and beauty.

EMPORIUM (October).—This number's 'Contemporary Artist' is Giacomo Grosso, a unique character, who is much discussed in his native land. The writer of the article, Mara Antellino, describes Grosso's career. He was born of poor parents, and, at first, destined for the Church, but while he was still at school he declared his vocation for art, and obtained a pension from his native town, which enabled him to study at the Turin 'Albertine Academy,' where he soon won all prizes. On the ending of the pension he lived by his art, at first producing portraits, copied from photographs, at 200 francs each, to 'make the pot boil.' He advanced rapidly in his art, and became celebrated as a portrait-painter. He married when very young, in 1884, and exhibited his first great canvas, 'The Convent-cell of Mad Women.' Ten years later he gained the prize at Milan with his 'Grey Figure.' Subsequent paintings won prizes at home and abroad. This year the distinguished artist has been busy on a Saint Jerome, in imitation of Ribera, but he avoids the gloom of that painter. Grosso is especially eminent in his treatment of the nude.—Follows a biographical sketch of 'Von Bismarck,' by Gino Ribajoli.—Mara Antellino also contributes a paper on the 'Terra-cottas of Signi.'—F. Ferreri describes the ceramic factory of C. Novelli at Rome.—(November).—This month's article, by V. Pica, on 'Contemporary Artists,' tells us of Telemaco Signorini, who was born at Florence in 1835, was a friend of Sir Frederick Leighton, and enlisted in 1859 to fight for his country. He returned to his profession of painter after the peace of Villafranca, and painted a series of military subjects which, though mediocre, sold well to the patriotic Italians. He rose in his art, and painted landscape and *genre* pictures of great vigour and originality, gaining prizes at the art exhibitions. Signorini was one of the few Italian artists who cultivated the art of *aquaforte*. He travelled much and made studies in Scotland. Besides his established fame as a painter, he is noted as an art-critic and poet. His studio in Piazza Santacroce, in Florence, is celebrated for its precious collection

of studies made in Italy, France, and England.—L. Beltrami, writing in the section 'Ancient Art,' gives an account of Vincenzo Poppa, and his paintings in the chapel of St. Peter the Martyr at Milan.—A. G. describes the Isle of Cyprus, and the Metropolitan Museum at New York.—A. Demeure de Beaumont gives an account of the performance of 'Dejanira' at Béziers, and illustrates his paper with numerous photographs of the place and actors.—G. Antonini writes on the help given by psycho-pathology in the teaching of artistic anatomy. The article is illustrated by numerous portraits of epileptics, idiots, and lunatics.

ARCHIVIO STORICO DELLE PROVINCIE NAPOLETANE (Year 23, No. 3).—F. Cerasoli's paper from inedited documents in the Vatican concerning Gregory IX. and Queen Joanna of Naples is continued.—N. F. Faraglia describes the Naples parishes formed in 1598, to the number of fifty-seven.—M. d'Ayala continues his essay on 'The Free Masons of Naples in the Eighteenth Century.'—B. Croce commences 'Researches and Observations: the Neapolitan Pulcinella.' The writer says it is impossible to define Pulcinella, for that personage is a name including a quantity of types, and impregnated with all the artistic representations in which it has been adopted, it is a symbolical figure which is a source of artistic effect that cannot be despised. The well-known figure is so suggestive that one smiles on seeing it exposed in the popular shops of Naples. A Neapolitan wit, seeing a dozen small plaster figures of Pulcinella on the board of a plaster-cast vendor, asked him 'How many of these *cabinet ministers* must you have?' It was one Silvio Fiorelli, a Neapolitan actor, who first introduced the figure of Pulcinella at the end of the sixteenth century; and the first mention of Pulcinella is found in plays of 1621. The name was spelt in all kinds of ways. In one comedy by the above-named Fiorelli Pulcinella's numerous surnames are displayed, reminding one of those of the Gascons in 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Here is Pulcinella's full title: 'Policinella de Gamaro de Tamaro Coccumato de Napole;' and in another comedy of the sixteenth century he is called Pascharello Citrolo. Pulcinella's sweetheart is sometimes called Colombina, but in most old comedies she bears the name of Rosetta, Pimpinella, or Paparella. It would occupy too much space to follow Professor Croce into the precedents of Pulcinella, and into the question of the derivation from classic antiquity. This first instalment is interesting, and gives a complete history of the popular theatre in Italy.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 4, 1898).—
'Les Rites de la Moisson, et les commencements de l'Agriculture,' is the title of the first article here. The article is by Count Goblet d'Alviella, Professor of the History of Religions at the University of Brussels, and has been suggested by, and is partly a review of, Mr. Grant Allen's recent work *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. It is with Mr. Allen's views as to the part religion plays in the origin of agricultural rites that Count D'Alviella concerns himself chiefly here. The larger questions dealt with by Mr. Allen are touched upon in the first section of his article, but the *raison d'être* of his paper is to discuss the religious aspects of the rites and ceremonies connected in all primitive races with the sowing and reaping of cereals, etc. All such races trace agricultural labour back to a fabulous antiquity, and attribute its origin to the inspiration or teaching of some divine being. The function of seeds was not grasped by primitive man for ages. Anthropology tends to establish ever more surely the truth that men were first frugivorous. Under the pressure of climatic necessities their food came to vary, but it was long before observation led them to the conclusion that sowing seed and preparing the soil were conditions of a bountiful harvest. The idea ruled that the harvest was the gift of the gods, and depended on their good-will. That good-will again depended of course on the due performance of certain rites pleasing to them. When the causal connection between sowing and reaping was grasped, it did not destroy the feeling of dependence on the gods for the bounty of the harvest. It was none the less, in their eyes, conditioned by the gods and dependent on their good pleasure. Victims to appease their anger or secure their good-will were therefore offered, and, by the offerers participating in the flesh or blood of the victims, or in the oakes made of the first fruits of the harvest, or the wine of the vintage, they became sacramentally united with the gods themselves. By so doing they still further ensured their benevolent regards, and therefore the fertilizing of the grains and plants. All these rites and ceremonies are discussed here, and Mr. Allen's views as to their import are examined and corrected where his critic thinks he has fallen into error. The qualities of the victims offered in such ceremonies are detailed, and the lines of thought which led primitive man to the conclusions he came to as to these are traced by a master hand. Count Goblet D'Alviella is an acknowledged expert in this department of science.—The next article begins a series of

studies on 'The Religious History of Iran.' It is by M. E. Blochet. For long ages, he says, the history of Central Asia is summed up in that of the antagonism of the Chinese and Iranian civilisations. India played but a small part in the intellectual colonising of that region. The complicated rites and artificial doctrines of Brahminism were not of a kind to attract these races. Buddhism attracted them more (at first at least), but in the end Iranism gained the supremacy. The prince who represents Buddhism's influence best, Kanishka, was as much Mazdean as Buddhist. Buddhism was more successful in China. Mazdeism prevailed in Persia, but the persistent struggle against it on the part of the Turks, who formed the most important ethnic element in these regions, was long and fierce. The legend of Afrasyab in the Avesta proves that by this time, however, the Turanian element had been so Iranized that it fought to defend Persia against Semitic invasion. The Persians by and by succeeded in overmastering and expelling the Turanians. China remained stationary, locked in, as it were, from external influences. But Persia was touched on every side, and was affected, by other civilisations, and affected these civilisations in turn, and so became linked in a kind of parental relationship with Zoroastrianism, Christianity, and Islam. The monument of Cyrus at Murghab is of a style which is pure Egyptian, while Assyrian art is manifest in the bas-reliefs of Persepolis, and in the winged bulls of Artaxerxes' palaces. Nestorianism, too, deeply affected it later on, in the middle of the seventh century A.D., and it was finally absorbed by Islam. Yet the conquest of Persia by Islam was perhaps less complete than that of Islam by the Iranian spirit. M. Blochet in this way traces the history of Mazdean influence in the evolution of religious thought and customs in eastern civilisations generally, the data on which he bases his opinions being drawn from the narratives of ambassadors and travellers, and legends transmitted in various ways to us. Some of these legends he here gives.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 5, 1898).—M. E. Leger has the first place here with another of his 'Etudes de Mythologie Slave.' It is devoted to the inferior divinities of the Slav Pantheon. He deals first with the divinities of destiny. According to Procopius the Slavs did not acknowledge Destiny. M. Leger disputes this, for, he says, they paid homage to personages who presided over the birth and fate of mortals—*Rodjenice* or *Rojanitse*, from *rod*=birth, and *Sudjenice*, from *sud*=judgment, destiny. They

honoured also river-deities, or nymphs—*Vilas*. The nature of these, however, is doubtful, and different opinions have been entertained as to them. The legends regarding them are numerous and varied. In these they appear as the spirits of betrothed maidens, and again as the *manes* of dead ancestors; there are *vilas* of the forest and of the mountains, etc. They espouse mortals, and have children, are kind or revengeful. The sacrifices that were made to them are described, and the transformations they underwent on the adoption of Christianity are noted. The *Rusalkas* play in Russian folk-lore a rôle similar to the *Vilas* with the southern Slavs. The great festival in their honour was really the Christian festival of Easter.—M. G. Dottin follows with an article on 'The Religion of the Gauls,' the Gaels or Celts. It is based on a work recently published by M. A. Bertrand, *La Religion des Gaulois, les Druides et le Druidisme*. The religion of the ancient Gauls has been the subject of several monographs. M. Gaidoz has devoted a large amount of time to the elucidation of the subject, and M. Bertrand, in the volume mentioned, has given the texts of the sources on which our knowledge of their religion is based. These are not very numerous, and not very definite. The three subjects here reviewed are the gods, the cult offered them, and Druidism. The information furnished us as to their gods by early writers is not very interesting. These writers identify the Celtic deities with one or other of the Greek and Latin pantheons, and then treat them as if they were almost identical. M. Dottin, however, summarizes what is known of them. He describes the religious ceremonies, also, in so far as they have been noted by these same writers. Then the larger question is discussed as to the Druids. Were they priests? and what was their organisation and doctrines? He states the result as follows: We are still ignorant of the names and attributes of most of the Celtic deities, and we have no positive data to speak of as to the worship the Celts practised; but, thanks to the recent studies of such scholars as MM. Gaidoz and Bertrand, we know much now about the beliefs the ancient Celts cherished. We cannot yet, however, from all that we know, say if these were truly original to the Celts, or whence they may have been derived, if they have been so.—M. L. Couve furnishes the 'Bulletin archeologique de la religion grecque (1896-1897).' He gives an account here of the more interesting (so far as religious history is concerned) discoveries made by the several archæological societies which are busy excavating on Greek soil, and of the studies these discoveries have led to, and whose results have appeared in

the publications of these societies, or in monographs from individual students. The details are numerous, and we can only refer our readers to the article itself. It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of information it contains.—M. A. Leclere gives a version of the 'Judgment of Solomon' from a Cambodian *Jataka*, which, he says, has never yet been translated or published. The Solomon in this instance was a son of a rich merchant, and was gifted from early youth with rare judicial wisdom. The proofs of that wisdom form the burden of the *Jataka*. That given here runs that a mother, after bathing her child in a river, went down herself to bathe. While she was in the river, an ogress snatched up the child and ran off with it. The mother pursued her, overtook her, and tried to recover her child from her. The two were taken before Mohosoth, who ordered them to pull the child, the one by the head, the other by the feet, and see which was the strongest. The mother gave way so soon as the child screamed, and Mohosoth at once awarded the child to her.—The books reviewed in both of these numbers are numerous and important.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES (No. 3, 1898).—M. J. Lehmann opens this number with an elaborate article on 'Some Important Dates in the Chronology of the Second Temple,' *à propos* of a page of the Talmud (Aboda Zara, 8 b.). The dates referred to are those of the Syrian and Roman supremacy over Judæa, or the relation of the Romans to, and interference with, its affairs; the duration of the Asmonean and Herodian dynasties; the decay of Judaism in Judæa, etc. After reviewing the history of the Jewish struggles for independence, and the intrigues of parties among the Jews themselves, he formulates the following conclusions: Rome's relations with Judæa of amity or protection extended over a period of two hundred and six years, from 140 B.C. to 66 A.D.; the dynasty of the Asmoneans was officially recognised by Rome in 140, and was deposed by Sosius in 37, and therefore lasted one hundred and three years; the Herodian dynasty, enthroned by Sosius that same year, preserved its authority, with certain modifications, and with two interruptions, up to 66 A.D., lasting also, *i.e.*, 103 years; in the year 110 B.C. the Asmonean monarchy, after having subjected the Idumaeans, overthrown the Syrians and conquered Samaria, extended its power over all the country, thus introducing the most brilliant period of Jewish history during the second Temple. Immediately thereafter commenced a period of rapid decay. Civil wars exhausted Judæa.

Rome intervened; Gentiles ruled everywhere in the land. Herod did everything he dared to win their favour. It was then that the rabbins, in order to protect Judaism against the influence of Hellenism, decreed that Gentile countries were impure and everything made by Gentiles. In the year 30 the Sanhedrin exiled themselves from the Temple, and ceased to pronounce capital sentences. The law as to the Sabbatic year is declared by M. Lehmann as having been actually observed in the land, and to have been therefore no mere pious theory, as so many modern critics maintain, placed in the statute book for appearance sake, but never intended to be put into practice.—M. S. Kraus continues next his examination of the Talmudic Tractate, the *Deréç Eréç*. He has already dealt with the character and divisions of the treatise, and here he enters into critical details as to the text, and the verbiage employed in it, and next with its origin and time of composition.—M. J. Fuerst furnishes the first instalment of a series of lexicographical notes on words found in the Talmud, the Midraschim, and the Targums.—M. B. Heller contributes a learned essay on 'The Arabic Version and Commentary of the Gaon Saadia on the Book of Proverbs.' Joseph Derenbourg devoted the closing years of his long and fruitful life to the editing and publication of Saadia's voluminous writings, but did not live to see his project completed. The commentary on the Proverbs was regarded by him as one of the most important of these writings, and to it he devoted very special care. M. Heller gives a minute description of the work in question, and especially of the peculiarities of the Arabic version of it. He gives emphasis to Saadia's veneration of the Massora, and calls attention to his lack of appreciation of the poetical forms of the Proverbs. The article is not finished in this number.—M. S. Eppenstein gives the text of a fragment of Joseph Kimhi's 'Commentary on the Book of Job':—M. Danau some of the 'Documents and Traditions regarding Sabbatai Zevi and his Sect.' This is supplementary to an article which he contributed in an early number last year on this same sect, and which was noticed by us at the time.—M. Kaufmann gives the text of an 'Elegy by Moses Zacout on Saul Morteira,' and an 'Elegy on the Sufferings of the Jews in Morocco in 1790,' which was written by David b. Aron.—M. Schwab describes some of the more important MSS. which have been added to the *Bibliothèque Nationale* recently.—Several short notes follow also on historical and grammatical points, and the 'Bibliographie' is furnished by M. Salfeld and Professor A. Kautsch.

REVUE SEMITIQUE D'EPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 4, 1898).—M. J. Halévy continues his series of papers, under the usual rubric, 'Recherches Bibliques,' in which he is seeking to prove that the prophets of Israel, whose writings have come down to us, were acquainted with all the documents which, according to the modern critical school, go to make up our present Hexateuch. If that be so, then their assertion that the so-called Priestly Code is of exilic and post exilic origin would be refuted. Here he sets himself to examine the prophecies of Jeremiah. He first deals with the questions as to the integrity of the text as we have it, and as to how far it represents the real work of Jeremiah's dictation, to Baruch. The representative of the critical school, whom he here takes as voicing the opinions of that school, is Cornill. Cornill's reasons for distrusting the text, as it now lies before us, are given by M. Halévy in Cornill's own words, and these are then individually examined. It is, of course, admitted that the first recension of Jeremiah's prophecies was destroyed, but it does not, M. Halévy thinks, follow that Jeremiah modified them when re-dictating them. There may have been other exemplars of them, or extensive notes on which the prophet could have fallen back if that had been necessary. The differences in arrangement and in fulness, observed when we compare the Massoretic and the Septuagint text, does not prove that the former is untrustworthy, or that it has been tampered with in the interests of later redactors. It may only prove, as the recovered text of part of Ecclesiasticus proves, that the recension in the hands of the Greek translators was a faulty one. After repelling the objections to the trustworthiness of the text, or showing their inconclusiveness, M. Halévy takes here those parts of it that are admitted to be genuine, and sets himself from these to show that they establish the fact that that prophet was familiar with the priestly and other documents. We can only note one or two of his proofs to indicate to our readers the nature of them, referring them to the article itself for the full demonstration it gives of Halévy's position. He appeals first to Jer. ii. 2 and 3. Although Jeremiah was a pessimist of the most pronounced kind, yet here we find him in a most optimistic mood. Jahve is depicted as remembering Israel's early adherence to Him even in times of her sore distress, namely, in the wilderness. This refers of course to the times of the Exodus. Strip this, says M. Halévy, of its poetic form, and we have a picture of Israel following her God with youthful ardour and trust in spite of much suffering that might have depressed her. The prophet com-

pare her to a bride clinging faithfully and trustfully to her husband. The details of Israel's thus clinging to Jahve are only found in the representations of the Exodus journeys that are given in J and E, which are accredited by the critical school to the middle of the seventh century. Jeremiah then clearly regarded these writings as already ancient history. Had they been of modern composition or tampered with in their being then combined, Jeremiah would certainly not have put the confidence in them which we find him here doing. But v. 3 as clearly establishes, he says, the prophet's acquaintance with Lev. xx. 14-16. The idea there expressed of holiness as separatedness to Jahve is precisely that which the prophet has here in his thought, and he has no need to explain it, showing us that it was perfectly familiar to his readers as well as to himself. Jer. ii. 7 forms another indication, according to M. Halévy, of the prophet's acquaintance with the priestly document as well as with J and E. The reference is to Ex. xxxii., and Lev. xviii. 27, 28. Another proof is found on comparing Jer. ii. 34, with Ex. xxii. 1.—In a second paper M. Halévy deals with the ancient history of India. He vindicates earlier views of his as to the relative modernity of the committal to writing of the Vedas. Indian scholars have assigned their earliest written form to various periods from 2000 to 1000 B.C. M. Halévy fixed the date years ago as about the fourth century B.C. He here restates the reasons given by him for adopting that date, and subjects the opposite opinions to a searching criticism.—M. A. Boissier continues his 'Notes d'Assyriologie'; M. Perruchon his 'Notes pour l'histoire d'Ethiopie'; and M. Halévy his 'Notes Sumeriennes,' a new series. He contributes also the *Bibliographie*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (November).—M. E. Murisier begins this number with the first of two articles on 'The Religious Sentiment in Ecstasy.' Both articles show a considerable acquaintance with the writings of the Christian and other Mystics, and deal with Mysticism from the psychological point of view. They are as interesting as the treatment of the subject is fresh.—Under the title, 'Philosophy and Mathematics,' M. F. Evellin and Z. treat of the 'New Infinite.'—M. E. Goblot writes on the 'Physiological Theory of Association.'—In the 'Revue générale' we have, besides a notice of a number of volumes on the Pedologic and Pedagogic Movement, an article on 'The Exegesis of Plato,' consisting of a criticism of Lutoslawski's work on *The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*, and Mr. Nettleship's posthumous *Philosophical Lectures and Remains*. The author of the paper is M. Tannery.—Among

the works of which an account is given are Brunschwigg's *La Modalité du Jugement*, Titchener's *Primer of Psychology*, and Arréat's *Les Croyances de Demain*.—(December).—Besides the final instalment of M. Murisier's essay on 'The Religious Sentiment in Ecstasy,' we have in this number a long and interesting paper by M. F. Paulhan on 'The Development of Invention.'—In an article based upon the correspondence which passed between John Stuart Mill and A. Comte, M. Levy-Bruhl discusses the influence which these philosophers had upon each other.—M. Gaston Richard writes on the 'Philosophy of Law in Relation to Sociology,' and in the course of his article notices various French, Spanish, and Italian works which have recently appeared, and in particular that on the *Object and Limits of Philosophy and Law*, by the Italian philosopher, S. Fragapane.—The 'Analyses,' etc., contains a number of notices of books in the various departments of philosophy.—(January, 1899).—M. Le Dantec reviews the doctrines of the Neo-Darwinian school of writers, with special reference to the heredity of character.—M. Levy-Bruhl's article, which appeared in the November number, on John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte, is here followed up by M. A. Schinz with an article on Comte, in which he endeavours to show that Positivism is a method and not a system of Philosophy.—M. Ossip Lourié criticises Tolstoi's ideas on Art.—In the 'Analyses,' etc., Grot the Russian philosopher's work on 'The Idea of the Soul and of Psychical Energy in Psychology,' is noticed. So also are Claparède's *Muscular Sense* and Scripture's *Studies from the Yale Psychological Laboratory*.—Each of the numbers has the usual notices of Periodicals.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October, November, December).—The article which M. Alfred Fouillée, of the Academy of Moral Sciences, contributes to the first of these numbers, and which he entitles *L'Individualisme et le Sentiment Social en Angleterre*, is a kind of counterblast against works, such as those of M. Demolins, of which the authors, in their enthusiastic admiration of the Anglo-Saxon race, advise a servile imitation of Anglo-Saxon methods as the only means of obtaining similar results. He shows the unreasonableness of setting up for imitation precisely those qualities which are due to hereditary temperament, and which cannot, therefore, be assumed or put aside at will. It would be hardly more ridiculous, in his opinion, to say, 'Let us all be six feet in height;' and he concludes with this advice: 'What we should imitate is England's constant effort to better herself without abruptly breaking with her past. Instead of exclaiming, "Let us be

Anglo-Saxons," it would be wiser to say—"Let us develop the qualities peculiar to ourselves, and let us combat our own vices. Let us combat voluntary sterility, alcoholism, increasing criminality, the licentious and libellous press, scepticism under all its forms, materialism in thought and conduct; let us oppose the sentiment of social duty to an ill-understood individualism. In short, let us raise private and public morality, which is the same for Latins, Celts, and Anglo-Saxons."—"Juana la Loca"—Mad Jane—is the name which history has given to the unfortunate princess who was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the mother of Charles V. Up to quite recent times, no writer ventured to question the tradition of centuries; but, about thirty years ago, a German scholar, Herr Bergenroth, in the course of researches connected with the compilation of the English 'Calendar of State Papers,' discovered documents which seemed to him to suggest that Doña Juana had been a victim to the ambitious views both of her parents and her son. In a long essay, which runs through two numbers, M. le comte Charles de Moûie submits the question to a close examination, and shows that Bergenroth's doubts and suspicions were wholly unfounded. Not only does he adduce convincing contemporary evidence as to Juana's mental condition, but he also points to the mental peculiarities of her descendants in support of his view—to the melancholy that drove Charles V. to a cloister, to the ferocious bigotry that made a tyrant of Philip II., to the insanity of Don Carlos, to the weakness of both mind and body that characterised Philip III. and Philip IV. This *Jeanne le Folle* is not only a valuable contribution to Spanish history, it is also a most interesting narrative of a career hardly less tragic than that about which the genius of Schiller has thrown such a halo of romance.—*Qu'est-ce que la Caricature?* It is M. Robert de la Sizeranne, the well-known art critic, who asks the question, connecting it more particularly with the sketches of M. Forain and of M. Caran d'Ache. His answer, ably developed in an essay of nearly forty pages, is, that caricature is not necessarily a means of exciting laughter; that it is but an inferior political weapon; and that its value for ethical purposes is not particularly great. But he considers it a marvellous process for giving concrete form to abstract ideas, and for presenting to the eyes a picture of that which it is difficult to realise as an idea.—In the same number M. Arthus Desjardins devotes an article to the question of disarmament. He approves of it to this limited extent, that he thinks there ought to be a conference. If, he says, the Powers

do not succeed in drawing up the code of disarmament, they might, at least, write the preface to it.—Another political paper is contributed by M. Rouire, whose subject is sufficiently indicated by the title, *La France et l'Angleterre dans la Vallée du Niger*. The tone of the whole article may be understood from his concluding advice. 'Far from seeking to extend our power in those distant deserts, wisdom commands us to reduce, as much as possible, the posts which we have multiplied beyond measure in the whole valley of the Niger and along the shore. Of those posts, all that are a source of expense not compensated by some kind of profit should be suppressed. Let us not forget, either, that the Soudan is not a colony that can be peopled; that it is one of the hottest countries in the world, situated in a latitude which does not allow of the acclimatising of Europeans; that in it the mortality amongst our troops amounts to 11 per cent.; and that there is no necessity for sacrificing such hecatombs of human lives to the climate. That is what the English, on their side, have not failed to understand; and up till quite recently they have carried on their administration throughout the whole valley of the Niger with a staff of seventy-one Europeans only—that is, with fewer officials than we maintain in the single town of Saint Louis of Senegal.'—The first of the November numbers devotes a long article on the Egyptian occupation of the Upper Nile. The writer, M. Henri Dehérain, asks three questions—'To what extent has Egypt occupied the Upper Nile?' 'How has she understood her part as a colonising power?' 'In what respect have the inhabitants to congratulate themselves on her presence?' His answer is summed up in very few words, 'Every material trace of Egyptian occupation has disappeared. Egypt has left no deeper impression on the country than on its inhabitants.'—In *Le Catholicisme aux Etats-Unis* M. Bruetière traces the progress of Catholicism in the United States during the present century, and, after showing to what extent France has been instrumental in its expansion, he challenges the truth of Mr. Bryce's assertion that France has contributed nothing to the intellectual and moral life of America.—In its historical, or, perhaps more accurately, narrative part, M. A. de Foville's article, *L'Or du Klondyke*, does not contain anything but what is fairly well known already to most English readers. But it has an economic bearing as well, and is intended to prove that whatever the yield of the precious metal may be, it is not in the least likely to bring about the crisis of over-production which some have thought possible.—The numbers for December contain a number of

articles, for the most part very readable, though rather of academic than topical interest. Thus, M. Pierre de Ségur writes concerning Marie Catherine de Brignolle, Princesse of Monaco, M. Louis Tiercelin gives a sketch of the early years of Leconte de Lisle; and M. G. Valbert discusses Chinese morality in connection with the teaching of Confucius. Again, M. Gabriel Hanotaux has two articles on Richelieu—'Richelieu et Marie de Medicis à Blois,' and 'Richelieu dans sons Diocèse;' M. Brunetière examines the language of Molière; and M. René Doumic criticises a work on the 'New Comedy.' A notable contribution is M. François Coppée's poem on the Nativity—a poetical recantation of earlier scepticism.

LE MUSEON ET LA REVUE DES RELIGIONS (No. 5, 1898).—This number has come to hand too late for our giving any descriptive summary of the articles in it. We can only give their titles, and indicate their authors. (1) 'Les Huttes de Cham,' by M. E. Lefébure; (2) 'L'historien Sahagun et les migrations mexicaines,' by M. le Comte H. de Charencey; (3) 'Les diverses recensions de la vie de S. Pakhôme et leur dépendance mutuelle,' by M. P. Ladeuze; (4) 'Sadjarah Malayou;' (5) 'Traité sur le fétiche groenlandais-Esquiman Tupi-lak;' (6) 'L'Epistula Eucherii et le martyre de la légion Thébéenne.' There follow the 'Comptes Rendus' and the 'Chronique.'

SPAIN.

LA ESPAÑA MODERNA (November).—Vladimir Korolenko's novel, 'The Deserter of Saghalién,' which began to appear some numbers back, is here concluded.—The regeneration of Spain is discussed in two articles, the one by Sr. P. Dorado, and the other by Sr. Miguel de Unamuno.—Sr. Juan Pérez de Guzmán writes on 'The New Confederations of Spanish America, with Special Reference to the Recent Address of President Caro.'—The 'Review of Reviews' is chiefly occupied with sociological and psychological topics.—In the 'Literary Chronicle' attention is called to the position of the Spanish Universities and the necessity for their reform.—As usual, the 'Literary Chronicle' is under the charge of Sr. E. Gómez de Bagnero.—'Job' discusses the position of Spanish America.—The Emperor of Russia's Disarmament Proposals, the recent war, the German Emperor and his character, and Chinese affairs, are the principal topics to which Sr. Emilio Castelar directs attention in the 'International Chronicle.'—(December).—'The Sleep of Makar' takes the place of 'The Deserter of Saghalién'

in this number, and is by the same author.—'Sociology in 1897' is an address delivered by Sr. A. Posada before the University of Oviedo.—R. A. de los Rios discourses on 'Some Beliefs and Superstitions of Mahomedans,' and Joaquin Olmedilla y Puig on 'The History of La Plata.'—In the 'Review of Reviews' attention is again directed mainly to sociological and psychological questions. Several political, educational, and military topics, however, are also touched upon.—'The Literary Chronicle' is again from the pen of Sr. Gómez de Baquero. This time he takes for his subject a lecture recently delivered by Sr. Echegaray with the title, 'Wherein does the Strength of Nations Consist?'—'Job' continues his meditations on Spanish America, and in the 'International Chronicle' Sr. Castelar writes on the many grave and intricate political problems which are now engrossing the attention of the world, on Mr. Chamberlain's cynicism, 'apostacies,' and ambitions colonial policy. Paragraphs are also devoted to Lord Salisbury, Crete, 'the abandonment of Fashoda by the French,' the Soudan, Abyssina, and the Disarmament Proposals.

HOLLAND.

DE GIDS (November).—Byvanck continues here, and in the December number, his interesting study of the last years of the reign of William III., bringing out with especial clearness the extreme difficulties that monarch had to contend with owing to his position as King of England.—'Art and the Future,' by Marcellus Emants, is a discussion concerning literary art, what its aim should be, and how far 'art with a purpose' is justifiable.—'Organisation of our Educational System,' by Dr. Gunning, is an exposition of a plan for reducing the confusion and want of co-operation between the lower and middle schools and the university, for introducing better government control and so on.—'The Symbolic Character of our Knowledge,' continued in the December number, is practically a review of Bolland's *The World Enigma*.—(December).—Marcellus Emants has a comic story, 'Going to Law,' describing the woes of a respectable couple over the letting of a bit of ground to an astute market gardener.—The 300th anniversary of the death of Marnix van St. Aldegonde has suggested to Prof. Fruin his paper on this famous man, and he has in writing these 'Reminiscences' had the advantage of some fresh matter unearthed by historical societies.—In 'Zeeland as Wrestler,' Tutein Nolthenius gives a most interesting account of the water-ways, water-works, dykes and polders of that amphibious province. He shows how bulwarks of wood have been

gradually supplanted by stone ones, though at an immense cost. — 'The Woman's Movement in the Netherlands and "Hilda van Suylenburg,"' by M. Meijboorm, is an expression, rather gushing, of jubilation over what has already been accomplished in the emancipation of women and of ardent appreciation of the above-named story, which certainly has had great influence. — (January). — This number begins with UK. 282, the designation of an Urk fishing boat, a pleasure cruise in which is charmingly described by G. F. Haspels. — Prof. Kalff gives a study of an old poet and theologian, Camphuysen, who was deposed by the Synod of Dort, and who found the Remonstrant body too orthodox for him, and had to find refuge with the Rhineburg collegiants. His edifying rhymes are quaint and not without real poetic feeling. — 'Suicide as a Guage of Social Happiness,' by Dr. Siegenbeck van Henkelom, is a curious paper bringing out some striking facts, though, as he confesses, the number of suicides is rather a slender basis for inferences as to the happiness of society in general. — 'Toetie,' the pet name of a lady, gives its title to a clever sketch of the life in Holland of a couple returned from the East Indies both rather spoilt by the insouciant easy life there, and not getting on well with the manners or climate of the old country. — Another paper by Byvanck is devoted to 'Notes on Bismarck's Memoirs.' — 'The Fight against Maladies of Plants in Culture in Dutch India,' is an interesting account of means taken to suppress insect pests hurtful to plants, by F. A. F. C. Went. — 'Religious Instruction,' by Dr. Knappert. Lately a Jewish Rabbi drew public attention to the claims of religious instruction in the primary schools. Dr. Knappert advocates the teaching of religion in all grades of schools, not from a sectarian or church point of view, but on broader grounds. It shows want of culture not to know about the religions of the world: religious and moral training exalt and purify. At present religion is treated like a step-child thrust into a corner and denied time and trouble. The neutrality observed is equivalent to neglect. Jews and Christians equally need to have religion taught as if it were as important as other subjects. The higher classes suffer more than the lower from its neglect, as poor people's children are early withdrawn from school, and come under other religious influences.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT. — A new dogmatic is undoubtedly one of the principal needs of Christendom at the present day, but the Reformed Dogmatic of Dr. H. Bavinck, noticed at length in the *Tijdschrift* for November, does not seem likely to fill the gap. It is the work of an orthodox Dutchman, who

has kept the teachings of science and of criticism resolutely at arm's length, and upholds the old views with the old phrases and logical devices.—A review of two books on Christian Ethic, the second edition of that of Dr. Hermann Schultz of Göttingen, and that by the Dane F. C. Krarup, disagrees with both because they base all Christian duty on the notion of the kingdom of God. The Dutch reviewer, Dr. W. Scheffer, holds that the view of man's sonship to God is the true Christian basis, and that the idea of the kingdom is essentially Jewish.—Dr. v. Manen notices the new Greek Testament issued by the Stuttgardt Bible Society. It is a scholarly production, being edited by Dr. Nestle of Ulm, and is, as we ourselves know, to be warmly recommended for its excellent arrangement, while its price makes it more accessible than any other. Its text is not a new one, but is arrived at by taking the votes of former editors.—In the January number Mr. G. Schläger continues his study of the word *κύριος* as applied in the New Testament to God or to Christ; and the result of the present paper is that the Apostle Paul never applies that designation to Christ. To carry out this thesis in face of all the facts requires considerable hardihood and determination. Philippians, where the title is in so many words applied to Christ (ii. 1-9), is put aside as not genuine; so is the account of the Lord's Supper in 1st Corinthians, and so is every other passage where the Apostle appears to do what Mr. Schläger denies that he does. The phrase, 'the Lord Jesus Christ,' is allowed to stand, the term 'Lord' not having so much import in this connection as where it stands alone. The phrase 'in the Lord,' and all other phrases where the term occurs, are got rid of, sometimes by reference to a variance of reading and sometimes by citing one of the dissecting editors who are so ready to detect interpolations.—Dr. T. D. Ch. de la Saussaye's great book on the *History of Religion* has appeared in a new form, the Phenomenology being reserved for separate treatment by the author, and the religions being assigned each to a separate specialist. A review of the remodelled work, by Dr. Oort, praises the inclusion of the Hebrew religion, which was formerly omitted, and declares that Christianity ought also to have been treated. The chapter on Israel, moreover, is given to a scholar, Prof. Valeton of Utrecht, who, while not reactionary, does not represent the view of Jewish religion held by Kuenen and Oort, put forth in the *Bible for Young People*, and undoubtedly most characteristic of Holland. Prof. Valeton distinctly recognises revelation in the faith of the Old Testament, but he restricts

it to the period of which hardly anything is known, and in which imagination has free play—that of the patriarchs and of Moses. It is counted against Prof. Valetton that he closes his account of Judaism at the Christian era, and gives no recognition of its marvellous history in the Middle Ages, nor of its position as a living religion.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (November, 1898).—M. Muret contributes the first part of a sketch of Friederich Nietzsche.—Madame Marie Bigot gives her impressions of Holland *à propos* of the Rembrandt exhibition at Amsterdam.—‘Le grand Serpent de Mer’ examines the alleged discovery of a sea-serpent by the officers of the French ship *Bayard* in Chinese waters last February.—The other contents of this number are instalments of continued articles and the usual excellent ‘chroniques.’—(December).—M. E. Bossier opens this number with an article on ‘Diplomatic Manners in the Eighteenth Century,’ in which he argues that weak as diplomacy is in the present, it was not better during the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the somewhat prevalent opinion to the contrary.—The study on Friederich Nietzsche is concluded.—Fiction is represented by a short story entitled ‘Without a Vocation,’ by M. M. Damad, and the continuation of ‘Elsie Venner.’—M. Ed. Tallichet has an article on the question of the hour in France, entitled ‘An Outside View of the Dreyfus Affair.’—The ‘Chroniques’ are as usual full, the Parisian noticing the death and reviewing the works of Puvis Chavannes, the restorer of mural painting, and the English the Soudan campaign.—(January)—In an article of considerable length, M. Numa Droz discusses the doctrine laid down by Mr. Lecky in his work on *Democracy and Liberty* that democracy has proved itself in many countries the most costly form of government.—M. E. Tissot contributes the first part of a series of articles on ‘Social Life in Japan.’—Mr. Anthony is the subject of an article under the general heading, ‘Contemporary English Romance Writers.’ The contribution is by M. Aug. Glardon, who says that Mr. A. Hope is ‘the English Dumas.’—The Russian Emperor’s peace proposals are discussed by the Editor, M. Ed. Tallichet.—Fiction is represented by two pieces—‘The Saviour,’ a Christmas story, and ‘A Franco-Russian Idyll in 1814.’—In the ‘Chroniques’ many books are noticed.

DENMARK.

AARBØGER FOR NORDISK OLDKYNDIGHED OG HISTORIE (Vol. XIII, Part 2).—‘The Heather-Moors in Antiquity,’ is the title of an article by Dr. Georg F. L. Sarauw, who describes recent investigations into the composition of the great moors which cover so much of the west of Jutland. The chief question to be settled is whether these moors have always had their present character, or whether they have resulted from the wholesale destruction of forests. The latter theory was strongly maintained by the late E. Dalgas (to whom recent attempts to afforest Jutland are largely due), and necessarily involved the view that the hard layer of sand known as *al*, which renders the growth of trees impossible, was of comparatively late formation. The archæologist has found a way to settle the disputed point by appealing to the evidence of the grave-mounds, which are found everywhere on the moors between Limfjord and Slesvig, and date from the ages of stone and bronze, some at least being as old as 1500 B.C. Excavations in forty-eight of these are described in the present article, and their evidence is decisive; the mounds were raised upon a surface of exactly the same nature as the present heath, a surface on which no trees ever grew. This result is perhaps not an encouraging one for the *Hedeselskab*, but it is a very neat piece of archæological reasoning.—‘Shafted Tools from the Stone Age,’ by Chr. Blinkenberg, deals briefly with a recent find which has done something to clear up the question of how stone-weapons were actually fitted for use. In July, 1897, two men, who were casting peats at Sigerslev in Stevns Herred, came upon a stone-axe still attached to its wooden shaft. They had broken the latter before realizing its importance, but afterwards gathered up the pieces, which are now in the museum in Copenhagen. The shaft is of a practical, not inelegant form, having a hole cut right through it at one end, into which the head fitted so firmly as to require no other fastening.

SWEDEN.

THE ARKIV FÖR NORDISK FILOLOGI.—(Record of Northern Philology, XI, No. 1).—The contents of this number begin with a paper by Herr Theodor von Grienberger on the Anglo-Saxon Runic Series. The general title of the article is the Anglo-Saxon runic series and the so-called Hrabanic Alphabets. Our author informs us that for the judgment of the Anglo-Saxon runes and runic names, there stand four British

and three continental futharks at our disposal; of which the former are purely Anglo-Saxon, while the latter show a mixture of High German influences. In what follows, there is first of all, a description of these seven futharks, then an explanation of the names. The so-called Hrabanic runic alphabets should be shown in their peculiarities, and names also specially discussed. In the formerly given series of sounds and names, the author notes silently the previous reductions to the correct reading by an asterisk, and prints the *wen* rune of the Anglo-Saxons always with a *w*. In noticing the series of runes, Mr. Grienberger does not give the results in a form, in which they can be quoted. For the first futhark, he refers to Stephens' *Runic Monuments*, I., 10, from the ninth century, also to Hicke's *Thesaurus*, I., 135. For futhark No. 2, cod. Cotton Domitianus Ag., according to Stephens, I., 102, of the tenth century, facsimile by Hicke's *Thesaurus*, I., 136. M. Grienberger discusses a variety of points as to the futhark. Futhark No. 3 is in codex Cotton Galba A. 2, according to Stephens, I., 103, from the tenth and eleventh centuries, facsimile by Hicke's *Thesaurus*, II., Table 6. Futhark No. 4 from the Salzburger MSS., Vienna Court Library, cod. 795. Futhark No. 5 from the codex Isidori Bruxell. 155, by W. Grimm named *Parisiensis*, facsimile by Mone, *Sources and Researches towards the History of the German Language*, Table 1. Futhark No. 6 of the codex S. Gall, 270, facsimile *Hattemer Monuments of the German Middle Age*, p. 1, Table 1. The 7th futhark is from the Vatican codex Urbin, 290, written between 990 and 1010, published in Germania, XVI., 253. Besides the descriptions of the futharks, there is an exposition of the names, which are given in a table, and also of the names in the Hrabanischen Alphabets.—On this follows an article by M. Kristensen, containing some researches as to a certain accent in Danish.—This is succeeded by a critical contribution towards Old Northern Metrik, which on most points resolves itself into a criticism on the metrik of Sievers which does not lend itself to summarizing. In his concluding remarks, the author allows this to be the case; but holds that he is, nevertheless, convinced that Sievers on the whole has taken the right path. By Sievers' opponents he is accused of being too statistical, but Beckman gives it as his opinion, that he is too little grammatical and statistical. But here grammatical and statistical mean one and the same thing.—The next paper is an obituary notice of Professor Carl Richard Unger of Christiania, by Prof. Bugge. Born in Christiania on the 2nd July, 1817, his father was manager of a

magazine in Akershus. It was early observed that the quiet refined lad had a fine ear both for the music of language and the fine art itself, that he greatly loved reading, and rejoiced in old books and rare editions. In 1830 he went to live in the house of the poet, Simon Olaus Wolff, who at that time was parish priest in Mo in Upper Telemarken, and with him he remained two years. His peculiar experience awoke in him the sense of speech and a delight in its life and power. The letters to his home from the youth of 13 are full of remarks about the speech of the neighbourhoods, whose forms, he with sharp observation, had traced in their changes from neighbourhood to neighbourhood. Later expressions of his witness, that during his stay in this rural place, among the country folk, he had won the confidence of many loveable people, and cherished impressions which were not forgotten. In 1835 Unger became a student; after the second examination, he resolved to give himself to the study of language exclusively, without taking the philological official examination, because there was a fag examination in mathematics connected with it. A short time previously Rudolf Keyser had introduced the study of the Old Northern language and literature into Christiania University. Keyser became Unger's teacher, and was regarded by him with a life-long esteem and veneration. In 1841, Unger became Adjunct Stipendiate in the University in Northern Philology, and remained there, after a couple of winters in Copenhagen, zealously occupied with the study and copying of MSS. in the Arna-Magnaeen collection. Here he came into close acquaintance with Konrad Gislason and P. G. Thorsen. These together went through the collection of MSS., and thus some of the oldest MSS., and the most important for the history of language, were for the first time brought to light and closely examined. Unger next extended his studies to the whole of the Germanic and Romanic languages. In the winter of 1843-44 he attended lectures and studied in Paris. In the spring of 1844 he copied Anglo-Saxon MSS. in the British Museum. While he was Stipendiate he often took journeys during the summer to Copenhagen, in order to copy MSS., and in the summer of 1848 he visited Stockholm with the same object, and was on this occasion brought into close relations with Librarian Klemming. These were the most of Professor Unger's journeys into foreign countries. Germany he never visited, nor Iceland, with all his interest in the Icelandic language and literature. But he was personally acquainted with a number of Icelanders, particularly with Gudbrandur Vigfusson. The latter visited

Unger in 1854, and both took a journey into Norway together. In 1851, Unger was named Lector in Germanic and Romance Philology in Christiania University, and in 1862, he was raised to the position of Professor. During his whole University course he lectured on Old Northern, earlier, when this language was a *fag* study for beginners, and in his later years, he gave advanced students teaching in reading Old Northern and Icelandic MSS., mostly after photographic copies. In his earlier years, too, he went through Italian, Spanish, Old French, and Anglo-Saxon documents; whilst in his later years he read with the students regularly, translated and expounded Old and Modern German. But it was especially Professor Unger's activity in scientific authorship, which gave him his proficiency in the Old Northern language and philology. Professor Unger was one of those who especially contributed to the formation of the Norwegian Historical School, which may be dated from his days. It is marked by a deeper interest in the life of the Norwegian people as illustrated by the literature, and arose from a 'little circle,' as Professor Bugge calls them, of highly gifted and well-informed literary men who stood in close personal relations the one to the other, and were especially well-informed as to the older life of the people and their speech, and turned to account the ancient MSS. which, as we have seen, Professor Unger did so much to make his fellows acquainted with. They recognized the language of the Sagas as not only Icelandic, but Scandinavian, and hence their work became known far beyond the boundaries of Scandinavia or Iceland. Among the principal workers were Professor Keyser, his genial disciple Peter Andreas Munch, and the historian C. C. A. Lange. In this work Professor Unger took a foremost place as the writer and editor; sometimes together with others. No one has done more to make this work known in Europe and appreciated than Prof. Bugge, in his controversy with Mullenhof, and he may well be called the Nestor of the School. There is not room here to give an account of Prof. Unger's literary activity in the many works he has published or helped to publish. The work, we are thankful to say, has not come to an end. There are younger workers in the field, Professors Noreen, Freudenthal, Finnur Jonsson, besides others, from whom valuable work may be expected. Prof. Unger died on 30th November, 1897. He had resigned his professorship on the 2nd July in the same year, the 80th year of his age. Considering the great age to which his fellow-worker Provost Fritzner, the author of the greatest and most complete dictionary of the Old Northern language, attained, it seems as if there

were something in the memories, the pure and fresh atmosphere, and the wholesome life of the North, which enables them to live longer, and retain their mental and bodily powers far beyond the men of other lands.—The last paper is also one of great research on the speech, and dialects of Norway, and the localities occupied by them. The author, Adjunkt A. B. Larsen, begins with an historical introduction, after which he traces the limits of the various dialects from the Eastern Norse, and continues it towards the West and North, till he concludes with the speech of Tromsö in the far North. The whole is an effective supplement to Ivar Aasen's *Old Norse Grammar and Dictionary*.

AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (October, 1898).—Under the title, 'The Historical Opportunity in America,' Mr. Albert B. Hart in a very informing article, answers the question—'What is doing and what may well be done for historical science in America.' The article is well written, and at the present moment is not without its attractions; nor is it without suggestions for ourselves.—Mr. Fay completes his articles on 'The Execution of the Duc d'Enghien,' and concludes by saying, 'There can be no doubt that the execution was one of Bonaparte's greatest political mistakes, and was one of the many causes that led subsequently to his downfall. There is much truth in the remark that Fouché is reported to have made in this sad affair—"It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder."'"—This is followed by an elaborate paper by Mr. N. HARRISSE on 'The Outcome of the Cabot Quarter-Century.'—The war with Spain seems to have suggested to Mr. G. L. RIVES the article which he contributes under the title, 'Spain and the United States in 1795.' His purpose, however, is to suggest the manner in which, and the extent to which, the course of events in Spain affected the early settlement and growth of that part of the United States which lies east of the Mississippi and west of the Alleghanies.—'The Career of a Kansas Politician,' by Mr. L. W. SPRING, describes the changeful career of James H. LANE, who made his first appearance in Kansas in April, 1855, and finally rose to be a power in United States' politics.—Among the 'Original Documents' are a number of letters referring to South Carolina and the Presidential Election of 1800, and a Journal of Occurrences in Quebec in 1775.—As usual, the reviews of historical books are numerous. Among others are noticed Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S *Western Civilisation*, Mr. FRAZER'S *Pausanias*, Mr.

Tout's *The Empire and the Papacy*, the recent volume of Mr. Wylie's *History of England*, and Mr. Gorch's *Democratic Ideas*. Many American books are also reviewed, and one or two French and German.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE (January, 1899)—opens with an article by Mr. M. J. James under the title, 'The Growth of Great Cities,' in which he brings out many striking facts in connection with the rapid increase in the population of large cities not only in the United States, but also in Great Britain, France, and Germany. In 1790 there were only six cities in the United States, with a population of 8000 or upwards; but in 1890 there were no fewer than 448. In England the increase in the urban population between 1881 and 1891 was 15·3 per cent, the greatest increase being in urban districts with a population from 50,000 to 70,000. The per centage of the population of Berlin as compared with that of the German Empire was in 1820 only ·76, in 1890 it had risen to 3·20. Between the same dates that of London as compared with the population of England and Wales rose from 10·78 to 14·52. The article is one of great interest.—Mr. F. A. Cleveland follows with an article on 'The Final Report of the Monetary Commission.' The Commission was the avowedly non-partisan body selected by the Indianapolis Convention.—Mr. H. H. Powers contributes further interesting chapters on 'Wealth and Welfare.'—The 'Briefer Communications' section is taken up with a discussion on the Sociological Unit.—There are many personal notes on the teaching staffs of the universities both in America and elsewhere; numerous notices of books, some interesting notes on municipal government and in connection with sociology.

JOHN HOPKINS' UNIVERSITY STUDIES IN HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.—The latest issue in this series is a careful monograph by the editor, Mr. Herbert B. Adams, entitled 'Jared Sparks and Alexis de Tocqueville.'

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms. By JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow, etc. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

Some time ago Professor Robertson materially enhanced the value of the series known as the 'Baird Lectures' by adding to it his now well-known work on the Early Religion of Israel—a work of which the least that can be said is that it is a brilliant piece of criticism which has done much to dissipate the theories of modern theological writers, and while recalling the attention of the student to 'the law and the testimony,' has contributed not a little towards placing the interpretation of the Prophetic books of the Old Testament on a solid footing. His new volume, the substance of which was delivered as the Croal Lectures in 1893-94, is on the same lines, shows the same tendency and is quite as remarkable for its critical acumen as the earlier volume. Professor Robertson is nothing if not independent. He is also thoroughly original; not in the sense of originating new and fantastic theories, but in that of going back to the foundation and dealing with facts on the strictest lines of the inductive method. After a brief but lucid sketch of the history of Psalm criticism, in which he notices the introduction of historical criticism by Calvin, and the inauguration of the modern critical treatment of the Psalms by De Wette, and the views of Hupfeld, Ewald and Hitzig, Olshausen and Reuss, Stade, Duhm and others, he points out that the main question at issue is: Are the Psalms or a representative portion of them, the expression of pre-exilic religion? Professor Cheyne and others, as is well known, maintain that for the most part they are not, and on various grounds, real or supposed, assign the origin of the greater part of them to the period after the Exile. Two of these arguments Professor Robertson sets himself to controvert directly. With respect to the first, that the Psalter was the praise-book of the Sacred Temple and was therefore of post-exilic origin, he makes the obvious remark that assuming that the Psalter was the Praise-book of the Second Temple, it 'proves no more as to the age of the Psalter than the statement that the Psalms are the only praise-book of a certain body of Presbyterians, and does not at all warrant the inference that the whole of the Psalms were composed after the Exile. At most the fact—if it be a fact—can only guarantee the inference that the Psalms were regarded as suitable for and introduced into the worship of the Second Temple,' an inference which even if well founded would by no means justify the assertion that no part of the Psalter was employed in the worship of the First Temple. The second argument which Professor Robertson attacks directly is the one based upon linguistic grounds. Into the technicalities and minute details involved in this argument he does not enter, but contents himself with stating one or two facts which bear upon it of a general kind; such as that it is only natural that in the Psalms distinctive linguistic features should be found, or that Hebrew poetry was liable in a pre-eminent degree to a variation in phraseology resulting in a special enrichment of the poetic vocabulary, or that the argument drawn from language does not amount to the plea that the linguistic style of the Psalms as a whole indicates a

late period of the language. With respect to this last, Professor Robertson adds—'There are some books in the Old Testament which, as it has been said, must be pronounced late if there is any history of the language at all. And it may be granted that some of the Psalms (e.g., Ps. cxxxix.) bear such marks of lateness from beginning to end. But the attempt to prove this of the Psalms as a whole ends in absurdity. Nay, so far is it from being the case, that a critic so competent as Reuss, in arguing for a late date of the Psalter, feels called upon to meet the objection that the language of the Psalms is good, pure, classical Hebrew.' The problem of the Psalms, however, is part of the larger problem of the Old Testament religion in its widest acceptance. Instead, therefore, of meeting the arguments *seriatim* of those who argue for the post-exilian origin of the Psalms and in order to make his arguing as little controversial as possible, Professor Robertson collects together the historical evidence which exists outside the Psalms for the earliest existence of a psalter or of the practice of psalmody and then what evidence is to be found in the Psalter itself as to its origin and collection. Both within and outside of the Psalter he finds, as need hardly be said, evidence both as to the existence of pre-exilian psalms and of pre-exilian psalmody. Professor Robertson does not of course maintain that the whole Psalter was written by one hand or at one period; nor does he admit the genuineness of the superscriptions, but he claims for the 'Sweet Singer of Israel' a larger place in the Psalter than modern critics are disposed to allow him, and a much greater antiquity for psalm writing and psalmody. Very many points, some of them of great interest, we have been obliged to pass over. But in conclusion it may be added that the work while far from technical, and written in a thoroughly popular style, is full of sound scholarship and is altogether an exceedingly valuable contribution to the study of the Old Testament Scriptures and goes a long way to solve, as far as is possible, one of the most difficult problems of Old Testament exegesis.

Theologia Pectoris: Outlines of Religious Faith and Doctrine. Founded on Intuition and Experience. By JAMES MUSCUTT HODGSON, M.A., B.Sc., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1898.

The title of this volume is borrowed from the German Church historian Neander, who used the phrase to indicate a faith based chiefly upon the affections and inspired by an intense love for the Eternal. Dr. Hodgson uses it to designate a theology which is wholly rational as opposed to affectional. The old theologians took their starting point from revelation, and beginning with the thought of God as the Eternal Charity went on to deduce their systems with greater or less conformity to this ruling idea. In recent years, the tendency has been to treat theology as 'Christo-centric,' and Dr. Hodgson now attempts to treat it as 'anthropo-centric.' He discards both the ancient and the modern starting points and adopts another which, though not wholly new, has not, so far as we know, been distinctly set forth before as the initial point of a system of theology. 'The proper starting-point for the exposition of such a system,' he writes and argues, 'is found in the doctrine of man, rather than, as has very generally been assumed, either in the doctrine of God, or the doctrine of Christ as the manifestation of the nature and purposes of God, or in some *a priori* conception as to the nature of salvation.' Again, he says: Anthropology leads to the doctrine of sin; this furnishes the basis for, and suggests the essential features of, subjective soteriology; and then,

subjective soteriology compels to the recognition of the need of an objective soteriology, and indicates the character as well as the reality of the objective provision which is required by men, and which has been, as we believe, provided for men.' And once more, 'theology in the stricter sense of the term, the doctrine, that is, of the nature and being of God, is seen,' he urges, 'to be determined by the constituent elements and faculties of human nature.' So that in order to construct a system of theology or to arrive at a knowledge of the Divine Being it is requisite first of all to understand human nature and to ascertain what things are required by man for his salvation. The idea as we have said is not wholly new. It would appear, indeed, to be the logical outcome of much of the theological speculation which has been in vogue since the time of Luther. Whether it will meet what Dr. Hodgson believes to be the wants of the time remains to be seen. Theologians may take exception both to his principle and his method, but whether they do or not, no complaint can be raised as to want of clearness or of cogency of argument. The work is well written and well argued, and may be taken as an indication of the direction in which the theological opinions of a number of earnest minds are tending.

Spiritual Apprehensions: Sermons and Papers. By the Rev. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES, M.A., D.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

In this somewhat miscellaneous collection of sermons and articles the author seeks to promote that inward action towards things visible and invisible which he has somewhat appropriately termed 'Spiritual Apprehension.' In the more expressly theological parts of the volume he advocates the principle that our spiritual faculties, which he sums up under the terms faith, hope and charity, have by divine appointment the chief authority in our nature, and that by means of these we are intended to have a real knowledge of the incomprehensible Being who awakens and attracts them. These spiritual faculties, he points out, assert their dominion irresistibly in human life, and the intellect which claims to be supreme and to govern, finds itself baffled and confounded in ways that surprise it. While arguing against Agnostics and others of like mind, he argues against the adherents or favourers of the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Davies, as is well known, is an adherent and leader in what is known as the Broad Church, and in one of the papers in the volume he sets out what may be accepted as the doctrinal position of that school. It may surprise some to find that the section of the Church of England which is represented by *Lux Mundi* is claimed as holding in the main the opinions of the late Professor Maurice and as carrying on the work in which he was the principal leader. The subject with regard to which the teaching of Maurice has made least way in the party led by Canon Gore is, Dr. Davies thinks, in connection with the nature of the Body of Christ or the Church. He feels sure that they would one and all 'shrink from using such language as that of a couplet in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "And still the Holy Church is here, Although her Lord is gone." (Hymn 352).

University Sermons Preached before the University of Glasgow, 1873-1898. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D., late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow.

All the nineteen sermons contained in this volume were preached before the University of Glasgow. The one on 'The Law of Heredity in the

Spiritual Life was the last to be delivered, being preached on November 4th, 1894. With two exceptions they are all here printed for the first time. The exceptions are the one with the title 'What is Religion?' which when first delivered attracted a great amount of attention and was printed separately. The other exception is the sermon on 'Corporate Mortality' which was printed some years ago in the volume entitled *Scotch Sermons*, a volume of varied tone and ability, and which caused some trouble soon after its issue. Need it be said that the sermons are all worthy of the high reputation the late Principal so long held as the most eloquent among Scottish preachers? Need it be said either that they are all something more than admirable specimens of pulpit eloquence? They are wonderfully rich in spiritual experience and instruction, and are pervaded throughout by that width and catholicity of thought, large-hearted toleration and adherence to the fundamental principles of the Christian religion which were characteristics of all his pulpit utterances. By that large class of educated Scotsmen to whom Principal Caird was known either as a teacher or a preacher these sermons of his will doubtless be regarded as a precious memorial of one who for many years was one of the chief spiritual forces in the country.

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life adapted to the State and Condition of all Orders of Christians. By WILLIAM LAW, A.M. A new edition with Preface and Notes by J. H. OVERTON, D.D., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

Maxims of Piety and of Christianity. By THOMAS WILSON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. A new edition with Preface and Notes by FREDERIC RELTON, A.K.C. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

These are the first two volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's new 'English Theological Library.' The general editor of the series is the Rev. F. Relton, the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, and the aim which the publishers have in view in connection with it is to issue either complete editions, or selected portions of the writings of the principal English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Each volume is to be provided with an Introduction and Notes, and every effort is to be made to make the works selected of real service to students, and more especially to those who are preparing for University or Ordination examinations. By means of the series, too, the publishers hope to give something like a systematic presentation of the course of English religious history and life. The intention of the editor it may also be said, is not to confine the series to one class of theological writings, but to introduce into it Homiletical and Exegetical works as well as Dogmatic and Historical, and to make each section as complete as possible. To the whole series a 'General Introduction' which is printed at the beginning of each volume, is contributed by the Bishop of London. In the English and kindred Churches the series can scarcely fail to meet with hearty approval and support. Nor will students of English literature be less hearty in their support of it than students of theology and those who are seeking light and guidance amid the sea of theological opinion, inasmuch as among the theological writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth century are some of the finest contributions to the English prose literature of the period, a number of which, as we observe from the prospectus, are to be included.

A better start to the series could scarcely have been given than has been by the selection of Law's *Serious Call* and Wilson's *Maxims* as the initial volumes. Both books have a name which in English theology is scarcely surpassed, and both appeal to different types of mind. While Johnson spoke of the *Serious Call* as 'the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language,' Matthew Arnold did his best to make the *Maxims* popular. Both books, too, are great as literature. In each case the editors of the two volume have done their work with discretion. Canon Overton in his brief biography does not omit to mention Law's connection with the Gibbon family and the high opinion entertained of him and also of his *Serious Call* by the great historian. Mr. Relton's sketch of Bishop Wilson contains much that will be new to readers of the present generation, and of interest to those who are acquainted with Mr. Hall Caine's *Deemster*. The notes are brief, but helpful. In short, an excellent beginning has been made, and the 'Library' so far has every appearance of being admirably adapted for the purpose it is designed to serve.

Religion in Greek Literature: A Sketch in Outline. By LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., etc. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1898.

Under this title, Professor Campbell has published the substance of the Gifford Lectures which he delivered in the University of St. Andrews in the years 1894 and 1895. The lectures have been recast and thrown into the form of chapters. In places they seem to have been condensed, and in others to have been expanded, and opportunity has been taken of making use of the works bearing upon the subject which have recently been published. Professor Campbell calls his volume a 'Sketch in Outline.' The work, however, is of considerable extent and runs to over four hundred and twenty closely printed octavo pages. Some idea may therefore be found of the length to which the work would have run had its learned author chosen to treat his subject with greater elaboration or to give anything like a full account of it. Popular Greek religion he leaves entirely aside, and, with the exception of a preliminary chapter, is concerned wholly with the religion of the Greeks as represented in their literature from Homer to Plato. In the preliminary chapter he has much to say respecting the pre-historic inhabitants of Greece; the intercourse between them on the one hand and the Phœnicians, Egyptians, and the inhabitants of Asia Minor on the other, the arrival of the Aryans, the Semitic element in Greek religion and the attitude of the Aryan immigrants towards the religion of the people they conquered in Greece. Incidentally he expresses doubt as to the truth of M. Bérard's conjectures with respect to the extent to which the Phœnicians colonised the shores of the Levant and of the Aegean and penetrated inland, but combats the recent German theory which calls in question the constant Greek tradition of a Phœnician settlement in Thebes. The similarity of manufactured articles recently discovered in tombs ranging over a wide region leads, he thinks, to the inference that a race or races owning common tendencies and elements of civilisation must have occupied the lands round the northern shores of the Mediterranean at a time extending far into the second millenium before Christ, and the substantial uniformity of this ancient culture, he argues, bears witness to the fact that in these early days there was more communication between distant parts of the world than was formerly imagined. 'The traditional connection of Arcadia with Crete and Cyprus, for example, recalls,' he says, 'a state of things which in historic times had passed away. Lines of commerce existed both by land

and sea, extending from Mesopotamia to the Atlantic and from the Delta to the shores of the Baltic.' In Greek Culture the author recognises five periods or rather five 'chief culminating points.' 1. The prehistoric age, vaguely described as the Mycenaean, of which, as he remarks, we know very little, but of which scattered hints have lately been gathered by archaeological investigation. This he regards as the bloom of an advanced civilisation which had a very real existence, whether it be called Achaean, Danaan, or Pelasgian. 2. The Homeric age, apparently the product of this Achaean culture transferred to the shores of Asia Minor and there developed in new forms. 3. The growth of the great cities and the first rise of philosophy in the sixth century before Christ. 4. The period following the Persian war. 5. The development of philosophy, chiefly on Athenian soil. The treatment of his subject, however, he is careful to point out, cannot be made to turn exclusively on divisions of time. Many other things have to be taken into consideration, and especially differences of race and locality. These considerations are continually kept in view and give to Professor Campbell's treatment of his subject a somewhat complex appearance, which has the effect at times of diverting the attention from the main line of enquiry. The author's great learning is unquestionable, but now and again he seems to be oppressed by its weight, and though one is continually coming across passages of great interest and even of beauty, it must be owned that the perusal of the volume is at times fatiguing. Still there can be no doubt as to its value as a contribution to a great and important subject. Nor can there be as to the keen critical faculty to which it bears witness. All the conclusions at which the author arrives, may not commend themselves to the reader, but it is a work which every student of either Greek religion, or Greek literature or of the science of religion, will do well to consult.

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages, drawn from the Secret Archives of the Vatican and other Original Sources. From the German of DR. LUDWIG PASTOR. Edited by FREDERICK IGNATIUS ANTROBUS of the Oratory. Vol. VI. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1898.

This volume represents the second half of the third volume of Dr. Ludwig Pastor's great work. In the fifth volume of the translation which we had the pleasure of noticing in our last number the reign of Alexander VI. was begun, and is here continued. The main facts of his reign are well known, but never before has the character of that Pontiff been so vividly and authentically set before the English reader. The rehabilitation of his character which has recently been attempted is with the weight of evidence here brought forward by Dr. Pastor out of the question. Dr. Pastor, however, is fair. It is a relief to turn from the chapters in which the Borgian Pope's character is drawn in such dark colours to those in which his better part is portrayed. In respect to his treatment of Savonarola, many of Villari's statements and much in the popular idea of the Florentine preacher with in the light thrown upon them by the documents produced by Dr. Pastor require to be revised. There can be no doubt that Alexander treated Savonarola with great patience, and that the latter acted unwisely and not always in conformity with what was required of him either as a priest or a man. Alexander deserves credit, too, for the protection he extended towards the Jews. The institution of the Index may be variously regarded. Referring to his peaceful settlement of

a number of thorny boundary questions between Spain and Portugal, Dr. Pastor remarks that it should justly be regarded as one of the glories of the Papacy, and that nothing but complete misunderstanding and blind party spirit can turn it into a ground of accusation against Rome. The short reign of Pius II. is briefly passed over, and the greater part of the volume is devoted to the pontificate of Julius II. Dr. Pastor's treatment of the reign of this pontiff is exceptional. He has been particularly fortunate in lighting upon a vast mass of hitherto unused documents and makes ample and brilliant use of them. He brings fresh light not only to bear upon the history of Italy during the reign of Julius, but also upon the history of the Renaissance. He successfully rebuts the charge brought against Julius in connection with the League of Cambrai and shows that he used every possible means of avoiding the war with Venice, submitted to many indignities from the Signoria and the Venetian ambassador and only joined the League when he was absolutely compelled to do so in self-defence or rather in defence of the patrimony of the Church. It is impossible in fact not to admire the patience he practised notwithstanding the fiery character of his natural temper, not less than the promptitude with which he acted when the die was cast. His utter unselfishness is conspicuous and contrasts sharply with the selfishness of Alexander VI. The nepotism of the latter was glaring. Julius cannot be charged with anything of the sort. But the reader should turn to the brilliant pages of Dr. Pastor. The three last chapters on Julius in relation to Art, Michael Angelo and Raphael, supplement what has hitherto been written on the subject. The translation continues to be excellent, but on pages 312 and 315 we notice a couple of slips.

The Companion of Pickle, being a Sequel to "Pickle the Spy."

By ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

While in quest of information respecting Pickle the Spy Mr. Lang naturally came across many notes relating to Glengarry's companions, and having put these notes together, the result is the handsomely printed and illustrated volume before us. As they appear on Mr. Lang's pages, the portraits of Pickle's companions are somewhat sketchy and here and there is a sort of jerkiness in the style. Nevertheless, Mr. Lang's skill as a literary artist does not forsake him, and the volume will prove a useful if not necessary companion to *Pickle the Spy*. The book is a mine of curious, if not of very important, information. Some of the characters portrayed are of the blackest, and are well entitled to fall into line with Pickle as examples of treachery. Of the rest, some, such as the Earl Marischal, Mlle. Luci or Ferrand deserved a better fate than to be classed as companions of either Pickle or Murray of Broughton. The picture which Mr. Lang gives of the Highlands and Highlanders during the '45 is very striking. The novelty of its information and the number of obscure points which it elucidates will doubtless make the volume more than passingly attractive to those who take an interest in the events of 1715 and 1745.

The River Clyde and the Harbour of Glasgow. By Sir JAMES D. MARWICK, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Town-Clerk of Glasgow. Printed for the Corporation of Glasgow. 1898.

Sir James Marwick here adds to his elaborate work in connection with the Charters and Documents relating to the City of Glasgow, a thin

quarto volume on what may be called the commercial history of the Clyde. In it he first describes the condition of the Clyde from Glasgow towards the sea as it was in early times, or as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century. The river was then encumbered with sandbanks and fords, and no vessel of more than twenty or twenty-three tons burden could get beyond Dumbarton or Dumbreck Ford, their cargoes having to be transferred to boats as they lay in the stream, and carried in them to the city. Whether there was a pier at Glasgow at that period is not known. It was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that any steps were taken to deepen the bed of the river or to make it more available for the purposes of commerce, and even then but little was done, on more than four men being employed 'to clean the river and to repair the fords and sanded places.' Of the wonderful change which has since been accomplished—of the works effected under the direction of Smeaton, Golborne, Rennie, Telford, and others, and of the many difficulties and strong opposition the Town Council has had to contend with in its endeavours to improve the navigation of the river and of its many successes, Sir James Marwick gives a graphic account, narrating the progress of the work step by step with singular minuteness, and basing his narrative upon the official records. To illustrate the narrative, two maps are added. One of them representing the Clyde as it now is has been prepared by Mr. Deas, the Engineer of the Clyde Trust; the other represents the river as it was in the first half of the seventeenth century, and has been ingeniously put together from Timothy Pont's maps, as published by Bleau, of 'The Baronie of Renfrew' and 'The Shyre of Dun-Britton.' In a series of Appendices we have a sketch of the City's rights over the navigation of the Clyde, an account of the Clyde Lighthouses Trust, and a notice of the Clyde Pilot Board. Small as the work is, it represents a great amount of research, and is of permanent value.

The Pre- and Proto-Historic Finns both Eastern and Western, with the Magic Songs of the West Finns. By the Honourable JOHN ABERCROMBY, Cor. Member of the Finno-Ugrian Society. 2 Vols. London: David Nutt. 1898.

One of the services which Folk-lorists are rendering is that of supplementing the labours of the Archæologist and Philologist, and, in co-operation with them, bringing to light a vast amount of obscure information connective with the early history and development of the race, which would otherwise in all probability pass away unknown. The Finns are a people of whose history, and especially of whose early history, the amount of knowledge amongst ourselves is small indeed. Almost all that is known about them, even among those who may be termed well read and well informed, is probably no more than that they are the inhabitants of Finland—a people only half-civilised, who are understood to be in possession of a literature represented by the Kalevala, among whom Castrén lived in order to understand their ways and language, and about whom he wrote and lectured. To English readers, therefore, Mr. Abercromby's two volumes will come as a sort of revelation, bringing before them a mass of information about an obscure but interesting race, and introducing them to a civilisation old and peculiar, and in many respects strange. The second of his two volumes is the one which will probably prove the more generally attractive. It is there that we get more directly to the heart of the people, and obtain an insight into their modes of thought and religion. But for those who are interested in tracing the developments of civilisation the first volume will be equally valuable. There Mr. Abercromby deals

with the ancient history of the people. Their cradle-land he finds in Asia. He then follows them along the Volga, and finds them among a number of the small nationalities of Central and Northern Russia, such as the Erza and Moksa Mordvins, the Ceremis, Votiaks, Permians, and Zirians, as well as in Finland and Esthonia. Those of Finland and Esthonia he designates the Western Finns, and the rest the Eastern, and though the difference between them is perhaps as great as that between the various members of the Aryan group, the craniological and physical differences between any two Finnish groups, he points out, are much less than those which exist between the Latin and Teutonic groups. Much attention is naturally given to craniology, the discoveries of the archæologist, and to philology, and with the aid of these related sciences, the various stages through which the Finns have passed from neolithic times down to the present are minutely traced. In the chapters where these stages of civilisation are described or discussed, many pieces of curious information are brought out in connection with the Finns in the present as well as in the past. Apparently neither the Eastern nor the Western Finns of to-day have any word for 'clan' or 'tribe,' but the pre-historic Finns, there is reason to believe, had. The position of women in pre-historic times was neither high nor enviable. The oldest type of family discoverable is one composed of several adult males, probably related by blood, living with several women and their children in one hut. Wives were probably obtained without capture, though not always. Their dwellings were usually on or near the bank of a river, or along the shores of a lake. As there is no common word for village, it is probable that the ancient Finns lived permanently in isolated places far from neighbours. They had rude huts, and knew how to kindle fires, but did not worship fire. The women used bone needles, threaded with sinew, and were acquainted with the spindle and whorl. They wove, but as there is no common word for shuttle, that part of the weavers' equipment was probably unknown. The first animal domesticated or 'enslaved' was the dog, but the absence of any common word for milk seems to prove that, during the first period, there were no domestic milking animals. The men were armed with bows and arrows, and when hunting in winter used long wooden snow-skates. In summer they travelled in boats, which they rowed and steered with a paddle. During the earliest period the year was divided into winter and summer; in the second period they began to practice agriculture, and then invented a word for autumn. Their first metal was copper, then bronze, then white copper or silver. After the dog, the horse, ox, sheep, reindeer, and pig, began to be domesticated. The word for copper is believed by Mr. Abercromby to have been borrowed by the West Finns from an Ugrian source. From the same source he also thinks it probable that the words for 'bride,' 'father-in-law,' 'son-in-law,' and 'sheep,' were obtained. As might be expected, while discussing the primitive and later civilisations of the Finns, Mr. Abercromby enters largely into the question of religion, and dwells at length upon their belief in spirits, their worship of ancestors, their conceptions of the gods, the condition of men after death, magic and sorcery, sacrifices and modes of worship. His remarks on all these topics are abundantly illustrated by charms, magic songs, prayers, words of healing, formulae, and folk-lore, which fill his second volume. The work is a very scholarly production, fresh and informing, and deserving of the highest praise.

English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest.
By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London and New York:
Macmillan & Co. 1898.

The Messrs. Macmillan are slowly completing their series of monographs on the history of English literature. We have already had Mr. Saintsbury's two volumes—one on the Elizabethan period, and the other on the literature of the nineteenth century, and Mr. Gosse's volume upon that of the eighteenth century. And now we have after much waiting Mr. Brooke's volume upon the beginnings of English literature. As a writer on the history of English literature, Mr. Brooke is always welcome; he has a skill and power in dealing with it which are given to few. His first work in this connection, though but small in dimensions, has had no rival, and if we remember rightly was pronounced by a critic so fastidious as Matthew Arnold to be perfect in its way. Of his special knowledge of the beginnings of English literature the witness is in the two elaborate volumes he published under the title *The History of Early English Literature* so far back as 1892. In his preface to the present volume Mr. Brooke says, 'This work is necessarily, so far as the chapter on King Aelfred, a recast of my previous book on *Early English Literature up to the Days of Alfred*. To our mind the estimate is too modest. The book is certainly in a measure a recast, but it is something more. Additions and omissions have been made which entitle the work to be called a new one. In the former work Mr. Brooke introduced a great deal of correlative matters which made the argument move slowly and heavily at times. Here he has left out these correlative matters and given us a history of the literature straightforward and without divagations, with the effect, valuable as the discussions unquestionably are, of lightening his pages and adding to the pleasure of their perusal. Much in the new volume is of course to be found in the older book; but among the additions may be mentioned the singularly able chapter with which it opens on the relation of Early Britain to English Literature—a chapter in which the country and the character of the people by whom it was inhabited in early times are described—a chapter which we will venture to say is from every point of view as unrivalled as it is important for the intelligent understanding of the characteristics of the literature which has since sprung up. Another important addition is the chapter on the Passing of the Old English, which, though brief, is valuable, as showing how the old spirit of the country survived and made its way into middle English literature, and there appeared under other forms. Mr. Brooke may be congratulated on the production of a volume which, while meeting the requirements of the student, may be read with pleasure by all.

A Short History of English Literature. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1898.

Since Mr. Green invented the title for the book by which he suddenly became famous, there have been many 'Short Histories,' but it is doubtful whether an imitation of the title has ever been used to cover a volume which deserves so well to occupy a place on the same shelf with the *Short History of the English People*, as the one before us. Mr. Saintsbury's title differs in but one word from Mr. Green's, and the resemblance between the books, allowing of course for the difference of subject, is almost as close. For fulness, for scholarliness, for condensation, for acuteness of criticism, and for charm of style, barring one or two drawbacks, Mr. Saintsbury's volume is deserving of the highest praise. Mr. Stopford A. Brooke has a power in dealing with the history of English literature which Mr. Saintsbury has not, but among books which profess

to cover the entire field of the history of English literature, his *Short History* is entitled to hold a first place. It has, however, its blemishes. The terms 'enthusiasts' 'fanatics' and 'idolators,' occur much too frequently as designations for those whose opinions differ from Mr. Saintsbury's, and might be altogether omitted. The tone of superiority is a little too obvious throughout the volume. And then, why should Mr. Bradley's name be omitted in connection with Middle English lexicography. Stratmann's *M. E. Dictionary*, always an unsatisfactory work at any time, is certainly not the best. It was, until Mr. Bradley took the matter in hand, when his work based on Stratmann's completely superseded it. The publication of Mr. Bradley's *M. E. Dictionary* indeed, was a positive relief, as all are aware who have had to struggle along with Stratmann's badly printed work and its perplexing appendices. Fault may also be found with a number of the dates. Still, the intrinsic value of Mr. Saintsbury's volume is great. Under his hand the subject lives and has a continuous life. The series of 'inter-chapters' serves to connect one period with another, and to trace the various lines of development. The work necessarily abounds in criticisms which though they may serve as guides to the formation of opinions and deserve to be carefully weighed, need not always be accepted as correct.

Scottish Vernacular Literature: A Succinct History. By F. F. HENDERSON. London: David Nutt. 1898.

On first reading the title Mr. Henderson has given his volume one's impression is that he is going to make out that there is a considerable body of Scottish literature which is not vernacular, but on reading his volume we find that he has no intention of doing anything of the kind, and that his title is slightly tautological. Mr. Courthope by following Mr. Henderson's example might entitle his next volume 'The History of English Vernacular Poetry' or Mr. Saintsbury might have called his history of English literature, 'The History of English Vernacular Literature.' There is but one Scottish literature, and that literature is written in the vernacular. Mr. Henderson's volume may be said to divide itself into three parts: the history of Scottish poetry to the Reformation; Scottish prose literature to the Reformation, and the history of Scottish poetry from the Reformation to Burns. In dealing with the history of Scottish poetry Mr. Henderson has had a number of predecessors and has enjoyed advantages which they had not. On the whole, he has made a fairly good use of the work done by his predecessors and of recent publications connected with his subject. He has added little, to what was already known, and considering the limits within which he has confined himself has done all or nearly all that might have been expected to be done within them. Objection may be taken to some of his deliverances, as for instance, that respecting the authorship of *Sir Tristram*, and, though he rightly contests the judgment passed upon Dunbar by Mr. J. Russell Lowell, his own estimate of the poetical Friar may be set down as too high. We miss any reference to the pieces published by Dr. Morris under the title of *Early English Alliterative Poems* and the claim put in for them as of Scottish origin. In the bibliography of *The Howlat*, too, there is no mention of the edition by the late Mr. David Donaldson. Mr. Henderson has been unable to find any Scottish prose worth mentioning earlier than the sixteenth century. Some specimens have been published by the *Early English Text Society*, and one piece, *The Craft of Dyeing*, though short, is a piece of vigorous writing and deserved to be mentioned. The prose writers are chiefly historians and diarists. Mr. Henderson has a

word for Calderwood, the Church historian, but if he is to be reckoned as literature, why not many of the Acts of Parliament which are written in the vernacular from the time of William the Lion downwards? They are written in the vernacular and are quite as interesting as Calderwood. Knox's History is described as one of the most interesting human documents in history. All documents are generally supposed to be 'human,' whether interesting or otherwise. Mr. Henderson praises Knox for his sincerity in this 'human document;' but says 'He hardly even pretends to impartiality, but says as much evil and as little good of his opponents as he possibly can, while he overlooks many patent faults, and even wickednesses, in those who, from whatever motive, have the saving grace to co-operate with him in his great crusade.' The *Historie* may be literature, though of that we have some doubts, but, on Mr. Henderson's own showing, it is not history. Fidelity to facts and impartiality are of much more value than the 'sincerity' here described. Winzet is mentioned merely in passing. As samples of the vernacular his writings are much superior to those of Knox. Hamilton's *Catechism*, one of the finest examples of Scotch prose is not even alluded to. The chapter on Burns is more temperate than might have been expected from one or two phrases let fall in the chapter on Dunbar, and along with that on the traditional ballads and songs may be read with pleasure. Much attention is paid in what we have ventured to call the first and third parts of the volume to the prosody of the poets. But even with the drawbacks we have referred to, Mr. Henderson's volume is an advance upon any of its predecessors.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By SIDNEY LEE. With Portraits and Facsimiles. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1898.

Mr. Sidney Lee has here gathered together into a handy and excellently printed volume all that is known about Shakespeare, and all the more probable and important conjectures in connection with him both as an actor and an author. The way in which he has arranged the materials for his volume, his caution, his critical acumen, the way in which he has narrated the great dramatist's life, and the general tone pervading his pages, leave nothing to be desired. He has picked up crumbs of information wherever they are to be found, corrected many errors, and carefully distinguished between what is known and what is merely conjectured and inferential; and there can be little doubt that, excellent as some of the other Lives of the dramatist are, Mr. Lee's will for popular use supersede them all. We may go further and say that until some new and important discoveries, if such be now possible, are made, his Life will be regarded as definitive. Some of his inferences may be disputed, but these are of small consequence in comparison with the general merits of the work. The portraits which adorn the volume are admirably executed. Among other things, the Appendices deal with a number of controversial topics, which have been wisely kept separate from the main narrative. The elaborate index will be found extremely useful.

My Inner Life: Being a Chapter on Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

In this somewhat bulky volume Mr. Crozier has given an account of the circumstances and influences which have contributed to his own intellec-

tual development, together with something like a bird's-eye view of the remaining volumes of his work on the *History of Intellectual Development*, the first of which recently appeared. Every reader will sympathize with him respecting the main cause which has led him to turn away from his principal work to the production of this volume of autobiography, and join in the hope that the warning he has received respecting his eyesight will pass away innocuously. There are no doubt many points of interest in these autobiographical chapters; to Mr. Crozier there can be little question that each and all of them is of great importance, but it is doubtful whether they will have the same attraction for the public that they have for him. What strikes us most forcibly about the volume is a certain want of proportion, and a prolixity which often makes one wish that the author had studied more successfully the art of condensation. Some of the incidents, too, are trivial, and one fails to see what special influence they had upon the development of his personal history. Still, as one perseveres with the volume, one catches glimpses of life in Canada, and learns the vicissitudes of thought and feeling through which the author has passed. One of the most attractive chapters is the one in which the fortunes of the author's first book, *Civilisation and Progress*, and the many disappointments he had to endure before he won success are narrated. Incidentally we learn that one of the earliest notices of it appeared in the pages of this *Review*. Throughout Mr. Crozier's pages are many criticisms of contemporary writers. They are somewhat dogmatically delivered, and the reader may find reasons for not altogether accepting them all.

Robert Burns and the Medical Profession. By WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.D. (GEORGE UMBER). With Portraits. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1898.

It is not often that an invitation to deliver a postprandial speech leads to the publication of a volume, yet such would appear to have been the case in connection with the volume before us. Dr. Findlay, we are told, was invited to reply at a Burns' dinner for the Medical Profession, and, when preparing for the speech, found himself with such a plethora of matter, that it was impossible to condense it into what was required of him, and he resolved to give it to the world in the shape of a book. And a very readable book he has turned out—fresh and lively, written with a full knowledge of all that has been printed about Burns, and an intelligent enthusiasm for his subject. Dr. Findlay has also an enthusiasm for his own profession, and pays it the compliment of claiming for it a larger insight into human nature, and a capacity or readiness to form larger and more charitable, if not juster, judgments respecting the characters of men than any of the other professions. 'The lawyer,' he maintains, 'is chiefly conversant with the more equivocal side of human nature; the minister with the affected side—with mankind on their best behaviour; but the doctor knows us as we are—in undress, and that in more senses than the literal one'—distinctions and assertions the truth of which many may be disposed to question. However, there can be no question as to the fact that Burns never entered into any such wordy warfare with members of the medical profession as he did with certain well-known representatives of the clerical profession, and that, so far as is known, his relations with the doctors with whom he was acquainted were intimate and genial. The first he seems to have met with was Dr. Hamilton, who along with others became responsible for the charge in connection with the publication of the first or Kilmarnock edition of his poems. Dr. Mackenzie of Mauchline he mentions in some of his verses, as also Dr. Candlish, who became a

medical teacher in Edinburgh, and was the father of Dr. Candlish, the well-known leader in Church affairs. Altogether, Dr. Findlay enumerates a considerable number of doctors who were in one way or other connected with Burns or his memory. Among those who figure in his pages are, besides those already referred to, Professor James Gregory and Dr. Alexander Wood, both of whom took charge of Burns when he was laid up in Edinburgh; Dr. John Moore of London, the author of *Zeluco*, and friend of Smollet; Doctors Maxwell, Thomson, and Mundell of Dumfries, and Dr. O. Wendell Holmes. The most important chapter in the volume is that devoted to Dr. Currie, Burns's biographer, in which Dr. Findlay deals with the controversy which arose after Currie's death as to the way in which he had written of the poet and his infirmities of character and conduct. Altogether, Dr. Findlay's book is remarkably informing, and will doubtless meet, as it deserves, with much favour by those who are readers of the Ayrshire poet.

Songs and Poems in the Gaelic Language by Rob Donn. Edited by HEW MORRISON, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: John Grant. 1899.

Thoroughly local and personal as the songs of Rob Donn usually are, their original spirit and idiomatic Gaelic makes them of interest even to those who are not natives of the Reay country, and Mr. Morrison has done a good work in preparing the present elegant edition, which is a distinct advance on its predecessors. The lengthy introduction of the old edition (1829) is replaced by an interesting memoir of some fifty pages, in which the facts of the poet's life and the character of his surroundings are clearly set forth. It is natural that Mr. Morrison should give several pages of this to the question of Rob's real surname, and the evidence seems quite conclusive that this was Calder, not Mackay. The latter was unfortunately adopted by those who erected the monument in the churchyard of Durness: it is a pity they did not also translate and explain the Greek lines they inscribed on it, and correct the quantities of the Rev. Alexander Pope's hexameters. The introductory and other notes, which are absolutely essential for the understanding of most of the pieces, are in this edition written in English—a great convenience for the outsider, and probably not unwelcome even to the Highlander. Mr. Morrison has also brought Rob's 'Elegies' together, and placed them first in the volume, while in the remaining section he seems to have brought the best things to the front. We should have preferred a more extensive glossary, with references, for Rob's Gaelic is not always of the simplest kind, and many of his words are local either in form or meaning. Rob Donn's work lies quite apart from that of other Gaelic poets, with the exception of one or two conventional pieces, such as the song 'To Winter,' (p. 206). A keen observer, an artist in sententious brevity, and unsparing in his exposure of other's faults and flaws, he succeeded in bringing new and original notes out of the somewhat monotonous Celtic lyre. Even his elegies are not of the common type, and are studies of real character, not of personal appearance and society manners. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Morrison's memoir that he was to some extent influenced by Pope, whose works were partly translated into Gaelic by the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, with whom Rob was on intimate terms. It is perhaps to be regretted that the great bulk of his verse deals with matters of purely local and temporary interest, but on the other hand it was in these that Rob's strength lay, and he has often the Burns-like faculty of bringing one or two memorable lines out of some very trivial incident. Those who are

accustomed to talk of the Celtic imagination will no doubt be disappointed with his verses (supposing they are able to read them), for Rob is always shrewd and clear-headed, and misty dreamings are not at all his characteristic, nor is there a single scrap of folk-lore from the beginning to the end of the book. In this respect, however, the majority of Highland poets agree with him. It is notoriously difficult to get Gaelic correctly printed, but we have noticed very few slips in the volume, which ought to be a welcome addition to the shelves of all Highlanders and others interested in Highland literature.

Vagabond Songs and Ballads: With many Old and Familiar Melodies. Edited with Notes by ROBERT FORD. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner. 1899.

In this handsome volume, Mr. Ford has gathered together versions of a number of songs and ballads which have never before been printed, or if printed, never before in the text in which they appear here. What he means by a 'vagabond' song or ballad Mr. Ford nowhere precisely explains. The term is somewhat equivocal, and may mean either a song or ballad that wanders or is wandering from place to place or a song concerning vagabonds, the morals of which are no higher than those which are supposed to be practised by that dubious class of individuals. However, the reader of the volume has no difficulty in making out the editor's meaning. The songs and ballads are those which appear to have been originally sung by Egyptians and other vagrant tribes or individuals or by the lower class of the peasantry, and reflect, in a measure at least, their morals, manners and customs. For the most part, they are full of broad humour and rollicking fun, sometimes a little coarse. They are popular in many bothies, and many of them are in request at country fairs. In many instances, their authors are not known; those of them who are did not in every instance belong to the vagrant class, but were settled citizens in whose nature there was more or less of the wild, Bohemian strain. Mr. Ford has printed at the head of a number of his pieces the old melodies to which they are sung, and in every instance he has added a note on the history of the piece. The volume is in several respects a distinct gain to the traditional ballad literature of the country.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. H. MURRAY. Heel-Hod. Vol. V. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1899.

We have here a double Section of this great work. It contains the central portion of the letter H, or one fourth of the words under that letter. Two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine main words are recorded, 274 combinations are explained under these, and 714 subordinate entries are made, or in all 3,527. Of the main words 1,920 are in current use and are native, while 421 are obsolete, and 98 are not yet fully naturalised. Among the notable features of the section are the articles dealing with the numerous pronominal words derived from and connected with the pronoun 'he.' Of the many inflexional and derivative forms known to the language only eight are now in general use, though six others are still retained in dialect speech. The articles in which the various forms are dealt with are examples of the thoroughness with which Dr. Murray does his work. The longest article in the Section is that on the adjective 'high,' which, with compounds, among which are High Church, High-Churchman, high-flyer, etc., runs to twenty-six columns.

There is a long article on 'hell,' in which much curious information and many ancient phrases and proverbs are given. Attention may also be directed to the articles under 'heir,' 'help,' 'hemp,' 'hen,' 'henchman,' 'heptarchy,' 'herald,' 'herb,' 'hero,' 'herring,' 'hew,' 'hight,' and 'hide.' Many of the words in 'he-' and 'hi-' are from the Greek. Others of them, however, are 'echoic' verbs, and are native to the language. Many old words are recorded, as 'heeze,' 'heily,' 'heid,' 'hele,' 'hent,' 'herberie,' 'heregeld,' and 'hethen.' Lowland Scotch words, as we need hardly say, are duly registered. In fact the work is almost as much a Scottish as an English Dictionary.

Sursum Corda (Macmillan), In this little volume on anonymous writer puts in a plea for idealism, and writes with great force on many of the deep problems which are now and always haunting the mind of man, and for which a solution is always being sought. Though small in bulk the work is rich in thought and suggestiveness and will be welcomed by serious thinkers.

Cavour is a further addition to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s 'Foreign Statesmen' Series, and when we say that it is from the pen of the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, we have said almost everything that needs to be said to commend it. The volume is charmingly written, and a model of concise statement. The career of the great Italian is traced with remarkable minuteness considering the limits within which the narrative had to be written, while the portrait which the Countess gives of him is extremely vivid and life-like. It is a most charming record of a great career.

Pollok and Ayton (Oliphant Anderson), by Rosaline Masson, belongs to the 'Famous Scots Series,' and narrates the lives of two very different men. Miss Masson has done her part well within the limits allowed, and appreciates the difference between the two men. There can be no doubt that the two were famous in their day, but their fame appears to be on the wane, and it is doubtful whether the next generation will know aught about them or care to know.

Dr. Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible* is represented this quarter by three volumes—two with the title *St. Luke* and *St. Paul*, and one which contains the whole of the writings of St. John—the Gospel, Epistles and Revelation. Each of the volumes is as usual supplied with an introduction and notes, and as in the others questions of theology or theological criticism are avoided, and attention directed to purely literary points.

John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland (Blackwood & Sons), by the Rev. D. Butler, M.A., recounts the various preaching tours of Wesley and Whitefield in Scotland, and attempts to estimate their influence upon the life and thought of the country. Mr. Butler has resuscitated a great amount of information about these two famous preachers. It may be questioned, however, whether his estimate of their influence is not too high. Much of what is attributed to their influence may have been due to other causes, notwithstanding the assertions of Dr. Marshall Lang and Dr. Farrar to the contrary. Mr. Butler's book is full, though, perhaps, too full, and might have been improved by condensation. Anyhow, as a chapter in the religious history of Scotland it will find a place and be useful as a handy book of reference.